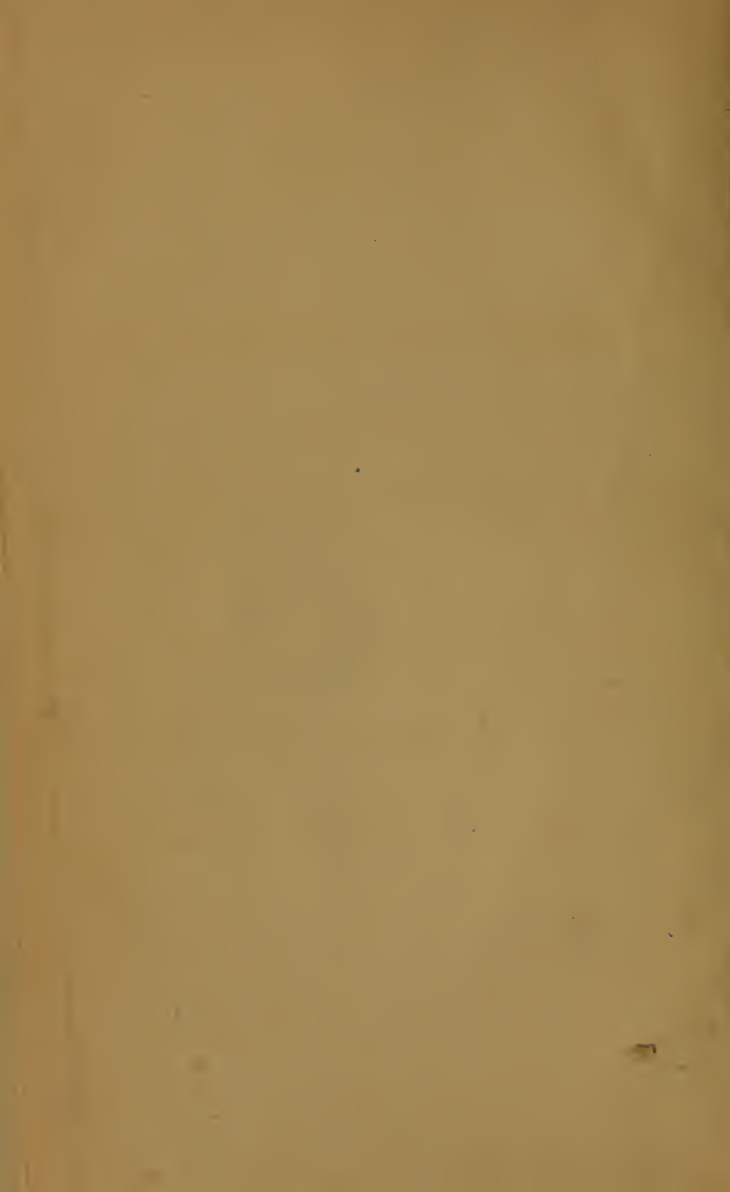




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OF THE

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CONTAINING

ONE HUNDRED ARTICLES,

NONE OF WHICH

HAVE BEEN PRINTED IN ANY OF THE FORMER VOLUMES.

Jeremiah W. Newman

TANTIS SI NUGIS POPULUS GAUDETUR INEPTIS,
QUID VETAT ET NOSMET?

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PREFACE.

To those who have not seen the preceding parts of this alphabetical Miscellany, perhaps it may be necessary to observe, that learned research, profound reflection, and acute criticism, are not its characteristic features. The object in view is, to catch ere it perish the trifle of the minute; to select whatever appeared curious, amusing, or applicable to the purposes of human life; in a word, *to make a book* which may be perused without injuring our morals or corrupting our taste.

The Collection here presented to the public is not wholly a compilation; at the same time, it cannot be denied that its pretensions to originality are slender: it may however afford to common readers a few hours, salutary relaxation from the toil of dissipation, the pressure of care, and the fatigues of business.

The Editor embraces the present opportunity, having no other, of thanking some anonymous friend, he has reason to think a female friend, for a valuable literary present; the books of which it consists, although he had long and ardently wished for them, neither money nor diligent enquiry could procure. *En illa illa quam sæpe, diu, sed frustra optavi.*

Each of the former volumes having been dedicated, the present work is inscribed TO THE INHABITANTS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND; whom the Editor warmly congratulates on still retaining our exalted position as an independant kingdom, which has so long defied and still successfully defies the power of France.

Whilst

PREFACE.

Whilst the insatiable ambition of the Emperor Napoleon is so artfully extending *the feudal system of military tenures* over the European continent, and lavishing on tributary kings crowns, sceptres and dominions, WE have not lost one inch or a single iota of our hereditary territory, or our ancient renown.

The Editor looks forward with confident hope that the Almighty will continue to inspire us with the same good sense to see our true interest, the same fortitude and public spirit, to continue our glorious and triumphant career; firmly convinced that however perplexed, complicated and unpropitious continental prospects may appear, every thing must yield to resolution animated by proper motives, and that ultimately all things will tend to justify the ways of Providence, the safety and honour of Great Britain; that stripped of ships, seamen, colonies, commerce and naval supplies, the Gallic Monarch perceiving his laurels rapidly withering and his sword unproductive, will ultimately listen to moderate counsels and liberal policy, and never imagine that the descendants of the heroes of Agincourt and Cressy, who proudly demolished the universal monarchy of Lewis the Fourteenth, will ever submit to that meditated degradation in the founder of a new dynasty.

MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTIONS.

AGNODICE, an Athenian female, who appears to have been endued with a considerable portion of keen sensibility towards the afflictions and calamities of others: with this amiable disposition she united qualities, which persons of that laudable description do not always possess; good sense to direct, and consummate resolution for carrying into execution, the singular efforts she made to alleviate the sufferings of her fellow creatures: for in the path chosen by her, benevolence could not be exercised without difficulty and danger.

This excellent woman saw with concern numbers of her own sex dying or undergoing extreme and frequently unnecessary risk and protracted pain in child-birth, because they dreaded calling in professional assistance, or resorted to it when too late: for at the period to which I

refer, there was a positive law in Athens, that men only should study and practice this or any other branch of the medical art.

Agnodicè could not rest contented till she found a remedy for this evil, which struck at the root of population, laid a cruel tax on the first great law of nature, and overwhelmed with torture, agony, and death, the fairest, the most modest, and often the worthiest of women; whilst certain help was loudly called for and readily administered to vicious audacity and callous unconcern.

Inspired by the importance of her object and animated by the humanity of her purpose, she alledged a call from a sick friend at a considerable distance to account for her absence, and procuring the dress of a man, attended as a pupil at the schools where the knowledge she wished for was dispensed.

As improvement is generally rapid when the desire for it is ardent, Agnodicè soon acquired the requisite qualifications, and in the assumed character and dress of a man afforded substantial relief to many women, who had been deterred by modesty, by fear, and other motives, from applying to male professors; the secret of her being a woman having been previously imparted to those, whose situation rendered her assistance necessary.

But the gratitude of her patients or the selfishness of her opponents, *who found they were losing business*, led to a discovery of this meritorious imposture.

They circulated reports injurious to the character of the young practitioner, and ignorant of the truth, insisted that *he* was frequently called in when in fact no medical aid was necessary; and that a dangerous and illicit intercourse was carried on under the convenient plea of asking advice.

Agnodicè was tried before the Areopagus, a court so called from their assembling on a hill of that name near Athens; and by a party of jealous husbands and envious rivals this excellent and intrepid woman was condemned to die; an unjust and inhuman sentence, which would

have been carried into execution, if the prisoner had not convinced her judges, in a way I will not describe, that it was impossible she could be guilty of the crime alledged against her.

Disappointed in their purpose, her adversaries next endeavoured to destroy her, for having violated an express law, mentioned at the beginning of this article, which prohibited her sex from studying any branch of the medical profession. On this charge, the law being positive, her judges paused, when the court was immediately filled with a crowd of women, many of whom had received comfort and many of them life from her well-timed aid.

They boldly and loudly appealed to the feelings, the reason, and the interest of the persons they addressed. After a short debate, Agnodicè was honourably acquitted and the obnoxious law revoked. Such was the salutary triumph of merit and good sense over selfishness and absurd prejudice.

Since the period at which the transaction I have related took place, the opinions of the world on this subject appear to have taken an opposite direction; the art, which Agnodicè took so generous and effectual a method of acquiring, is now almost universally practised by men.

Yet

Yet it has been doubted, whether in nine cases out of ten—so kind a guardian have we in the superintending providence of God—whether in nine cases out of ten, Nature, with trifling aid, does not conduct the business with safety; but the fear, perhaps a natural one in the breast of each woman, that *she* may be that unfortunate tenth, *has* secured, and still secures to the modern *accoucheur* a large and profitable proportion of patients.

This subject, at a certain time, laid the foundation of a long, a violent, but not a very edifying or delicate controversy; and when the passion for collecting, like all my passions, raged uncontrouled by prudence and common sense, I remember the table on which I am writing groaning under the load of virulence, invective, and misrepresentation, poured forth on the occasion; abuse supplied the place of reasoning, and declamation that of argument.

The point in dispute is now gone by; much that was written and much that was said has escaped my memory; the little that remains impressed on my mind is, that their adversaries accused professional men of a want of patience, of doing too much, and of sometimes taking improper advantage of their in-

tercourse with women. In the indiscriminate audacity of anonymous licentiousness, three of the most eminent men of that day were branded with the indecorous names of Doctor Pocus, Doctor Maulus, and Doctor Macgripus.

The enemies of the accoucheurs did not forget an instance, recorded I fear in Doctor's Commons and a court of justice, which had recently excited public notice and sympathy, in which an eminent man had seduced a gentleman's wife from the arms of her husband.

This and much more was alleged: it only proves that every confidential trust has been, and at fatal moments unpropitious to human resolution and integrity, will be again abused. This, as I have frequently had occasion to observe, is an argument, which may be advanced against every thing pleasant and every thing useful in life.

ALEXANDER DE MEDICIS, first duke of Florence, descended from a wealthy commercial family long established in that city, whose history has been elaborately illustrated and ingeniously adorned in the present day by an English provincial attorney.

Alexander having been created a sovereign prince by the emperor

peror Charles the fifth, whose natural daughter he married, at the earnest request of his fellow citizens was accused of abusing the power and misapplying the wealth and influence he possessed.

Yet his crimes or his errors have been exaggerated by the malignity of those, who expected that the man, in whose elevation they had assisted, would become an humble instrument in the hands of ambitious and mercenary partizans.

Finding themselves mistaken, estranged friendship, as is not uncommon in *other* contentions, quickly verged to deadly hate; nocturnal meetings were held, a conspiracy was formed, and the malcontents found means to corrupt and detach from his interests part of the duke's family.

One of the conspirators, Philip Strozzi, a native of Florence, rich and well born, is described as having acted on this occasion upon the purest principles of republican patriotism.

As God only can read the human heart, I will not pretend to decide on the nature of the motives by which he was impelled; but however ardent his zeal, firm his resolution, or disinterested his views, the bloody means he tried did not produce the wished for purpose; they

only served to introduce a more unrelenting despotism, and ultimately overwhelmed his friends and himself in irrecoverable ruin and disgrace.

Indignant at seeing the place of his birth under the yoke of absolute power, he resolved to *remove* the duke.

Taking advantage of his inordinate passion for women, under the pretence of an assignation from a female, whom he had long and vainly attempted to seduce, he enticed the prince to a sequestered spot, and stabbed him to the heart.

The city immediately became a scene of confusion and warfare; but Alexander, with all his faults, having secured the attachment of a considerable number of adherents, the conspirators were driven forth, and collecting in force near the suburbs, an engagement took place, in which the friends of Strozzi were defeated.

This unhappy man was not so fortunate as to meet with death in battle, that last consolation of the wretched; he became the prisoner of a party exasperated by his recent assassination of their sovereign.

Perceiving the desperate circumstances of his situation, and fearing that secrets prejudicial to his party might be forced from

from human infirmity by torture, he resolved to elude the vengeance of his enemies by suicide.

Previous to inflicting on himself the fatal stroke, Strozzi gave directions for the disposal of that portion of his effects which escaped the shipwreck of his fortune.

The particulars of a will which he wrote in prison are related by Babzac, who saw it among the cabinet papers of the Frangipani family.

“As it is probable,” says the defeated republican in his last testament, “as it is probable that my remains will be ignominiously buried in the city of Florence, it is my last and earnest request, that my children will find means of disinterring my body and procuring its conveyance to Venice.

“As it was not my happiness to live and die in a free city, I hope they will not refuse me the comfortable assurance at the hour of death, that my bones shall hereafter repose undisturbed in a land of liberty and beyond the reach and malice of my enemies.”

Strozzi little imagined, that what he called the land of liberty, would in little more than two centuries from the time of his death be over-run and plundered by republican desperadoes, and

finally be delivered over *by the heroes of liberty* to an absolute monarch.

The will concludes with the writer's throwing himself on the mercy of God, to pardon the crime of suicide, which he felt himself compelled to commit, in order to preserve his honor inviolate; he trusts his life will be considered as sacrificed, however ineffectually, in defending the freedom of his country.

It is observed by a modern writer, who *flourished* at the commencement of the French revolution, that if Brutus should meet with Strozzi in the *Elysian fields*, he would assuredly embrace him as a genuine patriot and an honest republican, stimulated by motives similar to those, which induced the stern reformer of Rome to plant his dagger in the dictator's heart.

The cordiality of their meeting I am not disposed to doubt; but if the murderer of Julius Cæsar and the assassin of De Medicis could be informed how very little the crimes they committed added to the liberty or the happiness of their country, but rather to the misery and oppression of their fellow citizens, the Roman and the Florentine would probably confess their mistaken and inexpedient zeal, and own, that in their endeavours to re-

moye

move petty evil and imaginary grievance, they had introduced enormous and incurable mischief. Like the enchanter in fairy land, who to forward the private purposes of selfishness, ambition, pleasure, sensuality, or revenge, brought down on a devoted country war, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire.

ANDREW BORDE, or as he chose to write his name, ANDREAS PERFORATUS, by the same rule that *plenum sed* is latin for *full butt*.

This singular man, who, to use his own words, *had travelled through and round about Christendom and out of Christendom*, was born at Pevensey and educated at Winchester, where he practised as a physician in the middle part of the sixteenth century; but extending his fame either by professional success, the strange books he published, or the eccentric habits of his life, he removed to London, became a fellow of the college and was appointed physician to king Henry the eighth.

Having been a Carthusian monk in the early part of his life, he observed many of the severities and mortifications of that order after he had quitted it; drinking water, wearing a shirt of hair-cloth, and placing

his coffin and shroud on tressels at the foot of his bed.

He more particularly set his face against marriage, insisting that celibacy was an indispensable duty in all who were or had been connected with any religious order. Acting under these convictions, he not only abstained from marriage himself, but coarsely attacked such of the clergy, dignified or others, who presumed to marry.

These and other acts of imprudence drew on him the notice and censure of John Ponet, bishop of Winchester, who, consistently with his Calvinistic principles, had taken to himself a wife: after carefully watching the proceedings of the physician, the prelate at last imagined that he had laid himself open to an attack on the score of morals, for which he had so much valued himself, and *this intermedler with other mens matters* was served with a citation from the ecclesiastical court and examined strictly before several justices of the peace.

The enemies of Andrew, exasperated by the rudeness of his attacks, insisted that he converted his dwelling into a brothel and made his medical profession a cloak for lewdness and debauchery, enticing to his house many weak and many wicked women,

women, under pretence of medical consultation.

This was touching the doctor in a tender place, for he valued himself on chastity, and as a Carthusian, had assumed the name of, or been called by others, *the virgin priest*.

Insisting that his accusers should confront and meet him face to face, he required of them to produce the persons with whom he was accused of carrying on this unhallowed intercourse; they readily named Magdalen Lambe, Alice Bowyer, and other notorious prostitutes.

The persons named were directly sent for, when Borde proved to the satisfaction of the magistrates, as well by ocular proof as their own confession, that these loose women had indeed visited him at secret hours, not for unlawful purposes, but to seek relief for certain loathsome diseases, by which their lives were not only endangered, but their countenances disfigured.

The physician further appealed to the bishop, the magistrates, and all present, if it was probable, that a man of common sense, taste, or discernment, who had a professional reputation, *and who had already more than half disarmed his passions by never having indulged them*, he asked if it was likely, that

such a person would risk his credit, the salvation of his soul, and the health of his body, by an illicit intercourse with objects so miserable, so very unlikely to excite or gratify the passions. Having established his innocence by this convincing species of internal evidence, his enemies retired in confusion.

The works of Borde are scarce and curious, not wholly void of amusement and information: of this description is

An Introduction to Universal Knowledge; which teacheth a man to speak all languages, and know the fashion of all countries; written partly in verse and partly in prose, with wooden cuts; one at the beginning exhibits a naked man with a piece of cloth lying on his arm and a pair of scissars in his hand, with a copy of verses underneath, beginning with the two following:—

I am an Englishman, and naked

I stand here,

Musing in my mind what raiment I shall wear.

London, 1542.

The Breviary of Health; wherein are remedies for all diseases, and in which obscure Greek, Latin, and other barbarous terms are explained.

London, 1547.

Next followed "The Merry Tales of the Madmen of Gotham;"

tham ;" this was accounted a mirthful and witty book.

A right, pleasant, and merry History of the Miller of Abingdon. He also wrote on Prognostics and Urines.

At length, after all his peregrinations, he was imprisoned in the Fleet, where he died in 1549; having exposed himself to this penalty by persevering in his unruly attacks on married clergymen; apparently forgetting, that those who have no wives of their own are very apt to make use of the wives of other people.

ANGUS FOY FLETCHER, an inhabitant of Glenorchay, in the highlands of Scotland, of whom a sketch has been given by a minister of that remote district, who united easy manners with piety and learning, but could pardon and pity a want of correct conduct and uniform orthodoxy in others: I speak in the past tense, because seas and continents separating us prevent my ascertaining whether he is now living, and because at a certain time some of his neighbours thought and acted a *little* differently.

Angus, with the particulars of whose birth, parentage, and education, we are not made acquainted, discovering an early relish for solitude and a dis-

taste for social intercourse, devoted the whole of his time and attention to fishing and shooting, as well for the purpose of indulging his favourite propensity, as for exercise, amusement, and procuring the means of subsistence.

At a distance from any neighbourhood, with his dog and gun, a *dirk* and spear, a belted plaid and *brogs*, he built his hut and resided in the wildest and most mountainous parts of Glenorchay and Rannoch.

Depending wholly for food on what he caught or killed, and the produce of a few goats, he ranged over hill, heath, and forest, and returning to his little flock in the evening, drove them into his hut, feasted on the produce of the day, then stretching himself at length on a little dry grass with his *humble companions*, he slept undisturbed till the approach of morn, when he again sallied forth, drove his cattle to a spot of fresh herbage, and after a hasty morsel, plunged into the wilderness.

He associated neither with man nor woman; and if accident or necessity threw a human creature in his way, he felt evident pain, which he always endeavoured to remove by *getting* away.

If, after erecting his hut, he discovered

discovered that it was built near a sequestered hamlet, or the outlying grounds of any remote farm which had escaped his notice, or if he found himself often interrupted by visitors, he instantly moved house, (with him, no very burthensome or tedious business) and proceeded to build another in a situation less frequented, and sometimes apparently inaccessible.

Thus occupied and so situated, spring, summer, autumn, and part of winter passed away; but when the benumbing coldness of December came on, the bitterness of which in that country a South Briton scarcely can conceive, Angus descended with reluctance from his solitary den on the mountain, and submitted unwillingly to the necessity of residing among his fellow creatures; but here, from habit, or design, he rose at break of day, was absent till night, and generally retired to rest without being spoken to or speaking, heard or seen.

This singular character is described as attentive to and neat in his dress; his looks, deportment, and attitude, as dignified and lofty; his pace, excepting when he avoided meeting company, slow, measured, and somewhat stately.

Such was the stubborn independence of his spirit and such his unbending pride, (we want a little of this *right* sort of pride to the south of the Tweed) that he would have perished rather than ask a favour of any one: yet the same man killed, prepared, and cooked the whole of his food; made his bed, washed his shirt, and performed every species of domestic drudgery with his own hands.

Such was Angus Foy, haughty under the most humiliating circumstances; and at a period, and in a country civilized and christian, exhibiting himself in the original state of man, when just emerged from barbarism and savage manners; a hunter, a fisher, and a herdsman, wholly unacquainted with religion, reading, writing, or the English language.

His meritorious conduct, in two respects, ought not to pass unnoticed. He once rescued a female from robbery, violation, and probably from murder, who never knew or saw the face of her benefactor, as after her deliverance, he accompanied her in silence through the midnight gloom to the door of her dwelling, and suddenly disappeared without uttering a word.

The hero of this action would never have been guessed at, but from

from the circumstance of there having been found on the spot where he chastised the ruffian a peculiar ribbon, party-coloured like his plaid, with which he tied his hair; to this I forgot to say he was carefully attentive and had a large quantity, which separated below the part which was tied, and spreading in luxuriant curls over his back and shoulders, gave him a singular but not ungraceful air. This circumstance and another part of his conduct prove, that his habits of seclusion were not founded on misanthropy.

If at any time a benighted traveller or way-worn stranger wandered near *his walks*, he entertained them with unaffected hospitality, gave them the best entertainment and *bed* his hut afforded, and chearfully put them into their right road in the morning; on such occasions he was truly hospitable, *he welcomed the coming, sped the parting guest*; but the visits of prying curiosity, wanton intrusion, or ignorant impudence, he always avoided or repelled.

Three causes have been assigned to account for the extraordinary life which he led: that his reason was partially clouded by insanity; that he had been early in life the victim of disappointed love; or, lastly, that

he was guilty of some enormous but secret crime.

The first I will not enter on, as every deviation from right reason and the established customs of mankind may be attributed to the same origin.

It is observed by the ingenious gentleman to whom I am indebted for this article, that as Angus, equally avoiding both sexes, never discovered any partiality for women, the second supposition is improbable.

With submission to better judgments I think very differently.

A person invited to a public dinner, and disposed to treat his palate with dainties not to be met with every day at private tables, sees something which answers this description, and bringing with him two commodities not always found at such places, patience and good manners, he waits with composure till he finds with surprise the *dexterous knife-and-fork men* have demolished the whole of his favourite dish; and at last a plate of what no one else will eat is placed before him.

Naturally irritated by such treatment, he quits the room dinnerless and disgusted, preferring, *like a man of good taste*, fasting to foul feeding; and solitude rather than the company

pany of these *worthy* characters, who *make it a rule* to eat till the seventh button of their waistcoat *rubs hard* against the edge of the table.

Actuated by similar motives of resentment or distaste, our solitary mountaineer in his youthful days *might* have felt the fascination of female charms: a fascination often experienced by the editor of these pages, from the interesting manners and cultivated minds of Scotch women, although generally inferior in personal beauty to *the roses and lilies of England*.

Angus might have lost his heart in contemplating some female exalted by education, rank, and fortune, far beyond his reach; the lady also might probably have fixed *her* affections on a person in the only neighbourhood where Fletcher could associate; she might perhaps have given the happy man her hand and heart, and have exhibited a striking example of nuptial happiness.

What lover would not wish to turn his eyes from a sight like this; a spectacle, to which in the perverted optics of disappointed passion, a desert, solitude, or even hell would be preferred; for although it has been often said that the happiness of the woman he loves is the first

wish of a lover, I am of opinion that it is always understood that *he* is to be a party concerned.

In supposing this to be the cause of the secession of Angus, it is possible we may also be mistaken.

Perhaps his nervous system was not calculated to resist *the wear and tear* of society; he might have inherited a diseased irritability, which incapacitated him for enduring *the bustle and elbow* of common life. The proud man's insults, the oppression of wealthy superiority, the frauds of whining hypocrisy, the misrepresentations of ignorance, and the swaggerings of impudence, which *other* men laugh at, retaliate or defy, to *him* might be insufferable agony.

To be ridiculed by folly and disturbed by pert absurdity, to be censured by the prudent, instructed by the fortunate, and even to be pitied by the good, might be more than he could patiently bear.

But if Fletcher by necessity or by choice was deprived of the soothing aspect and endearing attention of friends, relations, and neighbours, he was not without pleasures, and some of them of the sublimest kind; his was unrestrained liberty, and a will uncontrouled, which the courtier does not deserve and

the monarch cannot bestow, nor himself always enjoy ; ‘ the wild was all before him where to chuse his place of rest, and Providence his guide ;’ nature, rude and unspoiled by art ; rocks, torrents, mountains, and vales, were alternately before his eyes ; an unbounded nocturnal view of the ethereal concave studded with millions of worlds, (in high northern positions, remarkably clear and beautiful) the silver moon bursting from separated clouds, and all the dread magnificence of Heaven, must have frequently attracted notice, produced admiration, and at times have enforced reverence.

In solitude and silence he might triumphantly contemplate the extent of his own powers, which, without being obliged to an injurious world, enabled him to procure with his own hands, cloathing, occupation, fuel, and food.

On his supposed criminality, on his being tortured by compunction, and driven by a guilty conscience to solitude and grief, who but the great reader of all hearts shall pretend to decide.

At all events, *if he felt himself unequal to the battle of human life, the war of interests and the struggle of passions* ; if the shield of fortitude and the

sword of persevering energy to resist the world, the flesh, and that worst of all dæmons which a man carries in his own bosom, if these were denied him, or if granted, *had dropped from his hand*, he did right to retire, rather than expose an unguarded temper, a generous disposition, and an open heart, a weak understanding or a wounded spirit, to the cruel attacks of perfidy, selfishness, ridicule, malevolence, and fraud.

“ A life of solitude ” it is true “ is not congenial to a creature like man, whose wants and wishes clearly mark him as a social animal ; and it seems designed by Providence that there shall be no happiness on earth equal to that which arises from social intercourse, directed by benevolence, and animated by intellectual esteem ; but this, like every other blessing, may be and is perverted.

“ Can any thing be more irksome to a rational being endowed with sympathy and taste than the routine of those circles, whose professed object is pleasure ; where politeness, decency, repose, and domestic happiness, are sacrificed to frivolous fashion ; where rudeness and unfeeling *persiflage* are called easy manners ; where ignorance and an uncultivated intellect pass current

rent under the smooth varnish of simpering insipidity?"

ANTHONY DE CORRO, a learned Spaniard, born and educated at Seville, and designed for a Carthusian, but misled by common sense, or terrified at the hardships and privations of a monastic life, he would not believe that man making himself miserable could be any gratification to the Almighty.

Being censured for these and other heterodox opinions, he was threatened with punishment, and in a country where at that period (1570) superstition was bloody and terrific, would in all probability have been more than threatened, but fortunately he had not finished his noviciate.

Disgusted by such treatment, and apprehending what he might expect when once he had made his profession, he fled from Spain.

It is worthy of remark, that at the moment De Corro was driven from his country by persecution, Henry the third, king of Navarre, (afterwards Henry the fourth of France) separated from Seville only by Castile and Arragon, openly professed Calvinism.

The fugitive repaired to Eng-

land, where he was introduced to Dr. Sandys, bishop of London, who enquiring into the truth of the tale he told, and finding it authentic, became his patron.

Having proved himself worthy of protection, by the joint interest of that prelate, and Robert earl of Leicester, their Chancellor, he was recommended to the university of Oxford, with a request, that at the next public act they would permit the Spaniard to *proceed* doctor of divinity without expence; and at the same time dispense with any previous degree.

This proceeding was meant as a preliminary step to his being appointed a reader of the divinity lectures; Doctor Sandys being of opinion that a man educated like De Corro, in a foreign seminary, was well qualified to detect and guard the students against the errors of popery.

But the proposal occasioned great fear and jealousy in a respectable and numerous party, at that time powerful, and to whom, from their pretensions to superior purity in faith and morals, the sarcastic appellation of PURITANS had been given.

With many faults on the points of morose temper, unaccommodating zeal, and republican propensity, it cannot be denied that a large portion

portion of the individuals coming under their description possessed strong minds, disinterested views, and the unshaken, but in modern times the inexpedient spirit of martyrdom.

Their correct lives and undeviating submission to the principles and practice of primitive christianity cannot be praised too much; but it is not possible to read their favourite, their able historian NEALE, without remarking his want of candour, moderation, and sometimes accuracy, in his statement of facts; but where alas is the man to be found, who having enlisted under an oppressed and obnoxious sect can avoid dipping his pen in the bitter gall of resentment.

The opposers of the dispensation for which the refugee petitioned, insisted that settling a foreigner and a new convert from popery in one of the universities of England, which had suffered so much from the fraud and violence of the church of Rome, was a dangerous project and likely to inflame men's minds already greatly prejudiced against the old superstition.

They further observed, that although De Corro had abjured the Catholic faith he was strongly suspected of being tainted with the Pelagian heresy; of entertaining heterodox opinions on

predestination, and justification by faith, two grand and indispensable requisites in the creed of every real and sincere christian; and further, that it was not known for a certainty, whether he had been actually called to the gospel ministry, either by episcopal ordination in this realm, or by any church beyond the seas.

These and other considerations produced a *smart* debaté; but when a motion was made for granting a dispensation to the Spanish refugee, the house out of respect to their chancellor passed the vote, with the following words tacked to it; *the said Anthony first purging himself of heretical opinions.*

After a little outcry, De Corro was permitted to perform the proposed functions of a reader of the divinity lectures, conducted himself with prudence, and acquired the esteem of many of his former opponents.

He was a large contributor to the press; the following are a few of his works:—

An Admonition to the Flemish Church at Antwerp. London, 8vo. 1570.

An Explanation of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. London, 8vo. 1574.

A Supplication addressed to the King of Spain, (Philip the second)

second) in behalf of the persecuted protestants in the Low Countries. London, 8vo. 1577.

A Grammar, containing certain rules for acquiring the French and Spanish languages. London, 1590.

After having subdued or mitigated his sectarian disturbers, De Corro died at a ripe old age; but his domestic life is said to have been far from tranquil.

The Catholics, probably irritated by his desertion, insisted that this was a punishment *inflicted by Heaven for his heresy, and in kind.*

“The first step the renegado took,” said his enemies, “after he had plunged into the mire of heresy, was taking a wife, who proved unfaithful, and like the daughter he had by her, was neither pure nor peaceable.”

If the enemies of the Spaniard were right in the origin from which they deduced his connubial misfortune, we have in modern times witnessed with regret, but I fear without edification, a great number of such *celestial punishments.*

APPARITIONS.—When Doctor Johnson was rallied for his faith in ghosts, he used to call over the names of the various eminent characters, who at different periods had

been of his opinion: among these he generally mentioned Doctor Fowler, bishop of Gloucester in the early part of the eighteenth century; of that prelate the following conversation with judge Powell is recorded on good authority:—

“Since I saw you,” said the lawyer, a humourist as well as a worthy man, who had often attacked the opinions of the prelate, “since I saw you I have had ocular demonstration of the existence of nocturnal apparitions.”

“I am glad, Mr. Justice, you are become a convert to truth; but do you say actual ocular demonstration? Pray let me know the particulars of the story at large.”

“My lord, I will. It was, let me see, last Thursday night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, but nearer the latter than the former, as I lay sleeping in my bed, I was suddenly awakened by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming up stairs and stalking directly towards my room; the door flying open, I drew back my curtain, and saw a faint glimmering light enter my chamber.”

“Of a blue colour no doubt.”

“The light was of a pale blue, my lord, and followed by a tall meagre personage, his locks hoary

hoary with age, and cloathed in a long loose gown, a leathern girdle was about his loins, his beard thick and grizly, a large fur cap on his head, and a long staff in his hand. Struck with astonishment, I remained for some time motionless and silent; the figure advanced, staring me full in the face: I then said 'Whence and what art thou;' the following was the answer I received—

"I am watchman of the night, an't please your honour, and made bold to come up stairs to inform the family of their street door being left open, and that if it was not soon shut they would probably be robbed before morning."

Doctor Fowler seized his hat and departed.

AVARICE, called by a late writer, and in a way peculiarly his own, a *damned ill-natured hateful vice*, which it certainly is; but while we acknowledge this truism, let us take care to be correct in our application of it, let us be sure that the cases in which, and the persons on whom, we bestow harsh and degrading epithets, actually deserve them.

More than one reason occurs for introducing the present article; the editor having lately

frequented a circle graced with beauty and enlivened by wit, which sometimes sparkled at the expence of good nature: maiden aunts and batchelor uncles *with ghastly disinheriting countenances*, were often the subject of loud laughter and satirical raillery.

After joining in the laugh, *for at Rome we must do as the Romans do*, and silently acknowledging the self-evident proposition, that a father or an uncle who does not give up his own comforts and the spothers of declining age to a jolly fellow who understands the true art to live at Bath, Newmarket, and St. James's-street, must be a miserly dog, a dry flinty-hearted old rascal, and like a certain quadruped *good only when dead*; after listening alternately to coarse abuse and unfounded assertion, the writer of this article retired to a favourite path preserved almost in the face of impossibility from the sea. He reflected on what he had heard and seen, and whilst his heart, heavy laden, performed its office with difficulty, the spirit (I mean of perverted truth and tongue-tied common sense) the spirit gave him utterance, and he poured forth in his usual tone and emphasis the language of Young, Otway, Shakespear, and though last not least, the pathetic and

and impressive Cowper, occasionally interposing the masterly felicities of Horace, and the tierce satire of Juvenal; the roaring wind, stupendous waves, and a lofty cliff with projecting rocks, and broken fragments, formed at the same time a scene perfectly in unison with the state of his mind.

But to quit this poetry, or *prose run mad*; a slight sketch of the private history of two of the persons, who formed part of the joyous circle he had quitted, will elucidate the truths meant to be enforced.

The principal female who led the chorus, considering a stroke of the palsy with which her father had been just smitten as a signal for departure, had chosen the moment for travelling across the country to make a distant visit, and left a parent, who had put himself to pecuniary difficulties to finish *her* education and contribute to *her* pleasures, in the hands of servants and mercenaries.

The hero who performed the principal part, as *gentleman*, in the piece, having dissipated his paternal inheritance, subsisted wholly on the bounty of a maternal uncle, who after passing the best part of his life in an unhealthy climate had returned to his native country to die,

with a fortune the produce of honest industry, and little more than sufficient to administer to the comfort and tranquillity of declining age.

The crime, the never to be forgiven crime this unnatural uncle had committed, was making it a condition annexed to the allowance he made *the gentleman*, that he should not visit London, Bath, or Newmarket; well aware that his nephew had formed connections and contracted habits in those places, wholly incompatible with a small income, and which had already involved *the gentleman* in two uncreditable embarrassments: for this abominable conduct, of course the unnatural uncle with his d——d disinheriting visage, was a surly old dog, a miserly flinty-hearted old rascal, and the sooner he was dead the better.

In one respect I agree that the uncle was highly culpable, as I have often told him, for making *the gentleman* any allowance at all; in such case he would have *persisted* in his highway frolics, have been hanged, and the world as well as his family have been rid of an intolerable nuisance.

BAYLE, a French refugee,
author of the critical and
historical

historical dictionary, a work overflowing with learning and information, but not without a large portion of matter highly exceptionable and repugnant to morality, religion and taste.

I address the present article to those private gentlemen and public bodies in various parts of Great Britain and Ireland, who possess libraries and large collections of books; I earnestly request of them, if Bayle and other books of a similar description *must* have a shelf, I request that they would let them be kept under lock and key.

I have at different times been permitted, and in various parts of the kingdom, to visit many libraries, and at an early hour of the day, when the greater part of the family had not quitted their beds; but I have repeatedly found children, servants and young women, perusing with avidity books, which no good father or prudent man would put into the hands of his children. The English translation of Bayle was in general the favourite, and in every library I have yet seen, the leaves of this work, particularly those where the obnoxious and indecorous articles occurred, bore evident marks of having been often turned over by fingers like the imagination of that singular writer, *not very clean*.

It is by no means my wish to restore that old papistic tyranny in literature, an *index expurgatorius*; but I appeal to parents, guardians, and the many worthy persons engaged in educating the rising generation, whether it is right, safe, or expedient to display to young minds and fervid imaginations in gaudy colours and seducing language, loose infidelity and lascivious description, which I am convinced (and I speak from experience) have done considerable and irreparable mischief; because paper once blotted, whatever pains we take never can be restored to its original whiteness, nor will a mind depraved in early life by bad company and improper books, ever recover its first purity.

The theory of Mr. Bayle, with all his great powers and extensive reading, cannot be defended on any ground of philosophical indifference, toleration, utility, or expedience.

His opinion in one point is evident, from a favourite quotation which he makes more than once from Minucius Felix, *castitas enim tutior, sed impudicitia, felicior*.

He who is persuaded to march in the path of duty from no other motive than its *safety*, but is at the same time told that an excursion from the right road is
pleasanter,

pleasanter, will in all human probability soon try the experiment.

In a word, the Dictionary of Bayle is amusing, and on subjects of general criticism, instructive; but his metaphysic disquisitions are dangerous, and his work communicates none of that true wisdom which makes us better here and happier hereafter.

BLUSHING HONORS.—

It was observed in a late reign of a gentleman, on whom a minor dignity had been conferred, that his chairs, spoons, harness, and every implement and domestic utensil, to which it could be attached by the painter or the engraver, had received this additional decoration, only a few hours after he had himself been embellished.

On this occasion, a wicked wit applied an epigram written by a modern Latin poet, with a few alterations, but I think in vitiated measure.

*Judæi nostri florentis nomen
honoris*

*Indicat in clypei fronte cruenta
manus.*

*Non quod sævus aliquid, aut
stricto fortiter ense,*

*Hostibus occisis ducebat iste co-
hortem:*

*Terrorem infantum madidum et
sanguine cultrem*

*Præputio exciso rubebat dextra
parentis.*

The father or grandfather of the person satirized had been a Jewish priest.

BOARDING SCHOOLS.

It is the observation of a writer who says many good things, but carries them generally too far, “that the innumerable places of this description for both sexes are among the greatest abuses of the age; this he thinks obvious from the little improvement children make, and the vices they acquire.

“The manners of young women, who have been educated at a boarding school, are so strongly marked, as to prevent our mistaking them in any company, or any situation of life; indeed they require not a comment, they speak loudly for themselves daily and hourly, and as loudly call for a different mode of education.

“The rearing and instruction of boys, though not carried off with so much assurance, equally tend to perverted morals and ruin.

“There is one argument, irresistible to parents who wish their sons to make a figure, which school-masters never forget; it

is this, that their children will never *shine* at the bar, in the senate, or the pulpit, unless the whole of their time from youth to manhood is devoted to erudition.

“It is not easy to conceive a greater or a more fatal mistake; with how much more credit, profit, and happiness, would a *large portion* of this period be passed under the paternal roof, where without excluding occasional literary employment their minds and habits would be formed to the business of human life, early vicious tendencies restrained, and what is of no small importance, salutary occupation be afforded for the parents.

“Alas, they have other and more important objects of pursuit, dress, whist, the fox chase, public spectacles, &c. &c. &c.; but when the ruinous youthful career of vicious extravagance hath been run, when that most important of our duties, domestic superintendence, hath been neglected or trusted to unfaithful hands, the astonished father wakes from his vain dream of infatuation and affects to be surprised at a train of vipers, fostered alas too often to sting his bosom in old age.

“Fathers of families in the wildness of a fond imagination

forget that no education will in general elevate a man of common talents above that rank in life in which he has been born.

“A shop-bill, written by David Hume, who is said to have written many behind a counter, will be no better prized than one written by a blockhead, if the latter sells his goods a farthing a pound cheaper.

“On the other hand, genius and superior abilities will distinguish themselves without being kept so long in trammels; they require not such assistance; they smooth all difficulties and surmount every obstacle.”

BOLINGBROKE, VISCOUNT, for a short time the prime minister of Queen Anne.

My collection has been coarsely censured by a warm admirer of this noble lord, who is, if I mistake not, descended from the illegitimate offspring of *one* of his lordship's humble amours; this miscellany has been censured as partially inveterate against the right honourable sceptic.

My opponent, who like his ancestor, *thinks freely but not deeply*, and whom I once called a connoisseur without taste, and a pedant without learning,—this *feeble amateur* accuses me of having

having quoted invective verses against Lord Bolingbroke without producing the panegyric which occasioned them.

As in some cases we may receive useful instruction from an adversary, I present to my readers what must have been a sugared treat to the ex-minister, premising that in consonance with my own feelings and convictions I shall add the answer, some part of which has appeared in a former volume:—

'Tis sung, that exil'd by tyrannic Jove,
Apollo, from the starry realms above,

To sylvan scenes, to grots and streams retir'd,

And rural scenes and rural sports admir'd;

Admir'd, but found with pleasure and surprize,

Himself the same on earth as in the skies,

The wond'ring swains and nymphs where'er he trod;

With transport gaz'd and recogniz'd the God.

The tale's now verified, what here we view

In Bolingbroke, has made the fiction true.

See, emblem of himself, his villa stand,

Politely finish'd, regularly grand;

No gaudy colours stain the well-siz'd hall,

Blank light and shade discriminate the wall:

He lightly thinks of what must all men charm,

A noble palace, simply calls a farm.

No glaring trophies here, no spoils of war

Attract the eye ———

But rustic implements to till the fields,

And the wild flower luxuriant nature yields.

Thus noble St. John in his sweet recess,

By those made greater who wou'd make him less;

Thus free of heart and eloquent of tongue,

With speech harmonious as a heavenly song,

Suspends in rapture each attentive guest,

Ungrateful Britain, what a fault is thine,

This well-school'd statesman's counsels to decline!

In scenes retir'd the vet'ran patriot lives,

And for his ruin'd country vainly grieves.

These verses were answered in the following manner:—

Base sycophant beneath a poet's fame,

Who daub'st with praise an execrable name.

Scandal

Scandal to truth, thy verse is
 like thy cause,
 And as thy patron's honour, thy
 applause;
 Thou hast wrap't St. John in a
 God's disguise,
 And styl'st dread Jove the ty-
 rant of the skies.
 With whom can such abusive
 lies prevail?
 Or who believes the fabricated
 tale?
 If George is Jove, then every one
 must own
 St. John, the traitor, who at-
 tack'd his throne:
 But baffled in his schemes so
 wild and vain,
 The thund'rer hurl'd him down
 to earth again;
 Then kindly heard him groaning
 for reprieve,
 Forgot his wrongs and bade the
 monster live.
 Releas'd and pardon'd, still the
 rebel tries
 His former arts in patriot dis-
 guise,
 Reviews the rancour of a tory
 mind,
 And studies mischief to undo
 mankind.
 This is the hero whom thy verse
 describ'd
 The virtuous man, so cruelly
 proscrib'd.
 Wou'd truth and painting lend
 their mutual aid,

And Dawley's walls confess the
 faithful shade,
 What scenes of lust, deceit, and
 fraud, would rise,
 Heroes in exile and betray'd al-
 lies.
 The British lion hunted from the
 field, &c. &c. &c.

BOUTHILLIER DE
 RANCE, a French noble-
 man and a man of pleasure, who
 had long been the successful but
 illicit lover of a lady of fashion
 and beauty in Paris, her hus-
 band being absent on military
 duty.

From a routine of frivolous
 pursuits and criminal gratifica-
 tions, the subject of our pre-
 sent article was suddenly called
 to a distant province, where he
 was detained several months
 without any possibility of carry-
 ing on an epistolary correspon-
 dence.

Having at length obtained the
 object of his journey and re-
 moved every impediment and
 delay, he flew on the wings of
 love to the French metropolis,
 which he did not reach till mid-
 night.

By means of a *passe par tout*
 he traversed the garden and en-
 tered the house of his mistress
 without seeing or being seen by
 any domestic; he rushes to that
 chamber

chamber which had been often the scene of unhallowed bliss; he draws back the curtain which inclosed all he values on earth, hoping to surprise with a rapturous kiss the sleeping beauty, and to compensate for the pangs of absence by taking still deeper draughts of unmeasured delight.

He starts back with horror and astonishment on discovering the dear object of his fondest wishes extended on the bed lifeless, disfigured, and loathsome. In a word, his mistress during his absence had been seized with a most malignant species of small pox, and had fallen a sacrifice to that pestilential scourge.

Deprived of the treasure of his heart and under circumstances so shocking to an ardent lover, Rancè quits the house with difficulty; despair and disappointment having paralyzed his body and mind, he secludes himself at once from society, devotes his days and nights to sorrow, repentance, and religious contemplation, and finally became the founder of the monastery of La Trappe.

Such is the romantic tale related with credulous confidence by a modern writer; but the visionary fabrication will not bear the touchstone of critical examination, and vanishes from

the magic talisman of truth and historical fact.

The convent of La Trappe had existed for two centuries before the birth of Bouthillier; he was indeed Abbe and a considerable reformer of that religious institution so remarkable for its fasts, its vigils, and that still more painful vow of eternal silence.

The original founder was Rotrou, Count de Perche, so early as the twelfth century; being overtaken at sea by a furious tempest, the ship he sailed in after being the sport of winds and waves for several days was at length driven on a rock, and the Count after many dangers was the only individual who escaped.

In the moment of peril and distress he called for aid on the Almighty, accompanying his prayer with a vow of building and endowing a convent in case he reached the shore; this promise he religiously performed.

La Trappe, like every human institution, having degenerated from the austerities originally enjoined by its founder, was restored by the zeal of De Rancè, improved and armed with new horrors.

To rise at midnight from the short unrefreshing repose of a bed

of

of board; to pass the tedious hours till day-light approached in repeating Ave Marias, miseres and scourgings; to subsist on food of the most tasteless kind; to devote the day to the most laborious drudgery, and *never* to speak, was the discipline laid down by the founder, rigorously exemplified and enforced by the Abbe De Rance, and considered by them both as the most likely means of rendering themselves and their disciples acceptable to the kind and omnipotent Creator of the world.

But the credulous writer mentioned at the beginning of this article is incorrect in the statement of other important particulars: Bouthillier was not the promiscuous lover, the invader of nuptial peace, the unprincipled debauchee before described.

He was nephew to Bouthillier De Chavigny, superintendant of the French finances in the reign of Louis the thirteenth; devoted to literature and science, moderate in his pleasures, correct in his manners, and a canon of the church of Notre Dame.

He was editor of an edition of Anacreon with notes, and the bishopric of Laon being offered to him he declined accepting it, fearing that such an exalted post would interrupt him in the literary life he loved, and

separate him from the connections and habits of his early days.

The easy tenor of a life thus agreeably passed in literary pursuits, friendly intercourse, and professional avocation, was suddenly interrupted by his narrowly escaping a violent death from the hand of an assassin raised against another.

This appears to have made an indelible impression on a nervous system remarkably susceptible; he never recovered his spirits, and in the opinion of the editor of this collection his intellects were *partially* deranged.

This *supposition* I confess depends only on internal evidence, for he instantly quitted a circle of friends in which he was useful, pleasant and beloved, for the impenetrable gloom, the silence, the austerities and irrational self denials of La Trappe, dragging on an existence in my humble opinion displeasing to God, and certainly useless to man.

In this retreat his literary propensity at intervals returned, and his pen, though confined to Saints and monastic studies, produced many works during the hours he could snatch from religious exercises and repose.

Many of his works are extant, particularly a collection of the
lives

lives and deaths of the various monks, who have *existed* in the monastery of La Trappe.

For this short account of an extraordinary foundation, stripped of error and romance, the public is indebted to an able and judicious anonymous critic, the accuracy of whose statement is supported by the respectable testimony of Maupeon, Marsollier, and Le Nain.

CALAS, JOHN, a reputable tradesman, or as he was called in France, a merchant of the city of Thoulouse, in the eighteenth century, whose misfortunes excited general attention.

Calas, his wife, and five sons, had been born and educated in the Protestant religion; but Lewis, the second of his children, only a few months before the present narrative commences, renouncing the tenets he had professed, embraced the Catholic faith.

It was supposed, that the young man had been persuaded to this change by an old female servant, who had lived many years in the family, and by whom he had been originally nursed.

His parents lamented this apostacy, but being remarkable for affection towards their off-

spring, it was not observed to diminish the kindness of their behaviour either to Lewis or the old domestic; as they were convinced, however erroneous the proceeding, that it originated from amiable motives and a benevolent mind.

Their eldest son, Anthony, had been bred to the law, but found that his dissenting from the established religion of his country was an insuperable bar to his being admitted to practice.

This disappointment was observed to have a strong effect on his mind and health; he became melancholy, peevish and solitary; procured and perused many reprehensible books, and often repeated passages from them in defence of suicide.

In this state of things, Anthony received an accidental visit from an old school-fellow, the son of Mr. Lavoisse, an avocat, or as we should term it, an *attorney* of Thoulouse.

Young Lavoisse having been absent for several weeks at Bourdeaux, on his return found that his father had been for several days at a little villa to which he occasionally retired, eight miles from the city.

Having endeavoured to procure a horse at several places, without effect, as he was coming out of the stable-yard of one of

the persons to whom he had applied, he met Anthony and his father, who congratulated him on his arrival, and hearing that none of his family were at home, invited him to pass his evening at their house, to which he agreed.

Mrs. Calas received Lavoisse, as the friend of her son, with great cordiality, and after sitting in conversation about half an hour, Anthony being the general market-man of the family, was sent to purchase some cheese; soon after, Lavoisse went again to the keeper of a livery stable to see if any of his horses were returned, and to bespeak one for his use in the morning.

They both came back in a short time, and at seven o'clock sat down to supper in a room up one pair of stairs; the company consisting of Calas, his wife, Anthony, Peter, one of his brothers, and Mr. Lavoisse.

Before the meal was concluded, Anthony, without any apparent reason, rose from table in an evident state of mental perturbation; this, as it was a circumstance which had often occurred since his indisposition, was not noticed: he passed into the kitchen which was on the same floor, and being asked by the servant if he was cold,

said to her, "quite the contrary, *I am in a burning heat*;" he soon after went down stairs.

It ought to have been observed, that the whole of the ground floor of the house was occupied by the shop and a warehouse behind it, which were separated by folding doors.

The party whom Anthony had quitted, continued conversing till half past nine, when Lavoisse took his leave, and Peter, who fatigued by his attendance in the shop, had fallen asleep, was roused to attend him with a lantern.

It is easier to conceive than describe their horror and astonishment on reaching the foot of the stairs; the first object presenting itself was the unhappy Anthony, stripped to his shirt, and hanging from a bar which he had laid across the top of the folding doors, having half opened them for that purpose.

Their exclamation brought Mr. Calas down stairs, who, the moment he saw what had taken place, rushed forwards, and raising the body in his arms, moved the rope by which it was suspended, and the bar fell down; for the two young men were so affected, that they stood immoveable as statues, and lost all presence of mind.

The unhappy father, in an agony

agony of grief, laid his son on the ground, and immediately sent Peter for Mr. Lamoire, a surgeon, in the neighbourhood, observing to him, "let us, if we can, prevent this dishonourable accident being known; you need not say how your brother's death took place."

Lavaissé in the mean time ran up stairs to prevent, if possible, Mrs. Calas from knowing what had happened, but hearing the groans and outcries of her husband and the old servant, it could not be prevented, and the presence of this unhappy mother added to the afflicting scene.

The surgeon was not at home, but his pupil, Mr. Grosse, immediately came; on examination he found, that Anthony was quite dead; and when he removed his neckcloth, observing a dark circular mark made by the cord, immediately said he had been strangled.

A crowd of people, attracted by curiosity and the cries of the family, had collected round the door, and hearing the surgeon's words, immediately formed an opinion that the deceased was on the point of becoming a Catholic, and that his family, as Protestants, had strangled Anthony, to prevent his abjuring their communion.

The majority of the inhabi-

tants of France, being at that period violently prejudiced against the Calvinists, and more particularly the inhabitants of Toulouse, who for several years celebrated the massacre of St. Bartholomew, by anniversary processions, this vague suspicion was eagerly circulated, and with many absurd aggravations, pronounced an undeniable fact; a furious mob assembled, and to prevent Calas and his family being torn to pieces, it was thought necessary to send for the intendant of the police and his assistants.

These *peace officers*, instead of quieting the people and entering into cool examination of facts, precipitately sided in opinion with the multitude, and the whole family, together with Lavaissé, was committed to prison, under circumstances of universal hatred and indignation.

The Franciscans and White Penitents, two religious societies at that time in Toulouse, zealously inflamed the public irritation; they propagated a report that Anthony, who had never given the least indication of a change in his opinions, that Anthony was the next day to have become one of their fraternity; that he was strangled in order to prevent it, and that Lavaissé, on

this and other similar occasions, was general executioner among the Calvinists.

The corpse was publicly interred in St. Stephens, accompanied by a long and pompous procession, a solemn service and funeral dirge; a tomb was raised to his memory in a conspicuous part of that church, and a real human skeleton was exhibited on the monument, holding in one hand a paper, on which was written **ABJURATION OF HERESY**, and in the other a branch of the palm tree, as an emblem of martyrdom.

In such a state of the public mind it was not probable that the affair would experience an impartial examination.

The *Capitoul*, one David, an ignorant but fierce bigot, insisted on the impossibility of a person's suspending himself across the folding doors, and said that it was a common practice with Protestant parents to hang such of their children as wished to change their religion; the *worthy* magistrate, forgetting at the moment, or resolving not to remember, that Lewis Calas, another of the unfortunate prisoner's children, had actually become a Catholic, and so far from incurring the resentment of his father had been lately settled

by him in an advantageous business, and that the person who had been the chief instrument of his conversion was at the moment an inmate in the family, and treated with unremitting kindness.

La Borde, the presiding Judge, who knew and ought to have acted better, warmly espoused the popular opinion; he repeatedly enquired "if Anthony Calas had been seen to kneel at his father's feet before he strangled him;" but receiving no satisfactory answer, observed, *that the cries of the murdered martyr* were heard at distant parts of the city; he added, that "it was necessary to make an example of John Calas, for the edification of true believers and the propagation of sound faith, as hereticks had been of late more than usually bold and incorrigible."

I relate with concern, that in the eighteenth century, in a Christian country, and during the reign of a *most Christian king*, this unfortunate old man, seventy years of age, and irreproachable in life, who was remarkable for parental affection, and had brought up a numerous family in credit and repute, was declared guilty of murdering his own child, a crime which collateral and other circumstances proved

proved he had never committed, and sentenced to be broken on the wheel.

The innocent prisoner in a few days was led forth to punishment, in a state of mind which excited general admiration.

Two honest Dominicans, Bourges and Caldagues, who attended him, declared that they not only thought him innocent of the crime, but an uncommon example of Christian patience, fortitude, charity, and forbearance; they could not help remarking, that in his prayers he intreated the Almighty to pardon *the errors* of his enemies; these worthy fathers united in wishing, that *their* last hours might be like his.

Calas endured the torture with unabated firmness, declaring the innocence of himself and family to the last: his son Peter was banished for life, the other persons with a glaring inconsistency,—for if one was guilty, *all* must have been so,—were set at liberty.

This melancholy and disgraceful transaction, which took place in the year 1761, naturally attracted the notice and commiseration of all well-disposed, humane and liberal persons, particularly of Mr. Voltaire, the advocate of toleration; who, like other advocates, was ultimately carried

further in his reforming career than he originally expected or designed.

But in rescuing the family of Calas from obloquy and disgrace, he was commended by all parties.

His applications to men in power were so effectual, that the judicial proceedings were sent to Paris, and revised; Calas and the whole of the family were declared innocent, the sentence was annulled; the attorney-general of the province was directed to prosecute the infamous Capitoul, David, and every possible satisfaction was made to the widow, to Mr. Lavoisier, and the survivors.

But although every thing that *could* be done was done, all could not call up from the grave the mangled corpse of the unfortunate father, who at the moment he was suffering unutterable distress of mind for a suicide child, was loaded with disgrace and chains, and committed to a loathsome dungeon, accused, tried, and condemned, as the executioner of his own offspring, suffered a cruel death, and finally was insulted on the scaffold in his last agonies by the cruel David. "Wretch," said this infernal monster to the poor old man, while in a state of torture, "*Wretch, confess your crime, behold*

behold the faggots which are to consume your body to ashes."

The melancholy impressions made by this article would have been somewhat alleviated, had it been in the editor's power to relate with truth, that the vile Capitoul, a Franciscan, and two or three *White Penitents*, had been hanged.

Where and when have I seen, and by what artist, a painting in which a groupe of persons are exhibited as contemplating a picture of the tragedy which forms the subject of my present article, and exemplifying its effect, on different tempers and dispositions?

The man of violent passions, with fury in his countenance, and an extended arm, is pouring forth execrations against the remorseless bigots; another gentleman of exquisite sensibility is silently wiping the tear from his cheek; a connoisseur seems to be admiring the painter's performance, without being apparently affected by the subject of it; and a jolly fellow, who appears to have understood and practised the pleasures of the table, sits undisturbed before the picture, buried in fat, indolence, and stupidity.

Various have been the efforts of human wisdom to correct the excesses of intolerant supersti-

tion; in many instances these efforts have been successful, but like a race horse, pushing for the goal, they have often been carried further than was intended.

The zealous, and perhaps at first and before his passions are inflamed, the well-meaning Catholic, who would punish a man's body for the salvation of his soul, ultimately degenerates into that bloodiest and most cruel of all tyrannies, a tyranny over the mind.

On the contrary, the liberal-minded man of feeling and philanthropy, unless guided by prudence and expediency, becomes a latitudinarian, and a sceptic, and would ultimately introduce the most irrational and unfeeling of all despotisms.

The following letter addressed to Mr. Voltaire from the late empress of Russia, during his spirited conduct in favour of the family of Calas, must have highly gratified that ingenious Frenchman:—

SIR,

The brightness of the northern star is a mere *Aurora Borealis*; but the private man, who is an advocate for the rights of nature, and a defender of oppressed innocence, will immortalize his name.

You have attacked the great
enemies

enemies of true religion and science, fanaticism, ignorance, and chicane: may your victory be complete.

You desire some small relief for the family; I should be better pleased if my inclosed bill of exchange could pass unknown; but if you think my name, unharmonious as it is, may be of use to the cause, I leave it to your discretion.

CATHARINE.

It is a melancholy truth, that while this disgraceful tragedy was performing, another instance of superstitious intolerance, and like this, ending in the death of two innocent persons, was exhibited in the same province at Castres, little more than forty miles from Thoulouse.

Adjoining to that city, on a little farm which they owned and occupied themselves, lived the family of Sirven, consisting of the farmer, his wife, and three daughters, of whom one was married and pregnant, her husband by his employment being called to a distant province.

Although of the Protestant religion, the youngest of his single daughters had been taken by force from her father's house, put into a convent and told that she must conform to the Catholic faith, which was the only true religion.

Finding the poor girl naturally attached to the tenets in which she had been educated, her instructors told her it was the high road to hell, and *insisting that it was necessary to punish the body to save the soul*, they taught her their better catechism, whipped her severely, and shut her up in a solitary cell.

In a few weeks, in consequence of their persevering in what they called *wholesome discipline*, the poor creature lost her senses, and escaping from her keepers, threw herself headlong into a well.

It was immediately insisted on by the Catholics, and passed current, that her own family had destroyed her, *it being an established rule with Protestants to murder every one who is suspected of any inclination to the Catholic faith.*

The populace was inflamed, Sirven did not dare to make his appearance, and having heard of the transaction at Thoulouse, was anxious to avoid similar treatment, as his house had been twice attacked.

Expecting to be torn to pieces, he took an opportunity, when his infuriate enemies were retired to rest from their persecutions, to leave his house with his family.

At the dead of night, on foot, in the severity of winter, and with a deep snow on the ground, they

they fled from their savage neighbours, and took the road to Switzerland, though scarcely knowing whither to go. To add to Sirven's afflictions, his daughter was delivered of a dead child during the journey, evidently killed by the over-fatigue and horrors of its parent; urged forward by their remorseless hunters, the frantic mother could not be persuaded that her child was dead, and travelled on, closely embracing the clay-cold infant in her arms.

It is not easy to describe the exasperated fury of the zealots at Castres, when they found their intended victims had escaped, they reproached each other for not having kept a guard during the night; to prove what they wished to do, the whole family were burnt in effigy; a process was issued against Sirven, his goods seized, his property confiscated, and the memory of an industrious, harmless, and much injured family, loaded with infamy and reproach.

The fugitives travelling by night, and concealing themselves in the day time, fortunately escaped the tygers, but did not consider themselves as safe till they reached Switzerland.

In another respect they were not less fortunate; the benevolent friend and advocate of the family of Calas heard of Sirven's misfortunes, and powerfully in-

terfered in their favour, but was shocked on being told that their cause should be re-heard, and that *possibly they might be pardoned*; a virtuous, decent, innocent family reduced to beggary and ruin, with two individuals of it murdered, for so in fact it was, is told *it may be pardoned!*

But the active benevolence of Voltaire did not rest satisfied with this answer, which seemed to be adding injury to insult; Mr. de Beaumont, who nobly and successfully defended the Calas family, also strongly interested himself, and tardy justice ultimately took place.

Perhaps the editor of this collection may be asked, as he formerly was, why introduce stale narratives of popish persecution at a period when the Catholics, at least the majority of them, are tolerant, liberal, and disavow many of the obnoxious, political and ecclesiastical maxims of the old superstition?

My reply then was and now is, that from the persons so described there is nothing to fear, but with the majority of the lower classes the case is far otherwise; the seeds of bigotry, intolerance, and rancour, are deeply sown, and if the emancipation so much talked of and so ardently desired in our sister kingdom was granted, I have not a doubt, that in a few years
a sub-

a subversion of protestant power, a revolution, and if we may judge by the late rebellion, another *massacre* would be the consequence.

At the same time I am convinced, that the proceedings of the petitioners arise from the best, the purest, and the most patriotic motives; honest themselves, they think better of their *fellow-men* than they deserve; differing widely in opinion with me as to the effects of the object of their hopes, they expect from a gratification of them the happiest consequences.

But the experience and wisdom of ages is against them, as well as expediency and the present perverted and debauched state of men's minds.

Independently of the proposed liberation being expressly contrary to the king's coronation oath, no sincere, hearty, honest Catholic can in his heart agree, that professors and preachers of the true religion of the holy Catholic church should be subordinate in power, profit and emolument to hereticks, *hateful to God and man*, particularly when the hereticks are the minority, in the proportion I believe of one to fifteen.

brated theologian and eminent divine with harshness and indecorum, and have received a long, an anonymous, but a well written letter on the subject, from the country in which his doctrines first predominated.

I am told by the writer, and in latin which would not have discredited the correct and fluent pen of Calvin, whose Institutes and the dedication of them exhibit some of the best modern Latin I ever perused; I am told that the Geneva reformer, when establishing the *everlasting* foundations of his faith, knew well what he was doing, and proved himself not only an orthodox theologist treading closely in the footsteps of the evangelists, but a real philosopher, well acquainted with the deep-seated motives of action, master of the human heart, and well skilled in conducting *that wild beast called man* (I copy or rather soften my learned correspondent's words, *homines naturâ omnium belluarum ferocissimos*) through a land of temptation, to a tribunal which is to determine on his happiness or misery for all eternity.

“But it is not merely on his unanswerable arguments and his undeviating coincidence with scripture, that I rest the claim of Calvin, (*magistri nostri clarissimi*)

CALVIN.—I am accused of having treated this cele-
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simi) to superior excellence and sagacity (continues this energetic writer); I appeal without fear and without wishing to offend, to stubborn facts which present themselves on all sides, and to every day's experience in human life.

"In the immense metropolis of Great Britain, in your populous cities, and in your wealthy provincial towns, where let me ask is primitive christianity, where are correct morals to be found? I answer, in those societies and in those communities where the doctrines of Calvin, *unweakened* and *unsophisticated*, are regularly preached, vigorously enforced, and implicitly believed.

"Where is the religious education of the rising generation so unceasingly attended to? where in general do children's entrance into life compensate for the pains bestowed? where do they in general prove a solace and a comfort to their parents?—I answer, in *pure* calvinistic societies, against which Arius, Socinius, and Hell, have leagued in vain.

"With *us* as with you, in proportion as we depart from the unaccommodating orthodoxy of *our immortal reformer*, we lapse into laxity of morals, and impurity of life.

"Be assured *Angle* — — — (my very pen itches, but I must not put in the adjective) *nam*

collectanea cui titulus, &c. &c. et prosunt et oblectant; be assured that no discipline but the rigid one *our* master enjoins, will be found effectual in keeping a creature like man ("*cui stomachus vesani leonis*") steady in the path of duty; in restraining his vicious appetites, in raising up and supporting *fallen* man."

With this extract I close the article, for such reasoning, *if supported by fact*, who can answer?

It is not the least of the singularities in this fervent letter, that the pious writer should quote Lucretius, and apply to the reforming, the persecuting Calvin, a panegyric pronounced by the Roman poet on a brother philosopher, to whom an article is assigned in the present volume.

Gentibus humanis

Nil tamen hoc habuisse viro
præclarius.

Nec sanctum magis, et mirum,
carumque videtur.

Carmina quinetiam divini pec-
toris ejus

Vociferantur, et exponunt præ-
clara reperta,

Ut vix humana videatur stirpe
creatus.

CHATTERTON, THOMAS, the son of a school-master at Bristol, who died before the birth of his son.

In his childhood he was re-
marked

marked for dullness in acquiring, or capricious unwillingness to learn, and at an age when most boys can read, he could not be prevailed on to tell the letters of his alphabet, till they were displayed before his eyes in the ornamented pages of an illuminated manuscript on vellum.

This circumstance, when we become acquainted with his future conduct, is well authenticated, and may be considered as a remarkable fact.

After this period, making the customary progress, he was educated in a charity-school at Bristol, and at the age of fourteen, placed as a writer in the office of an attorney in that city.

In this place he devoted every moment he could snatch from business to general reading, antient poetry, and old romances.

His paternal uncle having been sexton to the fine old church of St. Mary Redcliffe, had with gross impropriety, not to say dishonesty, taken a number of old deeds, written on parchment, from a chest, which had for time immemorial been in a loft over a chapel adjoining to that church.

Ignorantly conceiving them to be of no use, although they were in fact, deeds, conveyances, leases, and charters, connected with the endowment of the

school and other charitable foundations, he had given them to Chatterton's father, who converted many of them to covers of copy and other books for the children who attended his school; those which remained, were carelessly thrown into the bottom of a large box, when Mrs. Chatterton, on the death of her husband, was under the necessity of removing to a cheap lodging.

These parchments at an early period had engaged the attention of Thomas, and as collaterally connected with his business of engrossing, he selected and copied those letters which differed from the modern form of writing: having acquired a taste for heraldry and emblazoning, he also made *fac similes* of many of the signatures, at the same time copying the devices and arms on the old seals.

Pleased with his new pursuit, and seeming already to have an idea floating in his mind that it might in some way be applied to purposes of fame or profit, he diligently practised it, and at length attained the art of copying such documents on parchment, to which, and the ink with which they were written, he found means of communicating that peculiar discoloured appearance, mouldiness and smell, which with a common superficial

ficial observer might make them pass for writings executed many centuries past.

This was a singular employment and turn of mind in a youth scarcely sixteen, with a mind absorbed in literary pursuits, and as it afterwards proved overflowing with poetical imagination: although slightly acquainted with the learned languages, he was observed not to be deficient in classic imagery, for which he must have been indebted to the translations and other books he occasionally borrowed, or to the magic storehouse of sterling genius.

He had also commenced a correspondence with the proprietors of several periodical publications, in which were printed many poems and tales in verse, imitating the spelling and words of former times. Finding the confinement of an office unfavourable to his literary pursuits, he hinted a wish to his London patrons, that they would procure for him employment in his favourite pursuits in the metropolis, and they promised to engage him.

But previously to this fatal journey, which threw him loose on society, destroyed his peace, and shortened his life, he made trial of his skill, and produced an old parchment, on which was

written in antique spelling and obsolete words and letters, an account of certain ceremonies made use of on *opening* a bridge at Bristol, also several fragments of *black letter* poetry; but being closely questioned as to when and where he found them, and perhaps fearful of its interfering with his future projects, he confessed they were of his own fabrication, and laughed at the persons on whom he had thus imposed.

Meditating greater exploits, and impatient to realize his visions of aggrandizement, he flew on the wings of ardent hope and eager expectations to the fountain head of literature, science, wealth, and information.

He was immediately employed by the publishers of several magazines, but finding his receipt utterly inadequate to the necessary expences and superfluous dissipation of London, his flattering prospects were soon clouded, and pecuniary embarrassment awoke him from his infatuating dream.

In the urgency of want he applied to Mr. Horace Walpole, who, in an age like the present, teeming with imposture and false pretence, received his applications with doubt, distrust, and neglect; although much

has

has been said and written on the subject, I see nothing in the transaction uncreditable to that pleasant writer and worthy man; that Chatterton was to be pitied cannot be denied, but is Mr. Walpole to be blamed for making use of his eyes, and exerting common sense?

Hopeless and forlorn, dejected and cast down, precisely in the same proportion that his hopes had before been unreasonably elevated, lost and forgotten in the unceasing bustle and confusion of an immense metropolis, despairing of God and detesting man, this miserable youth, who might have been the ornament and comfort of his family, swallowed a dose of poison, scarcely at the dreadful moment eighteen years old, and less than three months after his arrival in the English capital!

The poems produced by this young man, as written by Thomas Rowle, a secular priest of the fifteenth century, and published with an engraved specimen (London, Payne, 1777) produced a long controversy. Doctor Mills, dean of Exeter, and many respectable characters, insisted on their authenticity, and although it has been long decided by the scrupulous precision of modern criticism, that these effusions of fancy were

fabricated by Chatterton himself, individuals are not wanting, who are still of a different opinion.

At a moment when the public mind was wavering, and the press hourly groaning with publications on the subject, the question was introduced as collaterally connected with his subject, into the voluminous work of a gentleman, possessing in a high degree that intuitive rapid perception, superior to study, surer than reasoning, and correcter than reflection, called taste; and uniting with it a large portion of minute information as an antiquary.

"The whole," says this acute investigator of ancient literature, "the whole is evidently a forgery, and not skilfully managed: the letters, although of antiquated form, differ essentially from the alphabet in use at the period to which they are attributed; I have compared them with several authentic manuscripts written in the reign of king Edward the fourth, and they are wholly unlike.

"The characters in the same piece are not uniform; some shaped like the modern round-hand, others, like the ancient text and court hands; it is true, that the parchment has an old appearance, but it has been evidently

dently stained with some colouring substance, which comes off on rubbing; the ink of the manuscript has also undergone a similar process.

“As to the internal evidence, and the impossibility of a boy of sixteen so educated, being able to produce such poems, I reply in the first place, that the forgery is performed by a workman only superficially acquainted with the nature of the task he had undertaken, the obsolete words and mode of expression which he has adopted were not in use in that early unpolished state of the English language; the structure of the sentences and diction, though interwoven with a patchwork of old spelling, and uncouth words, are palpably and precisely the phraseology of modern times.

“I appeal to my readers if the following compositions in which I have slightly modernized a few expressions, could possibly have been written in the fifteenth century; at a period, when without a single exception, the style and language of the English verse-makers, I will not call them poets, was harsh, prosaic, obscure, and frequently unintelligible.

SONG TO ÆLLA,

LORD OF THE CASTLE OF BRISTOL.

O thou, or what remains of thee,
Ælla, the darling of futurity,

Let this my song bold as thy
courage be,
As everlasting to posterity.
O thou, where'er thy bones do
rest,
Or spirit bold delighteth best;
Whether in the bloody plain,
On a heap of bodies slain;
Or prancing o'er some flowery
mead,
Upon thy cole-black fav'rite
steed;
Or fiery round the Minster glare,
Be Bristol still thy constant care;
Like Avon's stream encircle it
around,
From force and fraud protect thy
native ground,
Guard it from foes and all con-
suming fire,
'Till in one general blaze, the
universe expire.

CHORUS,

IN THE TRAGEDY OF ÆLLA.

ROBIN.

Alice, gentle Alice, stay,
Tell me why so quick away;
Turn thee to thy shepherd swain,
Turn thee, Alice, back again.

ALICE.

No, deceiver, I will go,
Like the silver-footed doe
Lightly tripping o'er the leas,
Seeking shelter 'mongst the
trees.

ROBIN.

See the grassy daisied ground,
And the streamlet gurgling round,
See

See the sun-beam glitt'ring low,
Turn thee, Alice, do not go.

ALICE.

No, I've heard my grandame
say,
In this wanton month of May,
Her Alice never should be seen
Sitting with Robin on the green.

ROBIN.

Sit thee, sweetheart, sit and hear,
The blackbird's notes so loud
and clear;
High o'er thy head the wood-
bines creep,
None can see but harmless sheep;
If any come my dog will tell,
The wether too will shake his
bell.

ALICE.

Do you not the woodlark hear?
He twitters glutly in my ear,
In a soft melodious cry,
Mischief's near when Robin's
nigh!

ROBIN.

Round the oak is ivy twin'd,
Like that, to me thou shalt be
join'd;
Come, and do not skittish be,
Sit with Robin 'neath the tree.

ALICE.

Let go my gown, you boist'rous
lout,
Leave me, or quickly I'll cry
out;
Out upon you, let me go,
Robin, my mother this shall
know;

Such a thing shall n'eer be done,
Till the priest hath made us one.

ROBIN.

I agree, and thus I plight
My faith, the priest shall do thee
right;
Hand and heart and all that's
mine,
At the altar shall be thine.

MINSTREL'S SONG,

PREVIOUSLY TO DROWNING HERSELF.

O sing for me a roundelay,
Dance no more at holy-day,
Drop the briny tear for me,
My love lies dead
In death's cold bed,
All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as winter's night,
Ruddy his face as morning light,
White his skin as new-fall'n
snow,

Cold he lies in earth below:
Soon upon his grave, new made,
Shall my clay-cold corpse be
laid.

Is there not one saint to save
A hapless, grief-worn, lonely
maid?

My love lies dead
In death's cold bed,
All under the willow tree.

Water-witches, bear me straight,
Do not make my true love wait;
Soon oblivion's stream shall close
Over me and all my woes:

My

My love lies dead
 In death's cold bed,
 All under the willow tree.

"I appeal to my readers," says the author I have before quoted, "if the cast of thought, sentiments, and structure of these and other passages I could produce, are antient; I am grossly mistaken if they are not exactly the poetry of modern times, thinly and ineffectually disguised in obsolete spelling and antique words.

"Chatterton, from his childhood, was fond of reading and scribbling, and many pieces which he produced before he was fifteen years old, without any motive or interest that could induce him to deceive, were considered as surprising productions; the periodic publications to which he contributed, exhibit a number of similar pieces, acknowledged by himself to be his own, equal in brilliancy and smoothness, and the majority of them pretending to be effusions of and descriptions of remote times.

"Persons in the habit of reading the works of our old poets must have observed, that their great characteristic is inequality; animated descriptions, splendid similes, poetical images, and striking thoughts, do not

often occur, and when they do, are always succeeded by long, tedious, prosaic, and uninteresting passages; the poems attributed to Rowlie on the contrary are every where well supported, they never exhibit dullness or insipidity in style or sentiment.

"In the *BATTLE OF HASTINGS*, said to be translated from the Saxon of Turgot, *who died fifty years before it was fought*; a writer who lived at the time would have related some circumstance not generally known, his narrative would have been minute and circumstantial; but the description in the piece produced by Chatterton is general, and the management probably taken from Pope's Homer.

"This piece would have detected itself, if Chatterton had not, as I find he did, owned that the first part was spurious; he who could perform the first part of this forgery, proved himself fully able to write every line in the whole collection.

"It has been triumphantly remarked by the supporters of the authenticity of Rowlie's poems, that the names of the chiefs who fought in this battle correspond with the roll of Battle Abbey; they seem to forget that this record is copied in Hollingshead's Chronicle, which we know Chatterton had perused.

"To

“To conclude, it may be observed, that the qualifications of the Bristol artist for the task he undertook, and his inducements to forge, naturally arose from his character and the mode of life he adopted; he was an adventurer full of project and invention, professedly engaging in the business of literature to get money, and compelled to subsist by expedients.

“From what he had seen and heard, he must have been fully aware that any genuine remains of English poetry rescued from long oblivion, would be received with fond enthusiasm and strong interest, and secure a profitable sale; but although we are deprived of some pleasure by the force of irresistible conviction, the solid satisfaction remains of having detected and guarded the public against artifice and imposture.”

This satisfaction it must be confessed is considerably diminished by the regret every humane person must feel for talents so perverted, powers so misapplied, and the untimely fate of the juvenile fabricator, who, patronized and supported, might have reflected honour on his country, and have been a comfort to his aged parent.

CHEEK, SIR JOHN, a native of Cambridge, edu-

cated at St. John's college, and considered as a good Greek scholar, at a period when to read and perfectly understand that language was no common attainment.

Qualified with superior learning, he presumed to differ in opinion with Bishop Gardiner, chancellor of the university, on certain apparently unimportant points relating to etymology and verbal pronunciation; this roused the indignation of that haughty churchman, who considered his power equally absolute on grammatical questions, as he wished it to be in ecclesiastical matters.

On this occasion, a singular mandate was officially issued, in which minute and precise rules were laid down for declining, pronouncing, and spelling words; diphthongs were also a source of no small vexation to the imperious prelate of Winchester.

The subject of this article was appointed tutor to prince Edward, and became gentleman of his chamber, when that amiable youth ascended the throne; but on the accession of the intolerant Mary, he was committed to prison for avowing the tenets of Luther.

By the connivance or corruption of his keepers, having escaped from confinement, he fled to the Continent, visited the principal cities of Germany, and

and wrote a defence of his literary opinions against the magisterial edict of his unrelenting enemy, Gardiner.

The manuscript falling into the hands of Cælius Curio, a learned man, mentioned in the article Olympia; he was so much pleased with the good sense and unassuming love of truth in the Englishman's production, that he printed it without the author's knowledge; this proceeding greatly irritated the bishop of Winchester, who eagerly watched for and soon found an opportunity of gratifying his revenge.

Sir John being naturally desirous of seeing his wife, from whom he had been long separated, appointed a meeting at Antwerp; this intelligence reaching the ears of Gardiner, by the permission and authority of Philip, king of Spain, and husband to queen Mary, the unfortunate fugitive was seized and conveyed a prisoner to England.

Gardiner was delighted with the prospect of what appears to have been with him a supreme pleasure, the putting to death his political and religious opponents; but his cruel purpose was defeated by a want of firmness in the object of his vengeance.

Soon after his arrival in England, Lady Cheek presented a

petition to her majesty, in which her husband avowed a detestation of his religious errors, and submitted himself to the queen's mercy, who granted him a pardon: having thus saved himself from death by abjuring the religious faith he had professed, he was restored to liberty, but never to peace of mind.

Compunction and sorrow for the dishonourable and retrograde step he had taken, embittered the remainder of his life; on this occasion his sufferings must have been rendered still more acute, by beholding daily and hourly before his eyes so many saints, martyrs, and holy men, suffering with exemplary firmness in the devouring flames; he felt the anguish of a wounded spirit, and in a few months died of a broken heart.

CHIVALRY, a military institution, whose downfall Mr. Burke so eloquently lamented in the characteristic language of romance.

Whether the advantages of commerce abroad, and a general spirit of agricultural industry at home, are not ample equivalents, is a point not to be discussed in this place.

This enthusiastic passion in which courtesy and violence, love and religion, bravery and submission,

submission, were so remarkably blended, seems to have attained its highest pitch in England, during the fourteenth century, and principally in the brilliant reign of Edward the third, when a romantic nation was governed by a romantic king.

As remarkably illustrating the spirit of those times, a transaction has been preserved, which took place soon after the death of that victorious monarch, when his grandson and successor, that unfortunate or rather that imprudent prince, Richard the second, sat on the English throne.

The affair of which I wish to speak was a personal altercation which took place between the dukes of Hereford and Norfolk; the former accusing the latter of having uttered many seditious expressions against the king in a private conversation.

This charge, which in modern times would have been officially conducted by the king's attorney general in a court of justice, was long and warmly contested in council, and no third person being present to corroborate the evidence of Hereford, it was determined, that the point at issue should be decided by single combat.

At the time and place appointed, the parties met; Here-

ford, the challenger, first appeared on a white charger, sumptuously caparisoned and armed at all points; as he approached *the lists*, the marshal demanded of him who he was, to which he answered "I am Henry of Lancaster, duke of Hereford, and according to my duty appear this day to make good my charge against Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, who is a false traitor to God, the king, this realm, and me."

Then taking the oath that his quarrel was just, he desired to enter the lists; his request being granted, he sheathed his sword, lowered his beaver, and crossing himself on the forehead, seized his lance, passed the barrier, alighted, and sat down on a chair of green velvet placed at one end of the lists.

Hereford had scarcely taken his seat, when the king entered the field with great pomp and ceremony, splendidly attired, attended by a long train of peers, courtiers, and noble personages, who had repaired to England from France and other foreign courts to view the spectacle; the royal procession closed with ten thousand men at arms, who were properly disposed and arranged to prevent tumult and preserve order.

His majesty being seated in
G 2 his

his chair of state, canopied and richly ornamented, a king at arms proclaimed that none but such as were appointed to marshal the field should presume to touch the lists, on pain of death; each matter thus declared by proclamation, being preceded and followed by a flourish of trumpets, after a pause of silence and attention.

A herald gorgeously and somewhat heavily arrayed in the ensigns of his office next advanced, and made proclamation in the following form of words, and in a loud voice:—

“Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,” which he pronounced three times slowly and distinctly, “Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, behold here Henry of Lancaster, duke of Hereford, who hath this day appeared and is now entered the lists to perform his devoir against thee, on pain of being counted false and recreant.”

The duke of Norfolk immediately rode to the barrier, mounted on a *barb*; his coat of arms was of crimson velvet, embroidered with lions of silver and *golden* mulberry trees; having taken his oath before the constable and marshal, the barrier was raised and his grace entered the field, exclaiming, in an elevated

and firm tone of voice, GOD
DEFEND THE RIGHT.

Norfolk now alighted from his horse, and was conducted to a chair of crimson velvet, on which he seated himself, facing his antagonist, but at the opposite end of the lists.

A marshal next advanced, and having measured their lances, delivered one to the challenger, and sent the other by a knight to the duke of Norfolk; proclamation was then made that they should prepare for the combat.

The horses being each led forth by a page, suitably and richly apparelled, they both mounted at the same time, closed their beavers, fixed their lances, and a charge being sounded, the duke of Hereford began his career with violence and apparent animosity, but before he could meet his antagonist, the king threw down his warder, and the heralds interposing and seizing their lances prevented further proceeding on the part of the dukes.

Richard ordered both parties to be taken into custody, and a few days after banished Hereford for ten years, and the duke of Norfolk for life.

The king's conduct on this occasion has been condemned by a modern writer, as unjust, absurd,

absurd, and consistent with the characteristic folly of his life.

Yet in any other king or any other man it might have been accounted a wise and philosophical interposition to stop so cruel and irrational a mode of settling disputes, in which general equity or individual justice could have no sort of influence; a method of decision by which strong muscular powers, a mettlesome steed, or a well-tempered lance, might prostrate an innocent and injured man at the feet of an unprincipled and cruel desperado, who relying on a nervous arm, or superior dexterity in military equitation, might thus set at defiance the laws of God and man.

But although **THE LAWS OF CHIVALRY** had many evils and some imperfections, it cannot be denied, that in the precise state of society and manners, when they were most prevalent, their influence was in many respects desirable and salutary; they produced a mild species of liberty and equality, the equality of honour and the liberty which did not degrade a gentleman; they humbled proud independence, and coerced savage ferocity.

The different kingdoms of modern Europe were then, in form or in effect, divided into petty sovereignties, and each lord or

baron exercised over the vassals of his district almost royal prerogatives; exacting personal service, maintaining a military force, and considering himself as fully justified and legally authorized to lead them in hostile array against his neighbours, on any call of avarice, ambition, or revenge.

Under this state of things **THE FEUDAL** system would naturally degenerate into a system of feuds, and afford apt occasion for indulging malignant passions; but fortunately for mankind, the evil in some degree produced a remedy, the enthusiasm of chivalry suddenly blazed forth, checked with a gentle but irresistible power the haughty lord or the successful warrior in his impetuous career, and arrested ambition, avarice, lust, insolence, and revenge, by the salutary restraints of religion, gallantry, and courtesy, that cheap defence of nations, "that unbought grace of life."

After a revolution of five hundred years, **DUELLING**, evidently founded on the laws of chivalry, maintains despotic sway: though condemned by moralists and divines, and pregnant with domestic calamity, legislators, statesmen, philosophers, and warriors, submissively yielding to its mandates, have confirmed its

its utility, if not by actual open avowal, at least by tacit acknowledgment, and the mild sentences pronounced by our courts of justice against the survivors of those, who have fallen in these more than civil wars.

CHURCHYARD, THOMAS, a native of Shrewsbury, in the reign of king Henry the eighth, "addicted to letters from his youth, and taught by his father to sweeten the labour of grammatical studies by playing at intervals on a lute."

Some method of attaching him, although he possessed quick parts, seems to have been necessary, "*for at the age of seventeen it became matter of doubt whether his head or his heels were most restless.*"

At this period, a fond mother imprudently furnishing him with money, that great relaxer of juvenile exertion, he laid aside his books and *took* a journey to London, where he became a frequenter of the court and other places of gay resort, was sought after as a facetious companion, and acquired the character of a *roystering fellow*.

Meeting with those who assisted him in emptying his purse, his head soon became cool; his pa-

rents, who quickly saw *the maternal error*, refused a remittance, and Thomas entered into the service of the celebrated earl of Surrey, whose muse was inspired by the charms of Geraldine, the enchanting daughter of Fitzgerald, earl of Kildare.

He was the confidential page between the lover and his mistress, to whom several sonnets, addressed by the earl, are still extant; but the amiable and interesting Surrey did not live to gain his mistress, or to afford effectual patronage to Churchyard.

He had however *collected a little coin*, when his "old vagaries" returned and again set him rambling; for the purpose of indulging this propensity, he embraced the military line, and *trailed a pike* for three campaigns in Scotland and Flanders: he was taken prisoner, and underwent many difficulties and hardships, from which he was at length delivered by *virtue* of the vivacity of his discourse, and the graces of his person, which procuring him general favour with the wives and daughters of his enemies, they furnished him with the means of escape.

He returned to England sickly and penniless; prudence, the hard-nursed parish child of poverty,

poverty, once more returned, and he became part of the household of Robert, earl of Leicester.

Churchyard appears to have been disappointed at not finding his new master thoughtless like himself, dissipated and extravagant; he complained of the difference between the *prudent* Leicester and the *generous* Surrey; forgetting, as men of his stamp generally do, that previous to generosity, we ought to be just.

He occasionally visited his friends in Shrewsbury, where he soothed chagrin by his pen and frequent draughts of Shropshire ale, which the editor has found potent, but stupefying.

Perhaps it was from too free a use of this fluid that he was accounted a rhymers rather than a poet.

Churchyard was a copious writer; of his productions the majority are departed to the land of oblivion, some of them are extant in a collection famous in its day, called *THE MYRROUR FOR MAGISTRATES*, of which three editions, 1559, 1587, and 1610, have been printed; he also contributed to another poetical compilation, once in great repute, called *The Paradise of Dainty Devises*; three Epistles of Ovid's *Tristia* were done by Churchyard into English

verse. The following are the titles of some other of his works:—

A Chip from the Old Block—1575.

The Spider and the Gout.

The Unhappy Life of Sir Simon Burley.

The Friar and Shoemaker's Wife.

A Light Bundle of Lively Discourses—1580.

A Description of a Paper Mill, built near Darthford, by a High German.

Churchyard, who is said to have been a fond or a despairing lover during his whole life, to use the words of his biographer, to whom I am indebted for almost the whole of this article, *visited his namesake*, in other words, was buried in 1602.

A lady, who has occasionally seen, but sometimes finds it difficult to read my productions in manuscript, objects strongly to the word *roystering*, introduced at the beginning of this article; I alledge in vain that it is actually and precisely the word of the author from whom I compile; this does not satisfy, and I am required at my peril to produce an instance, in which any good English writer has used it.

A few days after meeting my fair critic, I repeated to her the following

following lines of Swift, who with all his defects of temper and wrong political opinions, was a correct composer; they are in one of his squibs against Wood and his halfpence:—

“Salmoneus, as the Grecian tale is,

Was a mad coppersmith at Elis :
Up before day at morning peep,
No creature in the lane could sleep :

Among a set of *roystering* fellows,
Would spend whole evenings at the ale-house.”

COCONAS, a favourite and confidential friend of the duke of Alençon, who was brother to Charles the ninth, king of France: against this monarch, the subject of our present article was accused of entertaining treasonable designs, and practising unlawful arts.

At the moment of suspicion he was seized, and with several of his companions put to the torture, for the purpose of procuring further information.

Certain little images formed of wax, found in their possession, excited considerable attention in an age devoted to the opposite extremes of superstition and infidelity; an age which gave credit to tales of magic, and dreaded the operations of witchcraft.

The adversaries of these unhappy men insisted, that the waxen images, particularly one with needles driven through its breast in the direction of the heart, were representations of the king, over which they had read magic incantations, and practised infernal mysteries; in the hope of gradually undermining his majesty's health, and paving the way for their patron, the duke of Alençon, to the Gallic throne.

It was in vain that the prisoners protested their innocence of the crimes alledged against them, and their attachment to the king; by whose favour they had been placed in the service of his brother; they proved that the images in question had been purchased of an *astrologer*, whom they had consulted on the best method of softening the heart of an obdurate mistress.

In proof of the truth of this allegation, they referred without scruple to the images which were found in every instance to represent women.

Their defence was thought insufficient, and as it was more important at that period to impress terror than examine minutely, they suffered an ignominious death.

The artist who furnished the waxen images (*imagiunculas cereas*).

cereas) exciting fear or awakening resentment, was also taken into custody, and sentenced to the galleys, but he found means of evading punishment by favour of the queen; his story is short, and sufficiently remarkable.

The name of this dealer in supernatural gifts was Cosmo Rugieri, a native of Florence, who finding the Italian soil not sufficiently productive of follies or of crimes, emigrated to France, and settling in Paris, drew large sums from the purses of the nobility, gentry and others, by *casting* their nativities, and answering *lawful* questions.

On these occasions, the replies made to his credulous followers were favourable or unfavourable, exactly in proportion to the price they paid.

Previously to the transaction which is here related, he had been applied to by her majesty, concerning the *future* conduct of Henry the fourth, when king of Navarre, and of the prince of Conde; his reply, after due consideration, was that their demeanour would be loyal and pacific.

It is remarkable, and confirmed by collateral evidence, that this prediction of a judicial astrologer, actually saved the lives of those eminent persons,

as it had been previously resolved to put them both to death; on this occasion, the professor gave a hint to the parties, earnestly requesting that they would not by their conduct falsify what he had foretold; for, that the answer given was founded rather on his hopes and the affection he entertained for them, than on any certain foreknowledge he possessed; *such questions being beyond the reach of his art to tamper with, or resolve.*

These words prove, that like another studier of the occult sciences, to whom an article is assigned in this collection, *Rugieri did not believe in what he taught*; yet such was the general infatuation, he amassed considerable wealth, and though frequently interrupted by the interposition of the magistrate, lived to extreme old age.

But although he was surrounded by absurd credulity and childish superstition, he is said to have exhibited in himself a shocking instance of scepticism and atheistic depravity.

In his last moments, those awful moments which generally strip from human vanity all its disguises, a minister of the gospel was introduced by a well-meaning friend; but the dying man obstinately refused to con-

verse with the friendly divine, declaring, almost with his last breath, that prudence, that golden art of turning every incident of human life to good account, was the only God he adored; that malignant passions, folly, and vice, were the only dæmons whose existence he would ever acknowledge.

With these daring words, and under these unpropitious impressions, he boldly ventured on a world unknown; forgetting that *his* system of theology converted the Creator of the universe into an undescribable something, an abstracted quality of mind, a sort of non-entity; when reason and nature without the solacing aid of revelation clearly point out the Divine Artificer of the world, as A BEING OF INFINITE POWER, WISDOM, AND MERCY.

C O M M O N - P L A C E
JOKES, on religion, law, war, physic, and marriage.

More than one example has been given in this collection, to prove that deists, infidels, and freethinkers, do not exactly hold *all* the tenets they profess.

To make lawyers and their profession a source of satire, invective, misrepresentation, and reproach, is common in most jovial companies; this charge has also been alledged against

the editor of the present page; if well founded, he is and must be an ungrateful and unreasonable man, for he has found in *special attornies* and barristers, some of the most agreeable and useful of his associates.

Indeed, when our persons and property are invaded, we make a sorry figure without them.

To abuse the medical tribe, to laugh at the family apothecary, and to ridicule pills, potions and gally-pots, has been thought fair from the days of Dryden and Garth; yet in the hour of danger, sickness, and distress, we send for them with anxious haste.

The military spirit has been for ages the subject of declamation to philosophers, historians, moralists, and poets; one author has not scrupled to call them the plague and reproach of mankind; yet under our present circumstances, and while man continues to be a singularly contrasted compound of vice and virtue, weakness and magnanimity, how and where should we have been without our present patriotic and well disciplined army?

The correct manners, and in many instances the laudable conduct of quakers *in private life*, merit approbation, but they would be crushed or annihilated by the first troop of unprincipled des-

desperadoes, who might chuse to attack them; and does not the general conduct of mankind in the mass afford a strong proof, that they *would* be attacked?

To ridicule marriage and encourage nuptial infidelity was *once* the burthen of their song, with play-writers, novelists, and poets; yet of those who write and those who read their performances with such applause, how very few could be named, who at some period of their lives have not entered into the marriage state, or ardently desired it?

In reply, it may be observed and has been said by a lady, who has often contributed to the amusement of my readers, that all this is very true, but Mr. Common-Place Book, would you deprive us of an innocent laugh?

By no means, I only wish merry folks to recollect, that ridicule is not the test of truth, that we may laugh at our best friends, and our best interests, till we cease to value and almost despise them.

A case in point is upon record; a well known profligate, who repented as others have done, when it was too late, was visited in his last hours by a neighbouring clergyman, intimate for

many years with his family, and in the days of uncorrupted youth an associate of the dying man; a short but interesting conversation took place, which concluded with the ecclesiastics offering up ardent prayers for his recovery or his repentance.

The sinking sinner repeatedly suggesting doubts if it was possible for the Almighty to accept and admit so foul an offender into the realms of everlasting bliss, the minister proceeded to quote several passages from the New Testament, strongly in favour of mercy and forgiveness.

He was suddenly amazed and interrupted in this rational and humane work by the offender's exclaiming, and apparently in great agitation, "My dear sir, let me intreat you to forbear, every word you repeat from that much injured book, plants new daggers in my heart; there is scarcely a passage in it, which I and my profane companions have not reviled and made a joke of in our hours of revelry and carousing, by which means I have poisoned what would otherwise at this terrible moment be an inestimable source of comfort!!"

CONCANNEN, MATTHEW, one of the members

bers of a literary club, who excited the satirical vengeance of Pope.

Concannen would long since have been forgotten, *except in the Dunciad*, had not a singular circumstance brought his name again before the public; Dr. Knight, librarian to the British Museum, having in the year 1750 taken a house in Crane-court; while it was repairing, the persons employed informed him, that in a recess by the fire-side of an upper room, covered with canvas and papered, but which had once been a closet, they had discovered a number of dusty papers.

They were deposited by his direction in a place of safety, and when the doctor took possession, to examine his treasure was the occasional employment of a leisure hour; covered by a heap of old bills, receipts, and other uninteresting documents, he found an original letter from doctor Warburton, who, at the time of writing it, was an attorney at Newark, in Nottinghamshire; it was addressed to the subject of our present article, who at a certain time probably lodged in the house, which had formerly been let in separate apartments.

Although not, strictly speaking, his property, Dr. Knight

considering it as an *aliquot* part of his dwelling, preserved the paper; it afterwards came into the possession of Dr. Mark Akenside, an eminent whig-poet, and author of "The Pleasures of the Imagination;" and ultimately passed into the hands of the acute and indefatigable Mr. Malone, by whom it was laid before the public.

The circumstance though trifling was curious, that the future editor and panegyrist of Pope should have been actually introduced to a society of persons, who had grossly reviled him; that he should thankfully acknowledge this introduction as an honour and a favour; that he should *join* with them in abusing his future patron, *accuse* him of plagiarism and a want of genius; and finally, that he should write notes to a malignant personal satire, in which his old friends were virulently attacked.

Little accidents sometimes are productive of important changes; had the letter in question been ever seen or heard of by the irritable and easily exasperated translator of Homer, Warburton would himself have been handed down to everlasting ridicule in the *Dunciad*, he would never have defended the *Essay on Man*, against Crousaz; his introduction to the wealthy niece of Mr.

Allen

Allen would not have taken place, and the humble Nottinghamshire attorney would never have ascended an ecclesiastic throne, in the cathedral of Gloucester: the letter has been talked of so much, that I had almost forgotten to transcribe it.

Newark, Jan. 2d, 1726.

DEAR SIR,

Having had no more regard for those papers which I spoke of and promised to Mr. Theobald than just what they deserved, I in vain sought for them through a number of loose papers that had the same kind of abortive birth.

I used to make it one good part of my amusement in reading the English poets, those of them I mean whose vein flows regularly as well as clearly, to trace them to their sources, and to observe what ore, as well as dirt, they brought down with them.

Dryden, I have often had occasion to observe, borrows for want of leisure, and *Pope for want of genius*, Milton from pride, and Addison through modesty.

And now I am speaking of the latter, that you and Mr. Theobald may see of what kind those idle collections are, and to

give you my notion of what we may safely pronounce an imitation; for it is not I presume the same train of ideas that follow in the same description of an antient and a modern, where nature, when attended to, always supplies the same stores, which will authorize us to pronounce the latter an imitation, for as Terence has observed, *nihil est dictum, quod non sit prius dictum*: for these reasons I say, I give myself the pleasure of setting down some imitations I observed in the Cato of Addison:—

A day, an hour of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity of
bondage.

Addison.

Quod, si immortalitas consequeretur præsentis periculi fugam, tamen eo magis ea fugienda esse videretur, quo diuturnior esset servitus.

Tullii Philippica.

Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to
liberty,
Submit his actions to the public
censure,
And stand the judgment of a
Roman senate;
Bid him do this, and Cato is his
friend.

Addison.

Pacem vult? arma deponat,
roget,

roget, deprecetur. Neminem
equiorem reperiet quam me.

Tullii Philippica.

But what is life?

'Tis not to stalk about and draw
fresh air

From time to time; — —

'Tis to be free. When liberty is
gone,

Life grows insipid and has lost
its relish.

Addison.

Non enim in spiritu vita est;
sed ea nulla est omnino servienti.

Tullii Philippica.

Remember, O! my friends, the
laws, the rights,

The gen'rous plan of power de-
livered down

From age to age by your re-
nown'd forefathers:

O! never let it perish in your
hands.

Addison.

Hanc libertatem retinete,
quæso, Quirites, quam vobis,
tanquam hereditatem, majores
nostri reliquerunt.

Tullii Philippica.

This mistress of the world, this
seat of empire,

The nurse of heroes, the delight
of Gods.

Addison.

Roma domus virtutis, imperii
et dignitatis; domicilium gloriæ,
lux orbis terrarum.

Tullius de Oratore.

Half of the fifth scene of the
third act is copied from the
ninth book of Lucan, between
the three hundredth and the seven
hundredth line.

You see by this the exactness
of Mr. Addison's judgment, who
wanting sentiments worthy the
Roman Cato, sought for them in
Tully and Lucan.

When he would wish to give
his subject *a terrible grace*, he
borrows from Shakespear.

O think what anxious moments
pass between

The birth of plots and their last
fatal periods:

O! 'tis a dreadful interval of time
Filled up with horror all, and big
with death.

Addison.

Between the acting of a dreadful
thing

And the first motion, all the
int'rim is

Like a phantasma or a hideous
dream;

The genius and the mortal instru-
ments

Are then in council; and the
state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers
then

The nature of an insurrection.

Shakespear's Julius Cæsar.

You may justly complain of
my so long deferring my thanks
for all your favors during my stay
in

in town, *but more particularly for introducing me to those worthy and ingenious gentlemen* with whom we passed our last evening.

I am, Sir, with all esteem,
Your most obliged friend,
And humble servant,
W. WARBURTON.

For Mr. M Concannen,
at Mr. Woodward's, at
the Half-moon, in Fleet-
street, London.

CONCINI, or as he was called by his own countrymen, Conchini, and by the French, Conchine, the son of a clerk in a public office at Florence, who, entering into the domestic service of Mary de Medicis, previously to her marriage with Henry the fourth, King of France, accompanied that princess to Paris.

By the graces of his person, and a pleasing address, having secured the queen's favor, and won the affections of Leonora Galligai, a daughter of her majesty's nurse, he became her husband, and by this connection added considerably to his influence with the royal widow, who was of the same age with Leonora, and had been inordinately fond of her from their earliest infancy.

The attachment of Concini, on this occasion, must have been founded on motives of political

interest, or intellectual esteem, for his wife was grossly deficient in personal beauty.

Their patroness being appointed Queen Regent, during the minority of Lewis the thirteenth, Concini became in fact, if not in form, *Maire de Palais*, an office so hatefully administered in the earlier ages of the French monarchy, in a word, governor of the palace as well as the person of the young king; he was ennobled, the dignity of Marshal of France was conferred upon him, and he accumulated enormous wealth, securing for himself, his family, and dependants, the highest and most lucrative appointments.

But the vain and ambitious Florentine was not satisfied with *possessing* these advantages; he could not be content without an ostentatious display of them in every place, and on every occasion; this weakness, which a court favorite more than any man ought always to avoid, this weakness appeared in the splendor of his dress, the magnificence of his houses, the profusion of his table, and the costly liveries of three hundred attendants.

Such conduct was unpardonable in a man, who on other occasions, discovered no want of acuteness and good sense; it can only

only be attributed to his sudden elevation, and an unexpected tide of wealth and prosperity suddenly flowing in upon him ; these are often found to weaken the head, and corrupt the heart.

Brutus confessed, that after frequently wavering he was irrevocably fixed in his purpose of assassination, by Cæsar's receiving the senate sitting ; we may judge of its effect on a stern republican, when an ancient writer and a moderate man mentions this circumstance in the following strong terms ;—*præcipuam et inexpiabilem invidiam*.

The death of Concini is said to have been determined on, by his appearing with his head covered in the king's presence.

This imprudent folly, more than real crimes, proved his ruin ; it excited the king's jealousy, and provoked the hatred of the people, whose prejudices against foreign favorites were soon converted into malignity, abhorrence, and detestation.

These expressions may appear too strong, but they scarcely convey an adequate idea of the sentiments of rancour and aversion universally entertained against him ; this I believe will be the opinion of most readers, when informed of certain extraordinary proceedings, which I mean presently to relate.

Another circumstance hastened his destruction ; the king was now approaching to manhood, and indignant at the dishonorable state of vassalage in which he had been long confined, which had deprived him of improving intercourse, customary amusements, and necessary exercise. Although little more than sixteen years old, the king quickly saw that in the present exasperated state of the public mind, to dismiss and to punish Concini would be acceptable to the majority of his subjects ; but he knew at the same time, that a numerous and powerful party were attached to him by blood, by gratitude, and interest.

The sovereign in this instance conspired *against the minister* ; private meetings were held, and after mature consideration it was resolved to *remove* the presumptuous Italian, who, though a stranger of obscure birth, thus arrogantly presumed to establish an uncontroled ascendancy over king, nobles, and people.

This disgraceful business was undertaken by one of those tools who are ready on most occasions to execute the purposes of despotism and vengeance ; the unpopular favorite was way-laid as he passed to the Louvre, and received the contents of a pistol in his heart.

A de-

A detachment of soldiers was sent to seize the wife of the murdered man; it being the dead hour of night, Leonora was found in her bed, from which the miscreants dragged her with many circumstances of brutality and indecorum. After plundering the apartments of her papers, her money, and jewels, they conveyed her to the Bastile; a prosecution was commenced against her for practising Jewish mysteries and other crimes, which it is not easy to read or to relate without a smile or a sigh.

The prisoner was accused of rising before day-break at every return of the Jewish festivals, and of chaunting select passages from the Psalms of David; of sacrificing a cock, as is a custom with Jews on the day of the feast of reconciliation; of consulting magicians and astrologers, *who professed judicial mathematics*, particularly the beldame Isabel, a sorceress by trade, to know, whether by virtue of her art any information could be procured concerning the future events of Leonora's life, or any of her family.

It was further added in aggravation of the charges, that a crucifix, generally kept in Galligai's room, was always removed during the celebration of the unlawful ceremonies, which the of-

fender and her associates practised; and that the parties concerned had prepared themselves by previous diet; the witnesses being asked of what this consisted, replied "*The combs of white cocks, carefully chosen, and the kidneys of young rams.*"

It was also proved in evidence against her, that a book of strange characters was found in the apartment, by which she was enabled to influence the thoughts and inclinations of persons of quality; that philacteries, *periapts*, amulets, and ligatures, for suspending strange substances to her neck, were discovered in her cabinet, and that little images of wax were concealed in a coffin lined with black velvet.

These and other charges of a similar kind seem inconsistent with the character given of the favorite and confident of Mary de Medicis by a grave historian, who relates an answer given by the unhappy woman to one of her judges.

Being asked by what arts she had attained and preserved so irresistible an influence over the queen, Leonora replied — "By that power, which strong understandings always exercise over weak minds."

These words, if actually spoken, prove that the charges brought against Leonora were malicious-

ly fabricated, or that it is possible and perhaps frequent for the same persons to exhibit in their conduct and conversation surprising contrasts of wisdom and of folly.

The offender being found guilty was beheaded in the early part of the seventeenth century, and her body burnt to ashes.

Such was the fate of Concini and his wife; yet I have sometimes doubted whether the crimes (their *Judaizing and witchcraft* out of the question) whether the crimes they committed, were in any respect greater than those of their predecessors and successors in similar situations; they were favorites at court, they gratified their ambition, oppressed their opponents, and accumulated wealth, as most favorites in all ages have done; but Concini, as I have before observed, wanted prudence, moderation, and good sense, in the enjoyment of those advantages he possessed, and appears to have treated with neglect the woman to whom he was indebted for his prosperous elevation.

When Leonora was told what had happened to her husband by the officers who carried her to prison, she replied—" *Qu'il méritoit tout; qu'il étoit un méchant homme, qui n'avoit pas couché avec elle pour trois ans.*"

The life and death of Concini are familiar to most general readers, and I have two reasons for repeating a well known story: first, that I might have an opportunity of proving, as I have endeavoured to do, that he was not that tyrannical and hateful monster which he has been sometimes described; and secondly, to shew that the treacherous method of dispatching an opponent, adopted in his case, and which scarcely any circumstance or situation can palliate, might clearly have been avoided by Lewis the thirteenth.

This opinion is confirmed by the almost universal hatred with which Concini was regarded, and is remarkably evinced by certain movements I promised to relate, and which took place the day after he was murdered.

The body had been privately interred by his friends in the church of St. Germaine d'Auxerre; but the instant his death was generally known, the populace hurried in crowds to the spot where he was buried, and disinterred the corpse; after execrations, yellings, and various abominable mutilations, they dragged it through the streets, and finally concluded their savage triumph by cutting the object of their impotent vengeance into a thousand pieces.

This

This scene, almost equal to the modern revolutionary horrors of Paris, Lyons, and Versailles, was attended with other circumstances too shocking to relate in English.

“*Un autre,*” says a French writer, speaking of the persons who had violated Concini’s tomb, “*un autre mit sa main dans le corps, la retira toute sanglante, et la porta dans sa bouche pour sucquer le sang; un autre eut moyen de lui arracher le cœur, et l’aller cuire sur les charbons, et manger publiquement avec du vinaigre.*”

Cardinal Richlieu, who afterwards guided the councils of France, and exerted a despotism far greater and more unrelenting, but conducted with dexterity and management, was introduced at court, and patronized by Concini: sharing in the Florentine’s disgrace, he retired for a short time, but being soon recalled, lived and died undisturbed in the sunshine of royal favor.

Yet, at a certain period of his administration, when a crowd, I forget on what occasion, were huzzaing as the carriage of his eminence was passing, an enemy of the cardinal’s observed—“*Ils ont apparemment oublié, que c’étoit un des coquins d’un Juif excommunié.*” “They seem to have forgot that he was one of the

varlets of an excommunicated Jew.”

CONCLAVE, a part of the palace of the Vatican, consisting of several large anti-chambers made use of for electing a Pope, and divided by numerous temporary partitions into small rooms, called cells; each cardinal being allowed two; one for his own use, furnished with a bed, a few chairs and a table; and another for his conclavist, or secretary.

The right of chusing a supreme head of the Catholic church has been exercised for almost time immemorial by the college of cardinals: their number was limited to seventy, at the council of Basil, by Pope Sixtus the fifth.

In the middle of the eighteenth century they amounted to sixty-eight; of whom fifty were Italians, six French, four Germans, three Spaniards, three Portuguese, one a Fleming, and one a Polander; it is a standing law of the sacred college, that every pope must be a native of Italy.

To the dignity of cardinal there is no revenue attached, but they are stiled *eminentissimi*, and generally hold considerable offices, civil as well as ecclesiastical; they consider themselves on an equality with princes, and as such have been treated.

Twelve or fourteen days are generally occupied in performing the funeral obsequies of a deceased pontiff: during this time, the cammerlingo, or great chamberlain, who is always a cardinal, acts as regent, is attended by the pope's guards, and issues circular letters to the sacred college for holding a conclave.

The body of his holiness, in the mean time, lies in state in a magnificent bed raised in St. Peter's church, which is illuminated with torches and wax lights; cardinals in black copes, at intervals, bestowing absolution, and sprinkling incense and holy water.

These and other ceremonies being concluded, and the departed pope interred, a discourse is generally pronounced by some eminent churchman, or high officer of the palace, *de eligendo pontifice*, followed by prayer and exhortation. A governor of the conclave being next chosen and sworn to perform the duties of his appointment with justice and impartiality, the cardinals, after celebrating mass in St. Peter's church, and hearing an appropriate sermon, retire in procession, two and two, into the conclave, which is then shut up by the governor, and no one let out or admitted, except in cases of

dangerous illness, till the new sovereign of Rome is elected.

Refreshments, as occasion may require, are brought to the door and deposited in boxes, which turn round like those usually placed in convents, so that whatever they contain may be received by the persons in the interior, without their seeing or speaking to those on the outside; in this manner are the cardinals subsisted, and provisions conveyed to them, till the business for which they assembled is concluded.

Each cardinal orders his conclavist to write down on a slip of paper the name of the candidate to whom he gives his vote; these pieces of paper are deposited in a chalice, which stands on a long table covered with green cloth in the chapel of the conclave.

Two cardinals, appointed by the governor, successively read aloud the contents of these detached notes; he who has two-thirds of the suffrages is declared pope, but till this takes place, the scrutiny must be repeated. Sometimes parties are so exactly balanced, that the election becomes a long and tedious process; and a person is frequently chosen indifferent, and sometimes disagreeable to both sides, merely on account of his old age and infirmities,

firmities, and because the electors cannot agree in opinion concerning the original object of their choice : an instance of this kind may be seen by referring to the article PERELLI, in this volume.

On some occasions, when the votes for a popular candidate have been numerous, so as to be within three or four of the necessary number, they who consider themselves as possessing the majority come out as it were by inspiration (from which this method takes its name) but previously agreed on, and calling to each other with a loud voice, mention the name of the cardinal they fix on for pope; when the minority, taken as it were by surprise, and fearing to incur the displeasure of a new pontiff, join in the cry, and thus the election is concluded.

The cardinals immediately do homage on their knees to the holy father, who in his turn bestows on them a short benediction, prays for divine assistance in the great charge to which he has been called, and mentions the future name he will bear. A cardinal then announces the new pope from a lofty balcony to the people, who on these occasions assemble in crowds, are particularly licentious and irritable, and profess wonderful impatience if

the cardinals in the conclave are tedious in their deliberations. In their acclamations, after the name of the pontiff and *santo padre*, they frequently add *e grosse pagnolle* (and large loaves.)

The coronation of the pope with the triple crowns generally takes place in the course of a week : a discharge of cannon from the *Moles Adriana*, now called the castle of St. Angelo, and an universal jail delivery through the ecclesiastical states, with a magnificent cavalcade called the POSSESSIO, when his holiness goes to take possession of the church of St. John Lateran, conclude the election.

“ I was a spectator,” says an agreeable and well-informed traveller, “ I was a spectator of the POSSESSIO which took place when Clement the thirteenth, Charles Rezzonico, a native of Venice, was advanced to the chair of St. Peter in July 1758; it extended for full three miles, from the palace of the Vatican through the whole extent of the city of Rome.

“ His holiness was preceded and followed by more than two thousand horsemen, divided into squadrons; the variety of their uniforms, ensigns, and decorations, formed an amusing and splendid spectacle. A body of cuirassiers, completely armed in the

the ancient manner, presented no bad resemblance of an old Roman cohort; the accurate observance of *costume* would not have displeased the classic taste of an antiquary.

“ These were followed by a distinguished body, **THE ROMAN BARONS**, but *their* appearance after the cuirassiers did not please the spectators; they were cloathed in black silk, their hair short, craped and powdered; and although on horseback, they wore black silk shoes, enormous bows, and white silk stockings, with a *chapeau de bras* under each of their arms. Every baron was preceded by four pages in silk cloaks richly embroidered with gold; the hair of these attendants, though slightly tied, flowed luxuriantly on their shoulders; the bridle and stirrups of each baron and his page had a groom on each side walking slowly on and superintending; in addition to these, the barons were each of them followed by a train of twenty footmen in liveries heavy with gold.

“ The cardinals with numerous attendants, their flat hats tied under their chins, and their long cloaks wholly covering the horse on which they rode, excited our attention as the least attraction and most inconvenient dress for a person on horseback. The va-

rious dignitaries of the church succeeded their eminences in due order, and formed a numerous train; they were followed by the pope's household, all in their dresses of ceremony; among these, we could not help remarking the venerable father Orsi, master of the sacred palace, who although more than eighty years old, could not be persuaded from attending to shew his respect to Clement the thirteenth.

“ This considerable body having moved forward, I saw the holy pontiff mount at the foot of the great stairs of the vatican on a beautiful white mule, led by grooms; the moment he moved was announced by a thundering discharge of cannon from St. Angelo's castle, on which an enormous banner of the church gracefully waved with the wind; at this signal, every knee was bent to the ground; his holiness held in his left hand a slender staff, with which he occasionally made the mule quicken its pace; with his right, he was continually blessing the people, at the same time gracefully bending his head and body.

“ Two hours were thus occupied in passing from the vatican to the church of St. John Lateran; as they gradually arrived, the people and a good part of the cavalcade dispersed themselves

over

over the square which faces that church; the cardinals, prelates, and principal ecclesiastics, after taking possession, which is done in a formal way, by first demanding entrance, ascended into a gallery over the great door.

"The pope, seated on his throne, repeated certain customary declarations and forms of prayer, the multitude in the mean time observing a profound silence, so that every word could be distinctly heard over the whole space, which is large.

"The tiara was then placed on the pontiff's head, followed by a universal shout of the people, and another discharge of artillery. This part of the ceremony was so striking, that a rigid Calvinist, in company with me, declared he felt himself *for a moment* almost a Catholic."

COUNTRY 'SQUIRES.—

In a former volume, an individual of this description is sketched as drinking ale, saluting his mistress with a smack, and receiving his friend with a thump upon his back.

This portrait, from Young, has been thought not exactly appropriate in the present day, but a rough sketch from a more recent writer is thought, by correct judges, to make nearer approaches to modern life.

Long time, soft son of patrimonial ease,
Hippolitus had eat sirloins in peace;

Had quaff'd secure, unvex'd by child or wife,

The mild October of a rural life.

Puffing, per chance, his pipe o'er weekly news,

His bosom kindled with sublimer views;

The far-fam'd names of Kelly and Portmore

To fam'd Newmarket's course the 'Squire bore;

When lo! the chance of one unlucky bet

Strips him of genial cheer, and snug retreat:

Suck'd by the sharper, to the peer a prey,

"He rolls his eyes that witness huge dismay."

How aukward now he bears disgrace and dirt,

Nor knows the poor's last refuge, to be pert;

The shiftless beggar bears of ills the worst,

At once with dullness and with hunger curst;

And now the scorn of man and shame of God

Is doom'd to dress the horse that once he rode.

"A country gentleman, forty years ago," says a modern declaimer, in praise of *other times*, "a country gentleman, at that period,

period, was very different from the species who now come under that description; he rode over his grounds in the mornings, conversed with his tenants, and was looked up to by his neighbours as a friendly superior, qualified by fortune, education, and wealth, to afford them advice and consolation in the hour of difficulty, discord, and distress; he resided among them, and with his wife and family was an example of nuptial harmony, correct conduct, and well regulated benevolence.

“ If he occasionally visited London, it was only for a few weeks; he was satisfied with a furnished lodging, or apartments at an hotel, and looked with eager wishes to the period of his return.

“ The descendant of such a man, at the present day, never sees his tenants or his estate; his decayed mansion-house is inhabited by a bailiff or the steward, his affections and wealth are lavished on an extravagant mistress, and the writings of his estate in the hands of a mortgagee.

“ To recover from the dissipation of a London winter, which occupies the finest and pleasantest part of the year, he takes his *chere amie* to a watering place, a northern tour to the Lakes, or a journey into Wales.

“ He is possibly a man of taste,

a virtuoso, an admirer, perhaps a copier of picturesque scenery, a literary man, or an antiquary; is perhaps an agreeable friend and a pleasant companion; in a word, every thing but what he ought to be; a useful magistrate, a father of a family, and a good christian. On these points, he is utterly disqualified for filling that place in which Providence has placed him: adorned with the accomplishments and manners of a refined age, *the charities of domestic life* are discarded, defiled, or forgotten.

“ With such examples before their eyes, can we wonder that the rising generation prefer a life of celibacy, indolence, and disease, to utility, activity, and health? there is a radical decay, not only of morals and exertion, but of consistency and perception; our great traders affect superiority in magnificence, luxury, and expence; our nobility emulate their grooms; while all appearance of the *lucidus ordo*, the gradual progression of intermediate ranks, is buried and concealed by costly dress, parade, and affectation. To these and other causes may be attributed a large portion of our infelicity; AND ALTHOUGH SO MUCH HAS BEEN SAID OF THE FAULTS OF OUR CONSTITUTION, AND THE OBLIQUITIES OF THOSE WHO GOVERN US; IT WILL BE FOUND THAT OUR MOST SERIOUS

EVILS

EVILS AND THE BITTEREST OF OUR GRIEVANCES ORIGINATE FROM OURSELVES."

CUNNING AS SERPENTS, HARMLESS AS DOVES.

A schoolfellow and early friend of the editor of this miscellany, religiously educated, and till within a few years, of sober life and conversation, having, to the surprize and regret of his associates, suddenly seceded from the religious faith of his forefathers, and entirely absented himself from public worship; after frequent mild reprehensions and amicable exhortations, produced the words which stand at the head of my present article, as the cause of his unwarrantable secession; insisting, that a character formed upon, and acted up to this maxim, was an unpleasant and dangerous companion.

His friends, two of them worthy divines of the church of England, considering it as a matter of some importance to reclaim a lost sheep, after many long and interesting expostulations, found their attempts unsuccessful.

In the course of these conversations, the unbeliever frequently observed, "that in the course of a long and busy life, he had occasionally mixed with a number of serious and apparently devout christians, whose con-

duct, so far as related to gross indulgence and carnal sensuality, was exemplary and correct; but that he *never* had carried on any transaction, commercial, legal, or political with them, without being over-reached by subtlety, craft, or finesse."

This charge, if *brought home and proved*, a very heavy one, he more particularly applied to Quakers and Dissenters; insisting that the more correct and christian-like their doctrines and general deportment, the more he dreaded having any intercourse with them as neighbours, and members of society.

When pressed by incontrovertible arguments on the unfairness of taking up prejudices against religion from the erroneous conduct of a few individuals who professed it, when told there was nothing in the christian dispensation which could legalize fraudulent hypocrisy, and that there was no reason why a good man should not by all fair means promote the interest of his family, he usually seized his hat and quitted the room with one of those ironical smiles, which those who remember the late Mr. Gibbon during such contests, may recollect, usually played on the extraordinary countenance of the sceptic; a countenance indeed so particular, that a coarse and indecorous

indecorous polemic in the irritation of zeal, and losing sight of politeness, actually compared it to a child's —

This delicate and curious comparison, when repeated to the historian, for he never read the pamphlet, created a hearty laugh; and he has often been heard to mention this attack on his *poor double chin*, as he used to call it, at the same time stroking it between his finger and thumb, with considerable merriment and glee.

DEATH.—Is it in Montaigne, that the following sentence occurs?

“Death is a sort of meat which must be swallowed without chewing.”

If he meant, that the last scene of our lives is a subject which should not be reflected on, his sentiment is unwarrantable in theory, and mischievous in practice; a man who often thought of death, could not live very incorrectly.

DISPENSATIONS.—A curious conversation on this subject, which would afford good materials for a casuist.

In the year 1712, Queen Anne, on the presentation of Sir Jacob Astley, granted a clergyman a dispensation to hold the

rectory of Foulsham in the county of Norfolk together with the rectory of Market Deeping in Lincolnshire; the parishes in this instance being considerably beyond the distance from each other allowed by an archbishop's presentation.

On this occasion, the baronet waited on Dr. Tennison, at that time archbishop of Canterbury, with the clergyman to whom he had presented the living, when the following conversation took place.

Soon after they were announced at Lambeth, the primate entered:—

Sir Jacob A.—My lord, I wait on your grace in behalf of this clergyman, Mr. —, to whom I have given the presentation of Foulsham in Norfolk, to desire your dispensation, that he may hold that living together with Market Deeping in Lincolnshire, of which he is now rector.

Dr. Tennison.—Sir, you come at a bad time, for my wife is ill, and I am myself much *indisposed*.

Sir Jacob A.—I am sorry to disturb you, my lord, but the occasion was urgent, and my authority is the queen's warrant.

Dr. Tennison.—The queen's warrant? Pray what do you mean, sir?

Sir

Sir Jacob A.—Being informed that your grace's dispensing power was limited to thirty miles, we applied for a royal dispensation.

Dr. Tennison.—This is a very wicked thing, and I wonder you would undertake it.

Sir Jacob A.—The power of dispensing without limitation of distance was given to the crown by the same parliament, that gave the archbishop of Canterbury power to dispense for thirty miles.

Dr. Tennison.—'Tis a very wicked thing.

Sir Jacob A.—Your grace frequently makes use of your dispensing power, and why may not the queen, on similar occasions, exert a prerogative placed in her hands by the constitution? But, my lord, will you permit the gentleman to speak for himself? He has the queen's warrant directed to your grace.

Dr. Tennison.—Warrant! I had rather he would come and cudgel me. But I am resolved not to agree to it; let the queen do what she pleases; I will go to prison first.

Sir Jacob A.—If your grace would but permit the gentleman to speak.

Dr. Tennison.—Well.

Clergyman.—I have the queen's warrant; would your grace please to see it?

(Archbishop reads the warrant)—I will never suffer it. Well, things are come to a fine pace; this is what king William would never have done; he promised me he would not, for 'tis unreasonable, and not lawful.

Sir Jacob A.—What is confirmed by act of parliament cannot be unlawful; it is an undoubted prerogative of her majesty, which may be exercised at her royal pleasure.

Dr. Tennison.—The queen may do her pleasure; I will write to my Lord Bolingbroke about it, but will never consent, let them do what they will; for if I once suffer them to break in upon me, I know not where they will stop. But hark you, sir, (*addressing himself to the clergyman*) how can you as one man supply these two livings?

Clergyman.—One I will serve myself, and provide a sufficient curate for the other.

Dr. Tennison.—I tell you it is unlawful; how far distant are the places apart?

Clergyman.—Between forty and fifty miles, my lord.

Dr. Tennison.—Abominable! How dare you ask so wicked a thing? it was what good king William abhorred. I tell you, sir, I never will do it.

Clergyman.—If it be not unreasonable for your grace to

grant dispensations for thirty miles, why may not the queen do it for greater distances? since it is equally impossible in both cases for the same person to serve the two livings.

Dr. Tennison.—I TELL YOU I NEVER DID IT IN ALL MY LIFE, and never will.

Clergyman.—I am informed, and on good authority, my lord, that King William granted his warrant in a similar case, and that it was obeyed.

Dr. Tennison.—Who told you that? I am sure King William was too good a man to do so wicked a thing.

Sir Jacob A.—I can assure your grace, there was a royal dispensation granted in the reign of King William.

Dr. Tennison.—Pray urge me no longer, for I will never do it.

Sir Jacob A.—I take your grace's refusal very unkindly, it being a thing warranted by law, and there is no precedent for its having been refused before.

Dr. Tennison.—Pluralities were designed to reward men of extraordinary merit; here was the other day the son of my intimate friend, Dr. B., a man of extraordinary talents and faultless character, he came to me to get a living; and *here* you, who are so much his junior, have gotten two. This is *very fine*.

Clergyman.—Your grace's argument will hold equally good against all pluralities; but it is hard that an exception should be made against what is become almost a general rule, only in my case; I know the gentleman your lordship mentions very well, we were schoolfellows, but at the university I was his senior.

Dr. Tennison.—*Well, well,* 'tis all one; I will not do it. Pray let me have your name, that of your college, and the degrees you have taken.

Clergyman.—My name is ———, my degree is bachelor of law, and I resided about seven years ago in Jesus college, Cambridge.

Dr. Tennison.—I wonder people do not understand better than to trouble me when my wife is so ill; but *we are come to a fine pace*.

Sir Jacob A.—I considered the queen's warrant as a sufficient reason for calling on your grace, and I might have mentioned another claim I had on your gratitude; this is the living I gave your grace's uncle, archdeacon Tennison.

Dr. Tennison.—I remember it, but I cannot allow this gentleman to have it.

Sir Jacob A.—Your grace's humble servant.

Dr.

Dr. Tennison.—God bless you, Sir Jacob; let us hear no more of this wicked thing.

—
This conversation has been thought worth preserving, and for several reasons; it proves that in his own mind, Dr. Tennison disapproved of pluralities, although as archbishop of Canterbury, he frequently granted dispensations for them.

It may also be observed, that if a clergyman's holding two livings forty or fifty miles distant from each other was *a very wicked thing*, a dispensation for holding them thirty miles asunder could not be *very good*.

Persons better acquainted with the sources of ecclesiastical information than the editor of this collection can soon determine, whether the primate was afterwards prevailed on to alter his mind.

The colloquial incorrectness of Dr. Tennison's language, which I have marked with the silent censure of italics, perhaps was excusable in a very old man.

The following cause, which after a long hearing at the Court of Arches in Doctor's Commons was decided thirty years ago, seems to be a proper addition to this article, and excited at the time considerable interest with clergymen in general:—

Mr. Blundel, patron of the rectory of Costard D'Arcey, cited the Reverend Mr. Green, rector of that parish, to show cause, why that rectory should not be declared void, in consequence of Mr. Green having accepted without dispensation two perpetual curacies in the county of Berks and diocese of Salisbury, both more than thirty miles distant, on the appointment of and by licence from the dean of Salisbury.

It was contended on the part of Mr. Blundel, that such curacies were now in fact benefices with cure of souls, as they had both been augmented with perpetual stipends by the act of the twenty-ninth of Charles the second, which gives to the holders of such curacies a right of distress on the tythes, or an action for debt; that by a determination of the council of Lateran held under pope Innocent the third in 1215, which in such matters is allowed to be the law of the realm, the holding such benefices makes void the holding others with cure of souls.

The arguments produced by Dr. Marriott and Dr. Calvert, who on this occasion exhibited extensive reading and most skillfully applied it, the arguments of these gentlemen on behalf of Mr.

Mr.

Mr. Green were, that perpetual curacies, such as those of Hurst and Ruscombe in the present case, were merely stipendiary offices *with cure of souls by delegation*, in ecclesiastical law a most important distinction; that the holders of such curacies were not parsons, *imparsonmees*, or, incumbents, but serve the cure in the name and as representatives of the impropriator.

They further observed, that when the impropriator of such a curacy is an ecclesiastic, the cure is in him originally, but if a layman, in the ordinary, who if the impropriator neglects, may appoint a curate; that in certain cases the ordinary or licenser may remove on cause shewn in due course of law, but only for such cause as would occasion deprivation.

That the curate in these instances possesses no freehold in the church, chancel, churchyard, or glebe, or in any particular portion of tythes; that he is neither instituted nor inducted, all of which requisites, or the major part of them, are absolutely requisite to create a perfect benefice; it was finally insisted by Mr. Green's learned advocates, that papal councils, legative decrees, episcopal and provincial constitutions, have no force further than as they agree with the usage of the realm, the

king's prerogative, and parliamentary statutes.

Sir George Hay, dean of the court, decreed against Mr. Blundel's prayer without giving costs on either side, declaring at the same time, that perpetual curates are removable on good cause shewn to the proper jurisdiction by impropriators; and that having a large benefice, at a very great distance, in the present case more than ninety miles, might be a good and sufficient cause for vacating a perpetual curacy; but that in the case before him, it lay with the impropriator of the curacy, and not the patron of the rectory.

EAST INDIA VOYAGE.—
I can scarcely enter a house either in town or country, but I see clouded brows and female tears produced by the crimes or follies of some of the younger branches, who after having exhausted paternal patience and maternal tenderness, tried different situations, and emptied their fathers pocket of fees, premiums, &c. are as a last resort, shipped off to the East Indies.

Of these the majority previously injured in health by evil habits, anxiety, despair, and a long voyage, fall a sacrifice to the fiery atmosphere of that country, in which a poor fellow
who

who perished there, once told me, only the devil or a salamander could exist.

In the mean time the expence of futing out, in large families a serious sum, is thrown away; for I never yet met with any instance of an account of effects being sent to their friends in England, and a young, perhaps, *excepting as before excepted*, an amiable man, *who might have been reclaimed and preserved to comfort his family*, is lost to his relatives and the world, and *dispatched* as effectually as Buonaparte's former associates to Cayenne. m

I wish some public-spirited member of parliament to put an end to this expensive and afflictive method of *deportation*, for surely it is of more importance to restore a diseased limb than to cut it off, to amend than to destroy.

For these and *other* reasons, I humbly propose that *penitentiary houses* for the middle and more elevated classes of society, one in each county, be immediately erected; that a power, for I will not mince the matter, of issuing LETTRES DE CACHET be granted to the magistrates, *previous permission being obtained from a secretary of state*, grounded on affidavits from parents and guardians.

In these receptacles for criminal infatuation, I would, considering them as mad, shut up for a certain time, and keep on bread, water, and hard labour; undutiful children, spendthrifts, gamblers, and all young men and even women notoriously and flagrantly deficient in duty, practice, and profession.

Under strict coercion, religious discipline, low diet, and solitude, rebellious passions might be restrained, bad habits broken, and salutary compunction take place.

As reason and religion returned, they might be restored gradually to society; but in case of relapse, should be again shut up under circumstances of augmented severity.

This crude plan, loudly called for by imperious circumstances, I submit to clearer heads and abler hands, to digest, organize, and put into execution.

That the power I wished to grant might be abused I do not deny, but even its abuse I consider as a less evil than the grievance I wish to remedy, which poisons domestic bliss and places parents in a cruel situation; they are compelled either to destroy their offspring, or submit to the exhausting inroads of vice, caprice, and profusion.

EMPEDOCLES, a citizen of Agrigentum in the island of Sicily, who lived nearly five hundred years before the commencement of the christian æra.

This Pythagorean philosopher was eminent in his day as a poet and historian, he also studied medicine, and is said to have been deeply skilled in the mysterious theology originally taught by the Egyptian priests; this last attainment and his turning his attention to astronomy, subjected him to the accusation of being a magician, of *producing* many of the phænomena of nature and the celestial bodies, which he seemed so clearly to understand and so readily to explain. *Illum magum vulgus nominabat, quasi fecit quod fieri sciebat.*

But Empedocles was not a man of learning and science only; he attempted to apply what he knew to the purposes of human life, and endeavoured to turn the attention of his fellow citizens to his favourite pursuits, and what was a more difficult task, to improve their morals: for at the time he returned to his native city, having travelled into various and remote countries, he found the Agri-

gentines devoted to luxury and vicious pleasure.

Possessing the vine and the olive, blessed with a fine climate and a fruitful soil, they had long carried on a considerable commerce, which augmenting their population and wealth, brought with them their usual accompaniments, excess, sensuality, and voluptuousness.

The city was ornamented with temples, public buildings, and private houses, remarkable for magnificence and bulky solidity; this circumstance and their profuse mode of living gave occasion to Empedocles to observe, that the Agrigentines built as if they were to exist for ever, but wasted their substance, as if they had only a single day to live.

We may judge how highly they valued the luxuries of their table, and their ability and industry in procuring them, when a private citizen, having fixed a day for a public entertainment, was disappointed by contrary winds and tempestuous weather of a supply of fish and wild-fowl, he ordered a wide and deep excavation to be directly made, extending more than a mile, and twenty feet in depth, near the city; by means of a river or the sea, it was quickly

quickly filled and converted into a store pond for fish and fowl. By these means a similar *misfortune* was prevented.

Another wealthy Agrigentine, having won a prize in the Olympic games, is described by Diodorus the Sicilian, as making a public entry into the city, mounted on a lofty car, followed by three hundred others in a similar equipage, and every one drawn by white horses.

Most general readers are acquainted with the story told by Athenæus concerning a gay party of young men of this city, who continued drinking wine, 'till in the madness of intoxication they fancied the house they were in was a ship, tossed about by a furious tempest; and that the vessel, unless lightened, would inevitably sink: for this purpose they proceeded to throw the tables, chairs, and other moveables out of the window, 'till they had emptied the house of its furniture.

This anecdote is well related by a modern traveller and a pleasant writer, who humourously asks whether the English phrase of *turning a house out at window* might not have derived its origin from this incident.

Another author in the spirit of raillery or exaggeration relates, that on a certain occasion,

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when Agrigentum was besieged by the Carthaginians, it was given out in public orders, that no soldier who kept guard during the night, should be allowed more than one camel skin, one tent bed, one woollen coverlet, and two pillows; this, he adds, was thought a hard and unreasonable law.

In a city so wealthy and luxurious, it is difficult to account for the voice of philosophy and moderation being listened to, or even heard; yet Empedocles is said to have been extremely popular, and to have gained a wonderful ascendancy over his fellow citizens; he reduced their intemperate habits within the bounds of rational enjoyment, and pointed out more legitimate channels for the expenditure of superfluous wealth; he taught them a lesson which it were to be wished all *philosophers* had taught, to afford shelter to age and sickness, to protect the fatherless, the way-worn stranger, and the widow; and they confessed, after exhausting the resources of art and imagination, that this was the greatest of pleasures.

The grateful Agrigentines offered to make Empedocles their king, but having acquired by personal worth and strong attachment a firmer and more
I. desirable

desirable sovereignty, he declined the offer ; advising them not to trust a power, which might be so much abused, in the hands of any one man.

His being a Pythagorean is a circumstance which renders the general good-will he maintained with his neighbours still more surprising, as persons of that sect, from the unaccommodating singularity of their dress, tenets, and manners, were generally disliked, had been frequently persecuted, and sometimes put to death.

The inhabitants of Agrigentum, when they recollected the eminent services he had rendered them, probably overlooked this defect in the character of their favourite. An instance is recorded in which a peculiar indulgence was granted him.

Having gained an Olympic prize, it was the custom for every victorious candidate to sacrifice an ox to the gods, but a law of Pythagoras expressly forbade the killing any animal, he was therefore permitted to offer an artificial bullock made of precious gums and other fragrant substances.

Empedocles was well acquainted with the theory and practice of music, and is said, on good authority, to have applied

his knowledge of the doctrine of harmony and sounds to the cure of diseases, particularly of insanity, and succeeded in many desperate cases.

On another occasion, being alarmed as he passed the street by loud expressions of sorrow, which seemed to proceed from a house near which many persons were assembled apparently overwhelmed with sorrow, he demanded the cause, and was told, that an excellent woman, the mother of a large family, and doated on by her distracted husband, had been just quitted as dead by her physician.

Prompted by curiosity, or a wish to know if the matron was actually dead, he entered the house, but could neither feel any pulse nor observe any respiration ; in his endeavours to find if there was any pulsation of the vital organ remaining, for at that time physicians felt the pulse of their patients by applying the back of their hands on the left side near the seat of the heart, he perceived a warmth.

Considering this circumstance as a sufficient reason for doing something, he employed powerful means, the almost extinguished spark of life brightening up expanded into a flame, gentleness and perseverance gave new powers to skill, and the

happy

happy physician at length restored the expiring female to the arms of her family. This is one of the few instances, in which a physician receives *something* more than his fee.

On another occasion, the inhabitants of a district in the neighbourhood of Agrigentum complained, that in the spring season for many years their olives had been blighted, and their crops on the ground mildewed and blasted: as he walked over their lands, Empedocles observed the geographical position of the place, and soon discovered, that it was particularly exposed to the north-east wind by an opening between two lofty mountains; he also remarked a more than common number of wild asses sufficient to eat up all the produce, disfiguring the landscape by their ragged ugly forms, and distracting every one's ears by their odious braying.

He directly ordered a large slaughter of these animals, their skins to be dried, and on lofty poles driven firmly into the ground to be sewn together and extended across the valley between the hills; by these means the crops of the fields were sheltered, and the evils they complained of ceased.

These, and other important benefits produced by the knowledge and sagacity of the philosopher, were *cried out against* by certain deep thinkers, as magic arts produced by unlawful intercourse and infernal aid; his friends and fellow citizens, equally extravagant in the opposite extreme of praise and exaggeration, magnified into the acts of a god what was evidently the effect of superior capacity and good sense, and insisted on paying him divine honors.

It is at this period of the life of Empedocles, that critics and historians have not agreed; the general conclusion of the history is, that his head was turned by their flattery, that he yielded to the delusion, confessed himself a deity, and declared, that he should quickly be taken up into Heaven, and quaff nectar with the Gods.

In order to make his adorers believe that this ascension actually took place, and to prevent any discovery of his remains, the commonly received story proceeds to relate, that he threw himself into the flaming crater of Mount *Ætna*, where his body was consumed to ashes, but that the force of the fire threw out his iron sandals, which were afterwards found, accounted for his

his absence, and led to a discovery of the manner in which he had voluntarily died.

The contrary opinion, supported by internal evidence, and a reference to the general character and life of Empedocles, and the usual manner in which men treat their benefactors,—the contrary opinion is, that Empedocles, finding his popularity declining, and his efforts to improve the citizens of Agrigentum opposed by selfishness and vice, observing, *that if he conferred favors on a hundred persons he created ninety-nine monsters of ingratitude*, wearied with unrequited labour, and mortified by malignant misrepresentation, he retired with silent indignation to a distant country, and closed his days among strangers, who having never experienced his kindness did not attempt to interrupt the tranquillity of his last moments.

Of the writings of Empedocles little that is certainly his remains; he was author of a long poem, consisting of many thousand verses, on Nature; somewhat similar to the Philosophical Chimeras of Lucretius, who praises, and probably had read the book; he also wrote on Medicine *in verse* and on the Persian War; of the three productions here mentioned only

fragments remain: a Treatise on Astronomy, which passes under his name, is of doubtful origin. He was a cotemporary with Sophocles and Zeno.

ENGLISH WOMEN.—

The following panegyric in verse was written on them nearly four-score years ago; a satirical veteran, who occasionally honors this collection with a perusal, insists, that it is no longer applicable.

In search of true beauty I was
led a long dance,
And travell'd through Italy,
Germany, France;
On the banks of the Seine I was
pleas'd to survey
A crowd of fair charmers all
merry and gay,
But their mirth it was pertness,
their joy in extremes,
No delicate softness like the
nymphs of the Thames.

The Alps I next crossed to see if
perchance,
The Italians possess'd what I
found not in France;
Neither Venice, nor Rome, nor
Florence could boast
A girl to compare with *our*
Somerset toast;
Who modest and mild, wins
our hearts with a sigh,
And pleases the most by not
seeming to try.

But

But fair Italy's dames, to give
them their due,

Instead of retreating, they seem
to pursue.

Like a rose that's full blown, they
expand all their charms,

They dance, sing, and leer, and
fly into your arms.

The true English rose-bud on
Britain's fam'd shore,

Scarce disclosing its beauties, in-
flames us the more.

Returning through Germany, I
was struck with surprise,

What the belles want in beauty
they make up in size :

If charms cou'd be measur'd like
Heidelberg wine,

For a quart on the Thames you've
a tun on the Rhine.

Convinc'd of my error, no further
I'll roam,

Whilst we've modesty, beauty,
and good sense at home.

ENTHUSIASTIC AT- TACHMENTS.

We have all our favourite sub-
jects and favorite characters, on
which we love to dwell, and it is
with difficulty we can be persuad-
ed to allow they have any faults ;
we may say of them as the lover
somewhere observes to his mis-
tress:—" You are all faultless,
or quite blind am I."

Passing, not many years since,
an edifice which exhibited over

the door of it, the following in-
scription :—

DEO OPTIMO MAXIMO
SANCTO ET NICOLAO
SACRUM.

" Aye," said a person who ac-
companied me, and á frequenter
of such places, "*he* was some-
thing like a saint." " Who?"
I demanded. "*Why*, St. Ni-
cholas, *to be sure*; he was none
of your *trumpery* sort like *Jana-*
rus, whose blood they *puts* into
a bottle; or what d'ye call 'um,
who carries his head under his
arm.

" Our priest read his life *out*
of a book he brought, which tells
us that he was *a saint* even in
swadling clothes, and was ob-
served never to suck on Wednes-
days or Fridays."

This trait in biography, men-
tioned by a modern writer as an
instance of ridiculous absurdity,
was considered as gospel by the
person I was conversing with, a
countryman, whom I had hired
as a guide to conduct me across
an intricate country.

What the author laughed at
my worthy associate verily and
indeed believed; and if I had pre-
sumed to differ from him in opi-
nion, I am convinced, *would have*
left the heretic in the lurch.

I ventured to say, " How could
an infant know any thing of
feasts

feasts or fasts, or even distinguish one day of the week from another?" "*Why a meeracle to be sure, and no greater wonderment to be made at it, than,*" &c. &c.

Here the rustic entered on some well-put arguments on the Eucharist, and other subjects; which, when I recollected his uncouth dialect, the state of his cloathing, and his position in life, very much surprised me.

Though not exactly agreeing in our tenets, I was pleased with his frankness, and when we parted, gave him a double fee, and an exhortation to be honest and sober.

"I hope, Measter, I shall, or I should expect that St. Nicholas would *dra* back my curtain at night."

Some months after writing this article, accident threw me into company with the priest who superintends the devotions of the persons who assemble where I read the inscription; I found him a learned, affable, well-informed, and pious man, who takes considerable pains to perform his parochial duties conscientiously: this accounts for the moral rectitude, as well as the implicit confidence of his parishioner.

Thus a biographic sketch of a saint, which confirmed a religious

latitudinarian in his scepticism, strengthened the faith, and improved the moral conduct of an humble believer; what one thought an incontestible beauty, the other viewed as a preposterous deformity.

"What do you think of that lady in the side box, who is resting her arm against the pillar?" said a doating lover, wishing to *sound* his friend concerning the object of his affections, to whom he had not yet introduced him.

"Do you mean the woman with a bandeau round her *carrotty* hair, and who *squints* so abominably?" was the reply.

The fond admirer was so disgusted, that he instantly stifled the subject, and endeavoured to conceal his chagrin; the companions soon separated, and a friendship of long standing became cold as charity.

The red hair, was a beautiful auburn in the lover's imagination, and the squint (abominable wretch for giving it such a name) was one of those enchanting looks which had robbed him of his heart.

He who pronounced the auburn tresses *carrots*, and the fascinating leer a *squint*, neither conscious of, nor meaning to give offence, was surprised at the future coldness of his friend, and wonders

wonders at his unfeeling capriciousness.

The other gentleman, now married to his nymph of the auburn locks and love-darting eyes, calls his old associate a rude man, and pities his want of taste.

EPILOGUE, part of one, to a modern comedy, and spoken by a lady :

— — — — —
Man's social happiness still rests on us

Through all life's drama: whether damn'd or not,

Love gilds the scene, and woman guides the plot :

The cit, well skill'd to shun domestic strife,

Will sup *abroad*, but *first* he'll ask his wife :

John Trot, his friend, for once will do the same,

But then *he'll just step home to tell his dame.*

The surly'squire, resolv'd his wife to rule,

Thinking each woman half the day a fool ;

At night, how chang'd ! the soften'd tyrant says,

" Ah Kate, you women have such winning ways."

The statesman too, with such a sapient air,

Is often govern'd by a *fav'rite fair*,

And as the courtiers watch his lady's face,

She smiles preferment, or she frowns disgrace.

If we descend to scenes of humble life,

The poor man's only treasure is his wife ;

The smile of love still lightens all his woes,

And gives a zest to every joy he knows.

In distant climes, and tost by wave and wind,

The sailor thinks of *her* he left behind ;

Through the long watch, however far remov'd,

He hums the ballad which his Susan lov'd.

EPIITAPHS.—The following satirical one on Joshua Barnes, the translator of Euripides, and author of a bulky *Life of Edward the third*, king of England. It ought to be premised, that Barnes was a *helluo librorum*, an universal and voracious reader of every thing, which he accurately retained ; but he wanted the taste and discretion of a judicious selector.

HIC JACET

JOSHUA BARNES

FELICIS MEMORIÆ, JUDICIUM
EXPECTANS.

Joshua,

Joshua in some way offended Dr. Bentley, who had at first patronized him; the doctor, like a Scotch thistle, was not to be made angry without making his assailant smart for it, and laid his critical staff with a heavy hand on the offender's shoulders. Barnes soothed his literary disappointments with the comfortable consolation of a wealthy wife.

The following epitaph was written on a married pair who lived in strife, but were now observed to lie *quiet enough*:—

VIATOR,
NIL ADMIRERIS:
VIR ET UXOR
HIC CONJACENT
ET NON LITIGANT.

EUDOXIA FÆDEROW-NA, empress of Russia, and the first wife of Peter the Great.

For a short account of the splendid commencement, but melancholy conclusion of her life, see the article UNQUALIFIED PRAISE, in this volume.

EVANS, JOHN, a native of the principality of Wales, and curate of Enfield in Staffordshire; an account of whose life has been given by a voluminous and learned writer, in the grave language of truth, and with all the minute circumstantiality of

matter of fact; yet notwithstanding this internal evidence, it is not possible the author in question could believe all that he relates.

During the first year of his residence at Enfield, Evans performed his duties with credit and satisfaction, but not being able or willing to suppress his love of ale, which he had at first resisted, it gradually returned, and led the way to drunkenness and other vices; he became debauched in manners, noisy and quarrelsome in conversation, frequently fighting with the low companions which an ale-house generally introduces; he was often seen in the pulpit marked with bruises, and disfigured by black eyes; these could not escape the notice of his congregation, although his unfortunate wife, by means of chalk, flour, and other contrivances, endeavoured to conceal such disgraceful badges; yet the efforts of her industry were, on most occasions, partially effaced during the summer months, by heat and perspiration, which rendered the drunkard's countenance still more ghastly, a disgusting and ridiculous appearance dishonorable to any one pretending to be a gentleman, but highly scandalous and unbecoming in a clergyman performing his duty in the house of God.

As preaching is generally useless, and seldom attended to without a corresponding practice, Evans was gradually hated or despised, and exciting jealousy or indignation in the married part of his hearers by the lascivious looks and impudent familiarity with which he addressed their wives, he found it necessary to decamp privately in the night.

His departure was hastened by the parish officers, who were clamorous in their demands that he would contribute to the support of *several* illegitimate children; for he was inordinately given to women, and with females of a certain description was said to be a wonderful favorite.

This perhaps may be ranked among the numerous instances of what I have called, in another part of this work, *unaccountable attachment*, as the form and face of this favored lover were remarkably unsymmetrical and displeasing; his complexion is described as *saturnine*, his stature short, his proportions clumsy; he was *beetle-browed*, thick-lipped, and splay-footed.

Thus driven from home, and banished from creditable society by folly and vice, he was for some time an unsettled wanderer; and his family, but for the benevolence of former neighbours,

would have wanted the means of subsistence.

He endeavoured to support himself by teaching "English, Latin, Greek and Hebrew, in half the time generally wasted in acquiring them; also arithmetic, mathematics, and the following *hands*,—the running secretary, the set secretary, the Roman, Italian, and court hands." But the same unpropitious tendencies, which had ruined him as a curate, arrested his progress as a school-master; relying on *other arts*, and stimulated by an empty purse, he repaired with his family to London.

It is at this period of his life, that the miraculous singularity of Evans's history commences, which his biographer relates with the unaffected coolness of an every day's occurrence.

"He now applied the powers of his mind to *astrology*, and gave judgment upon things lost, *that chiefest shame of this abstruse science*; yet, to give him his right, he had a piercing judgment, and was a most understanding man *on a figure of theft*; he also prepared antimonical cups, and drew a tolerable profit from selling them. In 1613 he published almanacks and prognostications; but the principal means of his subsistence was *astrology*, in which he

had done some acts seemingly above and beyond that wonderful art.

“ He was well versed in the nature of spirits, but more particularly *in the circular way of invoking them.*” Whether they came when Evans invoked must be determined by the degree of faith we place in the following story :—

“ There was a young woman in Staffordshire, who, as is generally the case in *such bargains*, had married an old man for the sake of his money; surviving her husband, she applied to a friend in whose hands the title deeds of his estate, now her property, had been deposited; but this unfaithful and fraudulent confidant could not be persuaded to give them *up*.

“ Recollecting her former neighbour, the curate of Enfield, and understanding by report his adroitness in difficult matters, she repaired with all speed to London, and applied to Evans for advice: after due consideration he engaged to recover the parchments, if she would give him forty pounds.

“ So strong was her reliance, or so complete the delusion, that our young widow immediately counted *out* forty pieces of gold on the table, telling the artist that she should not grudge that,

and much more, if the deeds in question could be restored; he then directed her to withdraw, first informing him, where she was to be found in case he sent for her.

“ Evans then commenced his preparations; he abstained for fourteen days from women, wine, animal food, and all disorderly passions; he read daily, at select hours and cloathed in his surplice, passages from the scriptures and portions of the church Liturgy.

“ At length, when the night, the hour, and the moment arrived, he powerfully, audibly, and with customary gesture, invoked the angel Salmon, who forthwith appearing demanded of the astrologer ‘what he would have?’ which when Evans had described, he disappeared, and in a little time returning with the wished-for deed, laid it gently upon a table on which a white cloth had been previously spread; then, having performed his office, instantly vanished.

“ On another occasion, when the dwelling-house of Evans was in the Minories, he was applied to by Sir Kenelm Digby, and another honorable person, *to shew them a spirit*, which he promised them to do; and proceeding *out of hand* to the circular way of invocation, Evans was suddenly,
and

and in spite of himself, lifted out of the room, and carried into the common field abutting against Battersea causeway, on the banks of the Thames, and near Chelsea reach.

“A countryman passing the road, which is a foot-way from Lambeth to Battersea, espied a man in black cloaths apparently sleeping, and awakened him; Evans not sleeping, *but swooning and astounded*, now understood his condition, and for the traveller’s satisfaction said he had been late over-night at Battersea, somewhat overtaken with liquor, and in that condition had been left by his friends, themselves no what the better.

“The gentlemen somewhat amazed, but without injury, quitted Evans’s house; repairing thither the next morning to ask what was become of this supernatural operator, they were surprised when they reached the door, to see a messenger just arrived, desiring Mrs. Evans to *fetch her husband, who was fatigued and dispirited with the spiritual wrestling he had undergone, a more than mortal strife*; the good woman going to a cottage near where her husband was found, conveyed him safely home.

“Being asked if he could account for this unusual violence

and deportation, Evans made answer, *that at the time of invocation, he was not wholly free from sensual impurity, and that he had moreover neglected suffumigation, at which the spirits were vexed.*”

Such is the tale, related more at large, and more circumstantially, with respect to names and places, by two authors, who *seem* to believe the story they tell; yet in the first instance I think it very possible, that in recovering the writings, if the man who detained them *believed in supernatural arts, and in the circular method of invoking spirits*, I think it very possible for Evans to have got them from him by threats of legal process, or of exercising on him magic incantations; being a man famous for quoting the Classics, he might have addressed him in the words of Virgil:—

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.

The appearance of the angel Salmon, the napkin on the table, &c. might be managed with a moderate share of dexterity.

As to the aerial journey to Battersea field, a trap-door properly constructed might afford the conjurer apt means of disappearance, and the flame, smoke, and stench of two-penny-worth of powdered rosin, would sufficiently

ficiently blind and affright a credulous man like Sir Kenelm Digby, and prevent any minute and critical observation of the manœuvres going on.

The circumstance of Evans being found in the condition described is not very difficult to account for, when we consider his character, and recollect that a drunken man falling into a ditch, or sleeping under a hedge, is no very uncommon occurrence.

If in modern times the many *gentle pairs*, who not far from the place where Evans *took a nap*, drink oblivion to the toils of their counters, and the shrill voice of domestic strife, if they could satisfy their wives or their masters, and persuade them that they were carried thither against their wills by evil spirits, they might consider themselves as very fortunate.

The subject of our present article is said, when *half drunk*, to have exhibited many sallies of droll humour and laughable vivacity; but like the liquor he was so fond of, it did not always flow clear, nor was it on every occasion of the most delicate flavor; some of his effusions have survived worthier productions, and a few months only have passed, since a gross but witty *impromptu*, originally uttered by

Evans, was facetiously spoken, and with extravagant applause, by a three-bottle man; two people might think alike, but I had seen the book in which it is recorded on the wit's table, a few days before, with leaves folded down, when good things occurred.

Quid domini facient, audent cum talia pures?

FERRAR, NICHOLAS, the son of a London merchant, at the conclusion of the sixteenth century, who inheriting from his mother a delicate constitution, but a vigorous mind, eagerly devoted his early life to literary application.

Religious books being first put into his hand made an impression on the boy's mind, which never was removed, and when only six years old, he was able to repeat *by heart* a considerable portion of the Old and New Testament, the English Chronicle, and Fox's Book of Martyrs.

At the age of eight, he was placed under the tuition of a worthy clergyman, near Newbury, in Berkshire, whose discipline was so successful, or the aptness of his scholar so great, that being considered as qualified for an university, he was sent when thirteen years old to Clare Hall in Cambridge, where Dr.

Linsell,

Linsell, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, became his tutor.

To use the words of Mr. Ferrar's right reverend biographer, for he was not only instructed, but his life has been written by a bishop,—to use the prelate's words,—it was soon observed, that Ferrar's candle was the first lighted and the last extinguished in that college.

This sedentary drudgery was not likely to improve a tender habit, and being under the necessity of applying for medical advice, his physician recommended travelling, in the hope of calling off for a time his unceasing application to books.

The princess Elizabeth, one of the daughters of King James the first, who had married the count Palatine, being at the moment on her way to Germany, Mr. Ferrar was permitted to join the suite of her highness, and accompanied them part of the way; they landed in Holland, and after accompanying his countrymen to the borders of Germany, as he proposed going considerably to the north of the Palatinate, he took his leave; visiting Munster, Hanover, and Cassel, leaving no place till all that was to be seen or heard had been explored; at Leipsic, finding his health better,

he remained several months, again applied to his books, and to qualify himself for making further progress as well as profit in travelling, improved himself in the modern languages.

He now resolved to see Italy, not indeed by the direct road, but visiting such places as were likely to gratify his curiosity, or afford opportunities for improving his mind, and adding to his knowledge.

He continued a few days at Dresden, and made a considerable deviation for the purpose of visiting Prague, Ratisbon, Augsburg, Munich, Saltzbourg, Inspruck, and Trent.

At that period Europe was under considerable dread of that awful scourge, the plague, and Mr. Ferrar was obliged near the Italian frontier to undergo a precautionary secession, something similar to quarantine.

It was at the time, that season of the year when the Christian church enjoins for a certain period fasting and prayer, as a salutary and impressive memorial of the patience, trials, and forbearance of Jesus Christ.

Our pious traveller passed the greater part of the forty days during Lent in abstinence and devout meditation, on a mountain almost covered with rosemary and wild

wild thyme, descending regularly every evening to make a moderate meal on fish.

This temporary solitude first gave Mr. Ferrar a relish for mental abstraction, and contemplative devotion, imparted peculiar tincture to his faith, his conduct, and his manners, and ultimately decided the singular manner in which he passed the after part of his life.

These impressions were also further confirmed, by his narrowly escaping a sudden and violent death; this mercy he never forgot, but indelibly fixed it on his mind by an anniversary practice of fasting, prayer, and thanksgiving.

Having sufficiently guarded against the dangers of pestilential infection to himself, or communicating it to others, a precaution in many respects troublesome, tedious, and vexatious, but against which no man ought to object, *and whose evasion should be punished with death, as it is better that one man should die, than thousands perish*; Mr. Ferrar passed on to the once renowned, but decayed university of Padua.

He here attended a course of medical lectures, which qualified him to be useful afterwards to his country neighbours.

After a stay of four months,

he quitted Padua precipitately, terrified by real or imaginary dangers from certain Jesuits, who, with the pope, the devil, and the pretender, were once the bugbears, *the raw-head and bloody-bones* of England, and probably not without reason.

He repaired without delay to Rome, which *then* contained such stores of amusement and information for the antiquary and man of taste; after seeing whatever was worthy of notice in the ecclesiastical metropolis, or its environs, he made a retrograde movement to the mercantile sea-port of Leghorn, and in a few days embarking in a felucca, crossed that part of the Mediterranean which is called the sea of Genoa, and landed at Marseilles.

After remaining in that city three weeks, he re-embarked in an English vessel for the Spanish port of Saint Sebastian; being disappointed in his expectation of a pecuniary remittance at this place, he walked to Madrid, where he heard that his mother, now a widow, was involved in trouble.

In the eagerness of filial affection, he took the earliest opportunity of sailing for England, and after a five years absence from his native country landed at Dover with a constitution considerably

considerably amended, and large additions of information, learning, and science.

He could not restrain the pious gratitude, and patriotic rapture he felt; the instant he jumped on shore, he fell on his knees upon the beach, returned thanks to the Almighty for that protecting providence which had sheltered him from perils by land and perils by sea, and then kissed his native soil.

By the established goodness of his character, and a large share of natural sagacity, he was enabled to extricate his family from their difficulties, which had been produced or augmented by a litigious attorney.

In 1624, Mr. Ferrar was chosen a member of the House of Commons, and in this capacity took an active part against the treasurer, Sir Lionel Cranfield, who, from the humble station of a Custom-house officer, had by his fiscal projects so ingratiated himself with King James, that he gave him a lord treasurer's staff, and created him a peer of the realm. Sir Lionel had been accused by his enemies, I know not how justly, of corruptly conniving at certain injurious monopolies.

But Mr. Ferrar, in parliament or on his travels, in his closet or the world, never lost sight of

what appears to have been at a very early period the favourite wish and purpose of his heart, religious retirement, and the devoting himself wholly to God; forgetting, as too many of his predecessors in the same path have done, that those exertions should seem to be most pleasing to our Almighty Creator, which imitate his attributes, and are productive of social utility.

In this plan of retirement, he was powerfully aided by his mother, who felt and indulged similar propensities, and being possessed of the house and manor of Little Gidding, in Huntingdonshire, had apt means in her hands of putting into execution this favourite purpose.

As the first step, Mr. Ferrar procured himself to be ordained by Dr. Laud; then taking leave of his London friends, and finally adjusting every affair likely to require his presence in the metropolis, he prepared to depart, with his mother, his elder brother, his sister, her husband, a Mr. Colet, and their *fifteen* children, of whom six sons and three daughters were married.

This religious colony, consisting with the servants of upwards of forty persons, quitted London, and by easy journies repaired to Little Gidding.

The house, which had for
many

many years been in the occupation of a farmer, they found in a ruinous and neglected state, the garden a wilderness, pigs had been kept in a pleasure house, and the church was converted to a barn.

Provoked at what he considered as profane misapplication, Mr. Ferrar would not sleep till he saw the house of God cleansed of its contents, and actually performed divine service in it by candle light, before the family retired to rest : it was afterwards completely repaired within and without.

To make a large roomy mansion, which had been so long left to decay, a fit habitation for a very large and respectable family, was a work of time, labour, and expence; even to subsist them, required some skill, effort, and contrivance.

For this purpose, the land, which in those days produced an annual rent of five hundred pounds, was kept in hand, and agricultural superintendence was assigned to such individuals of the family as were qualified for the task by knowledge, health, age, and inclination.

Timber in the mean time was cut down, and other necessary materials procured; capacious barns, outhouses, and buildings, were erected, and the whole of

the premises neatly and substantially repaired; additional household stuff was purchased, and a stock of fuel and other stores laid in, adequate to a large consumption.

But no occupation was permitted to interfere with the purpose of Mr. Ferrar's retirement, every individual of the family was expected to attend public worship morning and evening; in this religious exercise he officiated himself; and to prevent this important duty interfering with domestic and other employments in the farm, the hour of rising, for *all*, was five in the morning, during the winter season, and four o'clock in the summer.

Part of the house was appropriated to the purposes of a school, for which proper masters were provided, and here the children of the family, and such others of the neighbouring parishes, who *would conform to rule*, were taught to read and write, grammar and arithmetic; religious instruction was considered as an essential part of their education; occasional amusements were not prohibited for the rising generation, little prizes being occasionally distributed to those who excelled in learning; also to those, who could run, jump, swim, and drive an arrow the nearest to the mark.

The

The young women of the house were cloathed alike in black stuff, and such time as was not employed at church and in domestic duty, was dedicated in affording assistance to age, infirmity, and disease; for which purposes medicines and conveniences for dispensing them were at hand, Mr. Ferrar being qualified by the medical knowledge he had acquired to give advice and directions in administering the remedies employed.

The female part of the family employed themselves at the proper season, in distilling cordial waters and working carpets and cushions for the church and the parlours.

As a hint to strangers and others, who occasionally visited Little Gedding, the following inscription in large letters was placed in the great hall at which every one entered:—

“He, who by gentle reproof and kind remonstrance strives to make us better, is welcome; but he who goeth about to disturb us in that, which ought to be the chief business of every christian, is a burthen while he stays, and his own conscience shall witness against him when he departs.”

On another conspicuous panel appeared these words:—

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“He, who is willing to be a cheerful participator with us in that which is good, confirms us in the same, and acts as a friend; but he, who bitterly censures us when absent, and makes a show of approbation when in our presence, incurs the double guilt of flattery and slander, and violates the bond of christian charity.”

The laws of courtesy and hospitality were not forgotten by Mrs. Ferrar or her son, many of the nobility, clergy, and other travellers, calling on them; King Charles the first, on his march to the north, honoured them with a visit, and Dr. Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, was sometimes their guest.

Watching, that species of discipline so antient in the christian church, if not cotemporary with its rise, *watching* was considered by Mr. Ferrar as an indispensable part of *his* religious exercises; for this purpose, he had different oratories for the sexes, in which, from the hour of nine till past midnight, he and different individuals took their turns of repeating psalms, select passages of scripture, and occasionally singing to the organ, which was set in a low stop, that notice might not be excited, nor the house disturbed.

Thus for many years lived this singular character, and in

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his

his last moments, elevated by hope or deranged by debility, he insisted on having experienced celestial communication.

By his relations he was called *seraphic*, and accounted little less than a saint; by a late writer he is termed an useless enthusiast, and Little Gedding an *Arminian nunnery*; the Papists said he was a Puritan, and the Puritans abused him as a Papist.

To make Mr. Ferrar's example the universal rule of life would be inexpedient, irrational, and absurd, at the same time it were to be wished, that in the lives of the majority of persons of his rank, fortune, and abilities, so much could be found of that piety pleasing to God, and so little of that depravity which brings misery and degradation to man.

In another point of view Mr. Ferrar was much to be praised, although he practiced ceremonies, endured fastings, and persevered in nocturnal watchings and other observances, which some may consider as not absolutely enjoined by the christian dispensation, he did not regard them in the light of what have been called by the old controversialists *works of supererogation*, which might authorize or wipe away practical trans-

gression; he did not relax in one jot or one tittle in his endeavours to be, what in fact he was, a man pure in morals and of strict integrity: a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, a kind neighbour, and an honest man.

Happy would it be for the world, if all, who like him have fasted, and like him have prayed, would imitate the correctness of his life; and still happier if those, who ridicule and set at nought all ritual observance, would prove by an exemplary discharge of their social duties, that human virtue stands in need of no aid from revelation to stimulate us by hope and fear to salutary exertion.

FLOOD, HENRY, the son of a chief justice in Ireland, originally of Trinity college, Dublin, and remarkable for elegant accomplishment, gay manners, and a beautiful person.

Removing in 1749 to Christchurch, Oxford, Dr. Markham, now Archbishop of York, became his tutor; he was also introduced to the learned and ingenious Mr. Tyrwhitt, as a youth of whom *something* might be made.

These gentlemen saw with concern the loose habits of their young friend, and his total neglect

lect of every attainment for which men are generally sent to an university.

Aware of the inefficacy of advising or reproving a boy of seventeen, who was heir to an estate of five thousand pounds a year, they *operated* on their pupil in a more scientific way.

Observing in Mr. Flood a considerable share of vanity and pride, they selected these foibles as the means of snatching from folly and vice a valuable youth, of strong parts, and though misled by headstrong appetites, of an amiable disposition.

The constitutional warmth and fine spirits of Mr. Flood rendering his company highly desirable, he received numerous invitations; Dr. Markham and Mr. Tyrrwhitt indulged this propensity, taking care at the same time to introduce and solicit for the association of the young Hibernian men of literary eminence, and to make the subjects on which they particularly excelled the leading points of conversation.

On these occasions, the high-spirited Irishman, who in *his own circles* had been looked up to as the enlivener of every party, and the king of his companions,—on these occasions, feeling his insignificance and in-

feriority, he sat in silent mortification.

This compunction of neglected or misapplied powers produced a salutary change; he gradually dropped his graceless and unprofitable companions, devoted that precious, and if once lost, that irrecoverable portion of a young man's day, HIS MORNINGS, to literature and science, and at the end of six months had qualified himself for joining those superior societies which he was afterwards so well qualified to improve and to enjoy.

The archbishop and Mr. Tyrrwhitt have often been heard to speak with honest pride concerning this successful effort of judicious superintendence.

But it was in parliament, and as an assertor of Irish parliamentary independence, that Mr. Flood's character became prominent and popular.

The law of Sir Edward Poyning, who was deputy-lieutenant of Ireland under an infant viceroy in the reign of King Henry the seventh,—this obnoxious law, which submitted all acts of the Irish legislator to the controul of an English privy council, he made it the business of his life to oppose; after a long and steady struggle under various administrations, he ultimately succeeded

succeeded in procuring its repeal, I believe during the period that Lord Townshend presided at the castle.

For this important measure, and the octennial bill (parliament, previous to that alteration, having generally subsisted during the king's life) for these advantages, *should Ireland ever be in a temper to estimate and properly apply them*, for these advantages his country is evidently indebted to the perseverance of Mr. Flood.

In the civil and political storms which for the last thirty years have agitated the *now* united kingdom, he appears to have taken an honest and independent part, acting with or against the ministers of the crown, as he thought would be most advantageous to his native land.

But this mode of conducting himself, this opposing measures rather than men, which thorough paced politicians laugh at, and borough partizans always disapprove, occasionally involved him in heat and animosity.

In a memorable debate introduced by a motion of Sir Henry Cavendish to enforce the necessity of retrenchment in the expences of government, Mr. Flood was hurried into a most virulent

and personal altercation with the celebrated Mr. Grattan.

"Oppressed with disease," said the subject of my present article, "and little expecting such a question to be debated, sir, at this late hour of the night, much less that any opposition would be made to it, I feel myself unable and little inclined to trespass on the time of the house; but the words of the honorable baronet which point out economy, *so far as is consistent with the safety and honor of government*, allow too great a latitude for public profession, many persons considering their own welfare and support as an essential and important part of our national establishment.

"I thank God I am no political partizan, in or out of administration; the good of my country has, I hope, ever been my paramount motive and prevailing sentiment; but if we mean to practice economy, let our retrenchments be effectual, let us not amuse the people with fine-spun theories of frugality within these walls, and the moment we retire practice corrupt and unnecessary expenditure in every department with which we are connected."

Mr. Grattan evidently irritated and disturbed, although there

there seemed nothing said personally applicable to him, except as a furious politician once observed, that Mr. Flood *looked* at his friend,—Mr. Grattan arose in haste with the following words:—

“I will not take up the time of the house with apologies for bodily infirmities, or the affectation of them, I will not enter into a defence of my character, for I never apostatized.

“The honorable reward which a grateful nation has bestowed, binds me to make every return in my power, and more particularly to oppose all unnecessary expence, but I am not sure that this is just the time for retrenching national expenditure *in the army*.

“At a moment, sir, when England has acted justly, I will not say generously, at a moment when she has lost an important branch of her empire, and is bleeding under the wounds of a war with all the world, at such a moment, I would not by a hasty measure even seem to deprive her of her only comfort, the friendship and cordial co-operation of Ireland.”

“I appeal to the feelings of the house,” replied Mr. Flood, “if any thing could be more uncandid and harsh than the gentleman’s allusion to my infirm

state of health, and the unfounded charge he brings against me of affecting complaints I do not labour under; the very precarious state of my health is known to many honorable members of this house, and if necessary, can be verified by professional evidence.

“But I trust that neither *my* character nor that of those with whom I act, requires any collateral help when placed in competition with that of the right honorable member; we do not fear his nocturnal attacks, I am ready to meet him any where, on any ground, by night or by day.

“I do not come here, sir, to delude the people by promises I never mean to perform; I never threatened to impeach a judge, and then shrunk from the business; I never called the Irish House of Commons, a parliament of prostitutes, and then subsisted on their vote; I am not the mendicant patriot who was purchased by the people for a sum of money, and then sold them for prompt payment.

“The gentleman talks of never having been an apostate, but I defy him to produce a single instance in which, whether in or out of place, I ever changed my principles; a patriot out of office, if he accepts a place

a place on that elevated ground and with that unbending spirit with which *a patriot always may and ought to serve the crown*, may render the most important services to his country; I appeal to you, sir, to declare, whether I did not resign the moment I saw measures recommended contrary to the system I had laid down.

“I impute the whole of the gentleman’s virulence and violence to disappointment; he finds he cannot support his fame and fill his purse; it is the groan of an expiring reputation; we can all remember when the glories of the great Duke of Marlborough shrunk and withered before those of the right honorable gentleman; palaces, superior to Blenheim, were to be built for his reception; pyramids and pillars, emblems and panegyrics cut in marble, were preparing; but the fabric is crumbled into dust, the dream of imposition and infatuation are vanished.

“But the gentleman founds his claim to national gratitude on the prodigious merits of his *simple repeal*, a measure, permit me to say, sir, scouted by every able politician on both sides of the water; his gross ignorance was pleaded at the time as his only excuse; this be-

trayed a defect in the head, but to persist after his error was exposed proved a badness of heart.”

Mr. Grattan observed in reply;—

“I would wish to avoid personality, but am forced into it by the envenomed froth of a foul tongue; it is not however the slander of a bad character that can tarnish *my* fame; the honorable gentleman affected to despise making any comparison of our merits, yet indelicately and unfairly dwelt on the subject.

“I will suppose a public man, not now in this house, but who might once have been in it, who abused every man who differed from him, and betrayed every one who trusted him.

“I will begin from his cradle, and divide his life into three stages; in the first he was intemperate; in the second, corrupt; and in the third, seditious; when such a man was wasting the time of the house with the wearisome flourishes of egotism and self-approbation, I would stop him in his fulsome career with the following words (*fixing his eyes on Mr. Flood*):—

“Your talents are great, but your life is infamous; you were silent for years, and were silent for money; when affairs of consequence

sequence to the state were debating, you were seen passing by these doors like a guilty spirit, just waiting for the moment of putting the question, that you might step in and give your venal vote; or you might be seen hovering over the dome like an ill-omened bird of night, with sepulchral notes, a cadaverous aspect, and a broken beak, ready to stoop and pounce upon your prey.

“You can be trusted by no man; the people cannot trust you, ministers cannot trust you; you tell the nation it is ruined by others, while it is sold by you; you fled from the embargo; you fled from the mutiny bill; you fled from the sugar bill; I therefore tell you, in the face of your country, before all the world, and to your face, that you are not an honest man.”

MR. FLOOD. “A most extraordinary and unwarrantable harangue has been heard; the right honorable gentleman set out with disavowing personality, but could any thing more grossly so, or more venomously have been poured forth; I trust my public as well as my private character is beyond the reach of base, illiberal, and false insinuations; for the first, I can safely appeal to four-and-twenty years spent in the service of my country;

for the last, to my friends, my tenants, and my family.

“I am an apostate forsooth, because I accepted a place, but I rendered to the full as essential services to Ireland with the first office of state on my shoulders, as ever the right honorable gentleman did *with his pack of mendicancy on his back.*”

Mr. Flood was proceeding to defend himself, but being addressed by the speaker, who in the kindest and politest manner intreated him to forbear, and the whole house joining in the wish, he retired considerably agitated; but being anxious to repel the torrent of obloquy which had been poured forth against him, he was permitted a few days after to address the speaker in words to the following effect:—

“Having been interrupted on Tuesday last, when I was defending myself against a most furious attack, I proceed to make use of the liberty which has been granted me of concluding what I had to say, and to thank the house for this indulgence.

“It may be recollected that my life was divided into three parts by the right honorable gentleman, and dispatched by three epithets; the first, as intemperate; the second, as venal; the third, as seditious; it is not
by

by epithets the point at issue can be settled, I appeal to facts which are upon record, and cannot be controverted: for this reason, sir, I must trespass a little on your patience.

"My political life, for I apprehend it is that only the gentleman meant to speak of, my political life includes the different administrations of the Duke of Bedford, Lord Halifax, the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Hertford, and Lord Townshend, all of whom I at different times supported and opposed; this drew down upon me from selfish, malevolent, and superficial observers, the charge of tergiversation and inconsistency.

"I had at an early period fixed on three great objects as essentially necessary for the welfare of Ireland; a repeal of Poyning's act; the establishment of a constitutional militia; and an act for limiting the duration of parliament.

"I will not deny that I pursued these great and salutary points with ardor; spirit, and energy are the faults of my nature, and said to be the characteristic features of my country.

"Every Viceroy, who appeared friendly to these necessary measures, I aided with my vote and influence, but those, who appeared averse to granting

them, I opposed; and I thank God, I ultimately succeeded.

"This is a plain tale, and accounts satisfactorily for a conduct which has been called intemperate and venal; the indiscriminate abuse of declamatory invective, however cloathed in flowery diction, cannot stand the test of an unvarnished narration of facts.

"I come next to the crying, and in the right honorable gentleman's eyes, the unpardonable sin of accepting an appointment; this was offered and accepted in a way I trust not dishonorable to any of the parties concerned, I WAS MADE A MINISTER FOR THE BENEFIT OF MY COUNTRY.

"Having stated my principles and opinions, from which I neither could or would depart a single iota, I observed, that if I could with those principles for my guide, assist his Majesty's government, I was ready to do it; even after the grant of the office had arrived, I appeal to two gentlemen who now hear me, whether I did not, to make all safe and prevent all possibility of mistake, again state my conditions in writing, and transmit them to the lord lieutenant.

"My opposition to Lord Townshend has been mentioned, but I had good and sufficient grounds;

grounds; he violated the privilege of parliament with regard to money-bills, and unnecessarily divided the commissioners of the revenue into two boards; I was the humble means of reducing the number from twelve to seven, and two boards into one; this saved the nation twenty thousand pounds a year.

“I have been accused, in the figurative and poetic language of the right honorable gentleman, with hovering over the dome of this house like a bird of night; my decayed teeth and wan countenance produced by a severe bilious attack might have been spared.

“I accepted an ostensible post under lord Harcourt, for which I am stigmatized as venal; I supported his administration, and would again support it, because he gave me influence in his councils and consented to my favorite measures, on which, in my opinion, the salvation of Ireland depended; I felt my consequence, I served my country, I was independent, I was free.

“In matters of importance, and when he was clearly right, I voted for him; but in matters of importance, and when in my own and the public opinion he was evidently wrong, I opposed him; on points of small

moment, to prove that I was not a mere place-man, the tool of a salary, I did not vote at all; this gave the right honorable gentleman an opportunity to accuse me of absconding, and for his favorite poetic flight up to the corridor in poetry and fiction, he is in his element, but plain matter of fact soon brings him wing-broken to the ground.

“Under the Earls of Buckinghamshire and Carlisle, I am accused of having been seditious: I told the former without ceremony that I would not attend the cabinet councils of the sage Mr. Heron; it was during the administration of the latter, that I was dismissed from office for delivering my sentiments without reserve.

“The day on which I spoke I shall not easily forget, nor the occasion; they are engraved upon my heart by an incident which does not occur every day; an honorable and worthy man, since dead, with a train of patriots and excellent individuals forever to be revered by their country, this worthy character, whose name is dear to every disinterested Irishman, Walter Hussey Burgh, crossed the house, congratulated me on my conduct, eagerly seized my hand in open parliament, and said in the eye of the world that I was a patriot

patriot and an honest man, whom no considerations could tempt from duty.

"It was I confess a proud, a triumphant day; such a testimony, from such a man, and in such a place, I consider as an ample reward for all my exertions.

"He was a senator in whom the scrutinizing eye of party malignity could not find a blemish; though not ennobled by patent he was of a noble nature, he wished ardently to serve his country, but did not wish to monopolize that service, *he* was willing to share and to communicate a portion of the credit and reputation he enjoyed.

"I could mention other testimonies, if it were not for trespassing on the time of the house, some of which have been received, sir, since I entered your doors; but I appeal to those who have known me from my childhood, at our own university, at Oxford, and in the world, whether I deserve the character of a seditious man and an incendiary.

"It is necessary for the honor of this assembly to enquire and to determine whether the description of me be correct; if it is, you ought to expel so unworthy a member."

GOOD MOTHERS AND MAIDEN AUNTS.—To worthy females of this description, the world, but more particularly the literary world is highly indebted; incessant maternal care stimulated and improved to such various acquirements and the fine imagination of Sir William Jones; the honest patriotism and poetical talents of Mr. Hayley; and but for the tender superintendence of his aunt, the modern historian Gibbon would have sunk under the preponderancy of early disease, and a tender constitution.

GOSSON, STEPHEN, a man of Kent, a scholar of Christchurch college, Oxford, and a cotemporary of Spencer and Sir Philip Sidney, whom he imitated, and as the opinion of some was, excelled in pastoral poetry.

Soon after his ordination, he accepted the curacy of Wigborough in Essex, and afterwards officiated at the church of St. Botolph in the city of London.

There was nothing either in the matter or the manner of his discourses deserving of praise or of censure; their prominent feature, and indeed the burthen of his daily conversation, was to cry out against and *preach down* dramatic

matic performances of all kinds; the chief business of his pen as well as his tongue, appears to have been to deter his congregations, and all persons he could influence, from frequenting playhouses, and all other places where interludes and such like unchristian performances were exhibited.

Not satisfied with assailing the poor players in a parish pulpit, he bellowed forth a vociferous Philippic against them from Paul's cross, and thinking his triumph not complete, 'till he had attacked them from the press, he published in 1579, "The School of Abuse, a *pleasant* invective against pipers, players, jesters, and such like caterpillars of the state."

Yet I suspect, that Gosson, like other declaimers against luxurious enjoyments of other kinds, had frequently visited the spots he vilified so much; the following picture, copied from the book just mentioned, *must have been taken from the life*.

"In these places," says Gosson, speaking of playhouses, "in these places you shall see such pushing, shoving, and shouldering to get at the women, such care for their garments that they be not trod on, such eyes to their laps, that no

chips light in them, such pillows to their backs, that they take no hurt, such *nuzzling* in their ears to say I know not what, such presenting of pip-pins, such toying, such licking, such smiling and smirking, such winking, such rivalry and out-generalling in settling who shall *man* them home, that in good truth it is no small part of the comedie to mark their behaviour."

This painting, were the expressions modernized, and a few additional portraits of fruit women and drunken box-lobby heroes introduced, he might pass for a hasty sketch *taken off-hand* behind the boxes of Covent or Drury.

GRATTAN, MR.—The following animated sketch is said to be from the pen of this gentleman.

"The secretary (Mr. Pitt's father) stood alone; modern degeneracy had not reached him; original and unaccommodating, he was a patriot of the old school, with whom Scipio and Camillus would not have blushed to rank.

"Overbearing, impracticable, haughty, and impatient of controul, crooked policy and deceit he despised, too proud to flatter,

and too sincere for falsehood, he never sunk to the level of common state chicanery.

“The interest and glory of England were his great objects; honest fame his chief reward.

“His talents and integrity paralysed party, and without corruption made a venal age unanimous; his influence as a public speaker was like that of a magician, imperceptible, but irresistible, his eloquence was sometimes the thunder and sometimes the music of the spheres; the subtle arguments of Murray, and the ready invention of Townshend, were confounded by the electric flash of conviction, with which Mr. Pitt struck down all before him: *his* plans were not merely for Great Britain and the present age, but for Europe and distant posterity: such was the strength of his mental optics, so adequate, and so powerful the means he employed, and in their effects so rapid, that he was not only adored by the people as a great minister, but almost worshipped as a prophet; they would not believe, that any measure advised by Pitt could fail of success; the good fortune of his administration in a great measure justified their flattery.

“Still, quiet, domestic life, had few charms in his eye; bu-

ried at intervals from his family and the world, he occasionally visited our system; not to consult, but to direct; not to advise, but to decide.

“A venal treasury, and a long train of ministerial underlings, trembled at a character so exalted and predominating; they saw with terror and surprise, the cloud of difficulty and disaster, in which they had involved the country, dispelled; their eyes were dazzled by the fiery rays of that glory which burnt forth; crouching to the earth, they looked up to him as one of a superior class of beings, who could in a moment create or subvert, who could establish, or overwhelm, and strike a blow which should resound throughout the universe.

“After he retired, the malignant tools of corruption affected to whisper something, they scarce knew what, of his title and his pension; the history of our country and the wounds inflicted on her enemies best prove how well he had earned and how richly he deserved much more than ever he received.”

GRILLON, a worthy and intrepid French captain, a contemporary with D'Aubigny, who is the subject of a long, and I fear a dry

a dry article, in the first volume of this collection.

Grillon was a staunch Catholic, and possessed like that eminent Hugonot, considerable spirit and incorruptible integrity; they were accompanied by a gentleness of conduct and suavity of manners, in which D'Aubigny was grossly deficient.

This perhaps in some degree may be accounted for, when we recollect, that the cause of one was declining, while the friends and faith of the other were predominant and triumphant.

In the sea-fight of Lepanto Grillon rendered essential services to Don John of Austria; and in the war of the League, under the banners of the duke of Guise, distinguished himself by many heroic achievements; a subject of Henry the third, king of France, he deserved a better master and a better cause.

Jéalous of the growing power and reputation of the duke, this abominable king was so unfeeling, as to ask Grillon to put him to death.

Shocked at the baseness and inhumanity of a man, or rather a monster, who could ask a soldier to murder his patron and companion in arms, he pretended at first to understand, that the king meant he should challenge the duke to single combat.

Professing his readiness to avenge the cause of his sovereign in any honorable way, he asked what crime the duke had committed: "HE IS BECOME TOO GREAT FOR A SUBJECT," replied the king, with that malignant spirit in which little-minded rascals always regard superior merit; "he is too intimately connected with the duke of Savoy, and I can never forget the terrible day of the barricades.

"But remember, Grillon, that it is not my intention for you to fight with the duke of Guise; the life of a man so sincerely attached to me as you are, *your* valuable life is not to be risked by such encounters."

"If the duke" said Grillon, "has been faithless to his God, his king, or his country, let him be arraigned before a competent tribunal, and undergo the punishment of his crimes in due form of law, and by the hands of an executioner."

"It is impossible" said the king, "for me to proceed against the chief of the League in such a manner, it would raise half the kingdom in arms against me; *a more private and secure method of removing him must be tried*; this service I expect from you, and the reward shall be proportionate to the value I set on

on its being performed; the staff of Constable of France shall be placed in your hands."

Overwhelmed with grief and surprise, it was some time before Grillon could speak; after a long pause he replied.

"Permit me, sire, to depart; it is impossible that your majesty can value or esteem a person to whom you make *such* a proposal; a soldier never dreads to meet his enemy in the field, but he is not an assassin, he never stabs a man in the dark, a man, in the present instance, from whom I have received many favors, and under whose command I have conquered your most inveterate foes. I will instantly depart from your court, and retire to the bosom of my family, a family, whose reputation has never yet been tarnished by a base or unworthy action."

When the king found, that he could not prevail on him to commit murder, he pressed him no longer.

Grillon, as I have before observed, was a cotemporary with D'Aubigny, but strictly performed his duty without imitating the violence of that haughty dissenter; he also served the same monarch, and fought in many battles with Tavares, to whom an article in this collection is assigned; but more scru-

pulously delicate in his notions than the zealous marshal, he taught his employers the difference between the honorable services of a military commander and the disgraceful compliances of a *servant of all work*.

In the last scene of life, having considerably exceeded the age of man, the incurable evils of that state, pain, languor, and a general failure of his powers, intellectual as well as corporeal, pressed heavily upon him.

Yet a few hours only before his death, while his nephew was weeping over him, Grillon felt one of those momentary intervals of energy and correctness, which sometimes precede the stroke of death.

Seeing the young man in tears, the dying soldier exclaimed. "Why, my friend, do you weep? WHAT RATIONAL CAUSE FOR GRIEF CAN THERE BE IN DEATH, WHEN WE HAVE OUTLIVED THE POWER OF BEING USEFUL OR AGREEABLE; LIFE CANNOT BE DESIRABLE TO A MAN, WHO IS LITTLE BETTER THAN A BURTHEN TO HIMSELF AND A MELANCHOLY INCUMBRANCE TO OTHERS."

The duke de Crillon, who attacked Minorca in the year 1781, is said to be a descendant from the subject of this article, but strangely forgot himself on that

that occasion, when he addressed a letter to the governor, in which he offered him one hundred thousand pounds, and the most lucrative office in the service of France or Spain, if he would deliver into the duke's hands Fort St. Philip.

The general's answer to this dishonorable proposal has been thought worth preserving.

"When your brave ancestor was desired by his sovereign to assassinate the duke of Guise; he returned such an answer as you ought to have done, when the king of Spain directed you to make an attempt on the honour of a man, whose birth is as illustrious as your own.

Instead of practising the disgraceful arts of corruption, attending to humanity, and send cloathing for the unfortunate prisoners in my possession; let it be placed at a distance, where the out-posts may take it, as I will admit of no contact in future, but such as is hostile and inveterate."

Strong attachments to particular names and sir-names occur every day in private life, and dislikes equally strong against others; in one instance, I believe in suppressing the name of the husband of the worthy but unfortunate Olympia Fulvia Morato, the editor raised

a laugh against himself, by what was called by a satirical critic prudish affectation.

Yet such conduct has been imitated by exalted characters; the immediate ancestor of the nobleman who made the indecorous offer to the English general, *is said* to have changed his title from Grillon to Crillon, because the former was the French term for a troublesome and filthy domestic reptile.

HASTINGS, MR. a country gentleman, of Woodlands near Cranbourn in Dorsetshire, a sketch of whose life has been given by his neighbour, Anthony Ashley Cooper, the literary earl of Shaftesbury, and the second noble lord who bore that title.

Mr. Hastings was the son, the brother, and the uncle of an earl of Huntingdon, but feeling an early inclination for the amusements and occupation of a country life, chose for his abode the spot mentioned at the beginning of this article, and devoted himself wholly to field sports.

His house, a large, old-fashioned building, stood in the midst of an extensive park, well stocked with deer, rabbits, fish ponds and venerable oaks.

His kennel was plentifully furnished with dogs of all descriptions,

tions : buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger hounds ; hawks ; long and short winged ; rods, lines, and nets of every kind for fishing and fowling ; a walk in the new forest, and the manor of Christchurch, supplied him with ample means of enjoying his favorite amusements in their highest perfection.

In such pursuits, his time was wholly occupied, except a few intervals which he snatched for his amours ; there being no woman (I fear, married or single) in his neighbourhood, with whom it was her own fault if he was not intimately acquainted.

In the mean time he was popular, and generally accepted by their husbands, their brothers, and their fathers, who always found a hearty welcome at his house, in beef, pudding, and mild ale.

No visitor had reason to fear he should dirt the house, for the great hall was strewed with marrow bones, and full of hawk's patches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers ; the upper side hung with fox skins, of this and the last year's killing, with here and there a pole-cat's intermixed ; gins and huntsman's poles in abundance.

The parlour was furnished in a similar way ; on a large brick hearth lay two or three favorite

dogs and cats, with litters of puppies and kittens in several of the chairs ; these were not to be disturbed. The windows, which were large, served for arrows, cross-bows, and such like accoutrements ; the corners of the room were stocked with hunting and hawking poles.

At the lower end of the parlour stood an oyster table, which was of constant use, twice a day, all the year round, for he never failed eating oysters before dinner and supper, at all seasons ; these were supplied from Poole, a neighbouring sea-port.

In another part of the room were two small tables and a desk ; on one was a church Bible, on the other Fox's Book of Martyrs ; upon these, and almost covering them, were a curious collection of hawk's hoods, bells, and old green hats with their crowns thrust in, so as to hold pheasants eggs ; a bird he highly valued and fed himself ; a backgammon table found its place beneath.

At one end of the room was the door of a closet, wherein stood the wine and the strong beer ; in the distribution of which moderation and economy were observed ; not being intemperate himself, he would never suffer it in others.

On the other side was a door into

into an antient chapel no longer used for devotion, the pulpit was never without a cold chine of beef, venison pasty, gammon of bacon, and a large apple-pie with the crust well baked.

His table, though good to eat at, cost him but little more than for beef and mutton, as the field-sporting amply supplied the rest, except indeed on Fridays, when he had the best of sea and other fish; on this day the neighbouring gentry would occasionally dine with Mr. Hastings; he drank a glass or two of wine after his meals, but oftener sack, sweetened with syrup of July flowers; with his dinner, he took a pint of table beer; which he would occasionally stir with a sprig of rosemary.

He was naturally cheerful and of a good temper, but *unhandiness* or inattention soon made him angry, when he would call his servants bastards and cuckoldy knaves, in one of which, and sometimes in both, he spoke truth to his own knowledge.

Mr. Hastings was short of stature, but strong, moderately plump, and active; his hair was flaxen, and his clothes always green; in this respect, though neat, he was not extravagant, the whole of his covering from head to foot not costing, when

new, five pounds; he lived to be an hundred years old, and never used spectacles; he mounted his horse to the last without help, and when past fourscore was *in* at the death of a hare as soon as any.

HIGHWAYMAN; addition to that article in my second volume.

In the hurry of my last publication I omitted mentioning a well authenticated circumstance, which is probably in the recollection of many of my readers.

A certain popular minister of the gospel, who was preaching the funeral sermon of his deceased servant, took occasion to exhort the congregation in an earnest and impressive manner against yielding to despair.

“However sunk in the depths of wickedness, however polluted by vicious enormity,” said the preacher, “no sinner is out of the reach of God’s mercy, *if properly sought after by repentance, and followed by positive amendment.*”

“Our departed friend, whose death has now brought us together, was once a man of violence, an abandoned profligate, and the circumstance which first led to my acquaintance with him was his presenting a pistol to my breast, as a robber and a highwayman.

"Yet from his subsequent contrition and melioration, and his reliance on the intercession of a redeemer, I trust he is now in the realms of everlasting bliss."

HUMANITY REWARDED, and in a singular way.

A spirited opposer of the slave-trade, whose evils it will be found more politically right to alleviate, than wholly to abolish the traffic,—this energetic writer compares all parties concerned in carrying it on to the worst species of highwaymen, because the marauder only invades the rights of *society*, but the slave-merchant those of nature.

This writer makes an exception in favor of a few individuals, and produces an example in the commander of a fort in Africa, who by his humane exertions considerably diminished the horrors of an odious species of commerce, which he was deputed by his employers to superintend.

In every instance where the loss of liberty was augmented by the probable separation of a husband from a wife, or children from their parents, he purchased such prisoners of *the dealers*, and gave them permission to retire if they were so inclined, for it frequently happened, that in the warmth of grateful trans-

port to their benefactor, they shewed no desire of returning; this circumstance probably arose from their country being the seat of war, and their dread of falling into the hands of new tyrants.

On one occasion, this benevolent man, whose name was SCHILDEROP, a native of Denmark, on one occasion he was eminently fortunate and successful; observing among the captives brought down for sale a female, whose manners and appearance interested him in an extraordinary manner, and observing that she was accompanied by a little boy, whom she occasionally pressed to her arms, while tears, sighs, and distracted looks, decisively marked her as an agonizing mother, dreading every moment to be torn from her beloved child, he instantly purchased them both, and exerted himself so effectually, that in a few weeks the two liberated Africans were safely conducted to their home and restored to the arms of a family, which could scarcely believe so glorious an action could be performed by Europeans, whom they had hitherto considered as the betrayers and tyrants of the world.

The female he had thus restored to liberty was the wife of a prince in the interior part of the

the country, who had been taken by surprize while her husband and elder sons were engaged in a distant warfare; the acuteness of his distress at finding when he returned his habitation smoking in ruins and his wife and darling son carried into captivity, need not be described; or the transports he felt, when after having considered them as forever lost and devoted to violence and violation, they were again presented to him uninjured, and rushed into his arms.

But the generous African was not of a temperament to suffer so benevolent an action to pass unrewarded; he made it his business to communicate to the worthy Dane his wish, that on a certain day he would send a small party of men from the fort to conduct with safety a person he meant to send to him on an important mission.

When the detachment arrived at the appointed place, they found a young woman elaborately adorned in the fashion of the country, and surrounded by attendants laden with treasure and with such articles as he knew would be highly acceptable to Schilderop, his humane benefactor.

They were protected to the fort, and after depositing their presents at his feet, one of the female attendants somewhat ad-

vanced in years, approached the commander and gave him to understand that the young woman who accompanied them was the prince's eldest child, a virgin of eighteen, the only daughter of her mother; that deeply impressed with his generous proceeding, so gloriously opposite to that of most Europeans, her parents were anxious so good a man *should give them a grandson*.

I am not enabled to say how the Dane acted on this singular occasion; a refusal of *any* of the presents would have been construed into ungrateful contempt and a violation of *their* laws of hospitality, while yielding to the intreaties of the prince would have been a direliction of integrity and nuptial duty, as he was a married man and the father of a family; whether human virtue on this occasion received any help from the colour of the lady's skin is a point I cannot decide; yet a *connoisseur* in these commodities informs me, that in such latitudes he prefers the sable beauties of Africa to our snow white beauties of the north.

IDEA OF A HORSE written by a modern veterinary professor, which a connoisseur *insists* on my inserting at the peril of his displeasure; a
P 2 threat

threat from a quarter so formidable what can I do but obey?

“His head (I mean the horse’s not the connoisseur’s) should be without flesh, and proportionate in length and size to the body and limbs; his eyes rather prominent, but the lids of them thin and dry.

“The ears should be thin, narrow, erect, of middling length, and not distant from each other; the forehead flat, not large and square, but running almost in a straight line to the muzzle, which should be small and fine, yet the nostrils sufficiently dilated.

“His mouth should be deep; the tongue not large, nor should he be apt to let it appear as if it were hanging out, which is sometimes the case with old horses; the jaw bones ought to be wide at top, where they join to the neck, which should meet the head, not too abruptly, but taperingly, and with a moderate curve.

“The neck should be of a moderate length, not too thick on the upper part, nor too large and deep, but rising from the withers or forehead, and afterwards declining at the extremity form a segment of a circle; underneath the neck should be straight from the chest, and by no means convex or bellying out.

“The shoulders of a good horse are capacious and of large extent, so as to appear the most conspicuous part of the animal; but they ought not to be fleshy; they should rise fairly to the top of the withers, which must be well raised; the chest should be full, not coming to an edge, narrow, and pinched.

“His body is required to be deep and substantial; his back a plane of good width but handsomely rounded; the back-bone straight or with a slight bend, it ought not to be short; loins wide, and the muscles of the reins or fillets full, and swelling moderately on each side of the back-bone.

“There ought to be a sufficient space between the ribs and hip-bones; the hip-bones should be round; the buttocks deep and oval; the rump level with the height of the withers, the croup must have reasonable space and not sink too suddenly; the tail should not be set on too low, but ought to be nearly on a level with the back.

“The hind quarters should spread to a greater extent than the fore parts; and the hind feet stand further asunder than those before.

“The thighs ought to be straight, large, long, and muscular;

cular; the hock wide and clean; the shank flat, but not too long, yet of sufficient substance; its sinew large and distinct, and the fetlocks long: the hocks should form an angle of such extent, as to place the feet immediately under the flanks.

“The fore arms, like the thighs, should be large, muscular, and long, the elbows not turning outwards; the knees lean and large; the cannon-bone flat, strong, but not disproportionately long; the tendons large.

“The fore arm and shank ought to form nearly a straight line; the fetlock joints must be large and clean; the pasterns moderately sloping, but not too long, and their largeness proportionate to their length; the coronary rings neither thick nor swelled, but clean, dry, and hairy.

“The feet should not be too high nor too flat, but form a base sufficient for the weight they have to sustain; the hoofs dark, shining, and without seams or wrinkles, tough and strong (but not hard) like oak; the foot internally concave; the sole hard but not shrunk; the heels wide and of middling height; a tough and sound frog, but not fleshy, or too large; the feet,

equal in size, should stand exactly parallel, so that the front or toe incline neither inward nor point outwards; the fore feet should stand perpendicular to the chest, not too much under it; they should be less wide apart than the fore arms.”

IMPARTIAL JUSTICE, or the dishonest servant paid as knaves ought always to be paid.

“While I was visiting this nobleman,” (an Italian marquis) says a modern writer, “he gave an entertainment to the neighbouring gentry; part of the company had already arrived, when an upper servant came into the room evidently embarrassed to inform his lordship, that a fisherman had brought the finest fish he had ever seen, but asked a very extraordinary price.

“Give him whatever he asks,” replied the marquis, anxious to shew his respect for the company who were to dine with him.

“It is not money, my lord, that he demands; the fellow swears that he will not part with his fish, till he has received a hundred strokes on his bare shoulders.”

This singular demand exciting general curiosity; the whole party

party accompanied the marquis into the court yard to see this unaccountable fisherman.

"Is it true what I hear," said the marquis, addressing him, "that you will not sell your fish, unless you receive the strapado on your back?"

"I will not abate a single stroke of the hundred, my lord."

"It is the largest of the kind I ever saw," said the marquis and every person present; "if the man insists on it, he must be humoured."

The fish was delivered without delay to the cook; the fisherman took off his jacket, and the groom, who was to *pay* him, rolled his shirt up to his neck.

The operation commenced, and when fifty strokes had been administered, the fisherman cried, "Hold! I have received *my* share."

"Your share!" said the marquis, "what do you mean?"

"You must know, my lord, I have a partner; it is the porter at the outer gate of your palace; he would not permit me to enter, unless I would promise to give him half of whatever I got for my fish."

"O ho!" exclaimed the marquis, comprehending at once the humour and just resentments of the poor man, "he shall certainly be paid."

The porter was sent for, striped, tied up, and severely flogged; the fisherman liberally paid, and the marquis, dinner being by this time ready, sat down with his guests to a sumptuous and laughable repast.

II ITINERANT PASTRY COOK.—One of those *darned good-natured friends*, which few men are without, was *soothing* the editor with complaints and expostulations, because he persisted in publishing what most people could elsewhere read; a bystander, not a friend, related a Parisian anecdote.

A dealer in pastry on the Pont Neuf, whose stock and shop were both portable, was observed to sell his puffs smaller and much dearer than other people; to the remonstrances of a surly customer he made the following reply:—

"My tartlets are undoubtedly small, and I confess that I ask a good price, but my wife *fancies* she has a knack at making paste lighter, and of communicating to her patès a poignancy, which our rivals cannot equal."

The complainer continued to grumble and to eat, and was observed regularly to visit the same dealer.

JUSTUM ET TENACEM,
 an ode of Horace beginning with those words, and imitated in the following stanzas by a modern poet :—

The man, who, resolute and just,

Firm to his principles and trust,
 Nor hopes nor fears can bind,
 No passions his designs controul,
 Not love, that tyrant of the soul,
 Can shake his steady mind.

Not parties for revenge engag'd,
 Nor threat'nings of a court enrag'd,

Nor storms where fleets despair;
 Not thunder pointed at his head,—

The shatter'd world may strike him dead,

Nor touch his soul with fear.

From this the Grecian glory rose,

By this the Romans aw'd their foes,

Of this their poets sing;

These were the paths their heroes trod,

These acts made Hercules a god,

And GREAT NASSAU a king.

Firm on the rolling deck he stood,

Unmov'd beheld the raging flood
 With furious blasts combine;

“Virtue,” he cry'd, “*will* make its way,

“Thunder and storm can but delay,

Not alter our design.”

Yes, Britons, yes, with ardent zeal,

I come domestic wounds to heal,
 And bigot chains unbind;

The tools of arbitrary sway

Shall soon like locusts scout away

Before the western wind.

Law shall again its reign resume,
 Religion clear'd from clouds of Rome,

With brighter rays advance;

The British flag shall rule the deep,

And Britain's sons arouz'd from sleep,

Strike terror into France.

But know, these promises are given,

These great rewards all gracious Heaven

Does on these terms decree;

That, strictly punishing misdeeds,

You let mens' consciences and creeds

Rest absolutely free.

Let no false politicks confine,

In narrow bounds, your vast design

To make mankind unite;

Nor think it a sufficient cause,

To punish men by penal laws

For not *believing* right.

Rome, whose blind rage destroys mankind,

Let bloody Rome compassion find,

Who ne'er compassion knew;

By

By nobler actions her's condemn;
For what in others you contemn
Can ne'er be right in you.

This spirited production is censured by a modern critic as frigid and flimsy; yet Walsh, the author of it, was the cotemporary and friend of Pope, who frequently acknowledged the advantages he derived from his advice, which related principally to correctness, a particular in which Dryden and all his predecessors had been grossly deficient.

The composition which forms the subject of our present article, cannot either with truth or justice be called *frigid and flimsy*; the only cause to be assigned for this unjust sentence of condemnation, passed by a man, on other points not deficient in acuteness, is, that he suffered his principles as a tory, to warp his impartiality as a critic.

Walsh was a staunch, honest, and consistent whig, who valued his own opinions, but did not wish to controul the opinion of others; he was not without a portion of the wholesome and at that period the necessary Protestant prejudices against the Catholic faith, and when we recollect what the supporters of popery had done, and still meditated doing, can we blame or be surprized at such antipathies,

or at modern writers endeavouring to keep mens' attention awake on the subject?

It may also be recorded among the singularities of literary patronage, that Walsh with such tendencies and such principles should be the early friend and adviser of one, who afterwards confessed himself a submissive and humble son of the Roman church; and further, that a man, doomed in future times to reach the highest degree of poetical excellence, should have been instructed *and told that he could write* by a minor poet.

The present times have not been without similar peculiarities; David Mallet was the first patron of Gibbon the historian; Dr. Johnson was amused and afterwards neglected by Lord Chesterfield; and the editor of a certain collection was more than once advised to take orders by a worthy prelate not long since deceased; advice from a primate always understood to mean more than is expressed.

JUVENILE ABILITIES.—

Public attention has been occasionally raised by the premature exertions of puerile intellect, which in some instances have outstripped veterans in professional pursuits, though qualified

qualified by long study, and improved by the experience of many years.

The writer of the present article was surprized, a few months since, by the ready and apparently the unpremeditated reply of a child, so young, that he hesitated in asking him to open a gate, being himself unable to dismount without assistance in consequence of a severe lumbago.

The business was however performed with sufficient dexterity, and as the old mare gently paced on, her rider bestowed the common and cheap acknowledgement of, "that's a good child," unaccompanied by any pecuniary compensation.

"If I am a good child" replied the infant wit without hesitation, and probably irritated by unrequited trouble often repeated, "why don't you give me a halfpenny?"

The editor, immediately *pulling in*, gave the petitioner or rather the remonstrant a little more than the sum mentioned: this answer had the additional recommendation of being wholly free from pertness or rudeness in manner and in tone of voice.

In this instance the reply was *rather* more apt, than one said to have been made on a similar

application from a crowned head, and recorded, if I mistake not, in the famous collection of Mr. Joseph Miller, deceased, of facetious memory.

"Be so good as to open the gate for me," said the king, who in a fox chase had ridden faster than his attendants.

"God bless your majesty, I am not worthy of that high honour; but Mr. Holt, a justice of peace, lives little more than a mile and a half off; I will run for him directly, and he will open it for your majesty in a minute."

KELLY, EDWARD, an inhabitant of the city of Worcester in the year 1555, whose nativity being *calculated*, it appeared that he was born to be a wit and a man of extraordinary gifts; those more valuable qualities, prudence and common sense, he did not possess, and frequently affected to despise: whether they would have rendered his life more happy and more honourable to himself, or more useful to others, my readers will soon determine.

Eccentric and impatient of controul he quitted Oxford abruptly, having been sent to that university for the purpose of finishing his education; becoming a rambler, he wandered

into Lancashire, where so many men have been *bewitched*.

At Lowchurch near Walton in that county, if any credit is due to Weever, the credulous compiler of the funeral monuments, *Kelly raised a poor man from the dead*, and by virtue of magic incantations, obliged him to answer such questions as the supernatural operator proposed.

Although in the present times such an assertion will be received with hesitation, the magistrates of that district, in which this and *other foul matters*, had been transacted, appear to have given it credit; exasperated by the strange conduct of this *new-comer*, whom they considered as a disturber of the public peace, they took the offender into custody, and cruelly as well as illegally cut off both his ears.

This severe treatment deterring him from further practising his unlawful arts, he then studied the chymical transmutation of metals, and is said to have made wonderful discoveries, if not to have *perfectly mastered* the philosopher's stone.

Like other proficient in *other* studies, not being properly countenanced in his own country, he travelled into foreign parts, and having received an invitation from a Polish prince, resided

several years at Cracow, "where *he made projection*, and was profuse in presents and modes of life, far beyond the income of a private man, or the bounty of a prince."

In consequence of frequent and strong solicitations, he removed to Vienna, and to prove beyond a doubt the unerring nature of his operations, a round piece was cut *out* of a warming pan, made of the customary metal; this he changed into pure gold, and *with the warming pan* sent to his own lawful sovereign Queen Elizabeth, that by fitting the piece with the place the real truth of his *projection* might appear.

This effort of *vanity*, fraud, or resentment, to shew how useful a man had been neglected, was not lost on the virgin queen; her majesty, now fully aware of the worth of such a subject, sent privately for him; but the emperor Rodolph, the second of that name, who highly esteemed him, and had already conferred on him the honor of knighthood, suspecting the mediated flight, and to prove his unwillingness to lose him, shut him up closely in a strong castle with cruel kindness.

From this fortress Kelly attempted to escape, by means of tying his sheets together and letting

letting himself down from a lofty window; one of the knots on which he depended, slipping, the unlucky projector fell with violence to the ground, and receiving many and great bruises died shortly after.

When we recollect the powers and mysterious qualifications of Kelly, it seems strange that he could not convey himself out of prison in a safer and more dexterous way; he who could raise the dead from their graves, and turn a warming pan to gold, might surely *by art, magic, or chymic*, have converted bolts, bars, locks, and chains, into that precious metal, and thus have been furnished with ample means of purchasing the connivance of his keepers.

Thus, if we may believe his biographer, thus lived and thus died Edward Kelly: one of his associates, a famous conjurer in his day, Dr. Dee, had another project, not to change metals, but fluids into gold; in this plan the doctor and Kelly, before he went *beyond sea*, succeeded to their wish.

They persuaded their deluded followers that they had found a large quantity of a precious elixir, in a vault among the ruins of Glastonbury abbey: of this "*they made a pretty penny.*"

It is sometimes fortunate for

mankind that rogues do not long agree; the point on which Dee and Kelly disputed was curious; Dee asserted, that the spirits with which he conversed were angelic, this position Kelly stoutly denied, insisting, "that the whole of their proceedings were mere illusions of the devil."

The subject of this article was author of a curious and scarce book, "*De Lapide Philosophorum*. Hamburg, 8vo. 1676." Kelly is also noticed in a work published by Meric Causabon, called "*A true and faithful relation of what passed between Dr. Dee and certain Spirits*. London, 1659.

KYTE, SIR WILLIAM, a baronet of large property and respectable family in the county of Warwick.

At the customary age he married an amiable woman of his own years and rank, had several beautiful children, and lived apparently happy.

But in an ill starred or an imprudent moment, he offered himself at a contested election to represent the borough of Warwick.

This party-struggle involved him in expences which considerably injured his fortune, and led to events which ultimately overwhelmed him in irreparable calamity, ruin, and disgrace.

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During

During the election Sir William had received important help from the zeal and activity of Jones, an inn-keeper of Warwick; at the close of the poll, after paying his bill, the baronet thanked him, asking at the same time, if there was any thing in which he could serve him.

The freeman of Warwick replied, that he had a house full of daughters unprovided for, and if lady Kyte, in her own family, or among the ladies of her acquaintance, could get three or four of them *genteel easy places*, as their mother and the mantua-maker had spoiled them for hard work, it would be easing him of a heavy burthen.

Lady Kyte, who had caught the electioneering spirit of her husband, and felt obliged to Jones, agreed to take the eldest daughter, Molly, as her own maid; she was a tall, well-formed girl, with eyes *not sa'e to look at*, and a fine complexion, but appeared innocent and modest.

Sir William, at first, took little notice of his new domestic, and affected to speak against her; but in a few years the servants remarked that Molly Jones was too great a favorite with her master, and the unwelcome intelligence at length reached the unhappy wife, whose passions getting the better of her discretion,

she attacked her unfaithful husband in the bitterest language of virulent reproach and abuse.

HAD LADY KYTE MODERATED HER RESENTMENTS, TILL THE FONDNESS FOR THE FAVORITE ABATED, WHICH FOR HER OWN SAKE, AND THAT OF HER CHILDREN, SHE OUGHT TO HAVE DONE, THE WANDERER MIGHT HAVE BEEN RECLAIMED, AND A LARGE PORTION OF EVIL AND REGRET MIGHT HAVE BEEN PREVENTED.

Unfortunately for all parties, the injured wife observed no bounds of decency or moderation in her resentments, grossly reviling Sir William daily and hourly, in bed and at board, before his servants, and in the presence of all companies.

Though criminal and inexcusable, perceiving that domestic happiness was destroyed, he resolved to separate, and seek a quiet home.

Having a large farm-house on the side of the Cotswold hills, he retired to it with Molly and his two eldest sons; the situation was fine, nature having been lavish of wood, water, and hanging hills, with a picturesque prospect of the delightful vale of Evesham: but what are these, or indeed any gifts of fortune without domestic peace?

To shew his fondness for the favorite,

favorite, he took down the old house and built a handsome mansion, with extensive pleasure-grounds and garden; before it was completed, two expensive side fronts were added, because Molly, who was a wit as well as a beauty, happened to say—*“What is a Kite without wings?”*

This building, which cost more than ten thousand pounds, added to the baronet's pecuniary embarrassments and his domestic indiscretion, threw him occasionally into melancholy and dejection, for which he had recourse to the bottle, deep play, and a continual round of *male* visitors.

But the time approached when Molly, in *her* turn, was to be supplanted.

There had been taken into the house, to assist in the dairy, a fresh coloured country girl, whose cheeks, bosom, and hands were described by one of Sir William's drinking companions, as hard as the milking-stool on which she sat.

With no other attractions, Sir William, at the age of fifty-two, became enamoured of a girl of nineteen; Molly soon observed the growing passion, and either from resentment, contempt, or a dread of ill usage, immediately quitted the house.

Sir William thus seemed left

in the undisturbed possession of his humble flame, but soon found the degrading and delusive nature of indulging vicious passions; he felt also the absence of Molly, who, excepting her disgrace in yielding to the licentious solicitations of her master, had many good qualities and useful domestic qualifications.

When his appetite for coarse vulgarity was satiated, he could not help making a comparison between the wife, and even the mistress he had deserted, and the present companion he had chosen; these reflections cooled his ardor, neglect and disagreement followed, and the ruddy milk-maid who thought herself meat for her master and on a perfect equality, disgusted at his treatment or terrified by the fury of his looks and his frantic conduct, decamped in the night.

Thus left as it were alone in the magnificent but fatal mansion he had reared, his fits of melancholy returned with augmented depressions; despair, death, and hell haunted his imagination; short intervals of relief were procured by intoxication; his creditors were urgent, and at length, in a moment of hopeless perplexity, considering himself as hateful to and deserted by God and man, and with the horrors of eternal punishment blazing in

in his imagination and crowding his heart, he set fire to the house, and was himself, with all it contained burnt to ashes.

Such were the deplorable effects of licentiousness and vice.—*Improbe cupido, quid non mortalia pectora cogis! fuisti ante Helenam belli teterrima causa.*

Many years after this shocking catastrophe, Molly Jones was recognized by one, who had known her in her days of criminal elevation on the Coteswold hills; she was recognized as the mistress of a little school for children at Cambden, a market town in an adjoining county.

Having by her correct conduct and mild manners in some measure atoned for her former crimes, she was encouraged, pitied, and respected by all the neighbours; her last days were spent in pious and useful occupation; relying on the intercession of a redeeming Saviour, and proving the sincere efficacy of her repentance by a meliorated life, she died in the calm comfort of hope.

LABIENUS, TITUS, a native of Cingulum, or as it is now called, Cingulo, in the march of Ancona, who served as one of the lieutenants under Julius Cæsar in his conquest of Gaul.

In this post he deserved and

secured the confidence of that consummate general, having contributed essentially to his splendid victories; but the moment he perceived, that Cæsar aimed at supreme power and disobeyed the orders of the senate, he avowed his submission to the constituted authorities of the republic, and retired at the moment the dictator's army traversed the Rubicon, which he considered as the signal of revolt.

The Roman commander felt considerable regret at the loss of so useful and honest a man, and to shew the sense he entertained of his worth, sent his equipage, baggage, and arrears of pay, to Labienus, accompanied with a letter, in which he acknowledged his merits, and lamented the fatal necessity which separated them.

The republican was received with open arms by Pompey and his friends, and was warmly praised by Cicero; yet in prosecuting Rabirius, whom the Roman orator defended in an animated oration, part of which is still extant, he became an object of the lawyer's invective.

Rabirius, many years before, in one of those struggles between the Patricians and Plebeians, which perpetually agitated republican Rome, had assisted the
senate

senate and consuls, and killed Saturninus, a tribune of the people, who with a collection of seditious malcontents had taken possession of the capital.

Rabirius was tried before two commissioners from the senate and found guilty of the crime, but appealed to a general assembly of the people.

It was on this occasion that the oration of Cicero for Rabirius, of which a part only remains, was spoken; but in spite of all his efforts, Labienus was on the point of again succeeding against Rabirius, when Quintus Metellus Celer, who presided at the meeting, assuming a real or pretended power, and probably seeing there was no other method of saving Rabirius, ordered the standard of the republic, which was always displayed on such occasions, to be immediately lowered, and stopped further proceedings by declaring the assembly dissolved.

Labienus and the enemies of the accused man, aware of the danger of agitating party questions, and probably convinced that the person slain was a rebellious insurgent, relaxed their zeal, the question was permitted to rest, and Rabirius ultimately escaped.

There was nothing peculiarly prominent or highly interesting in the conduct of Labienus and

in my opinion, tried on the unerring touchstone of expediency, he did wrong to throw himself at once into the arms of the enemies of his old commander and associate; but HE APPEARS TO HAVE MEANT WELL, a most important feature in any character, and fully sufficient to hide or excuse a multitude of faults.

Selfishness appears to have been no part of his character; he was evidently actuated by public spirit, and glowed with patriotic zeal as the citizen of a democratic republic, which he considered as the acme of political perfection, the established constitution of his country.

Stimulated by this honest impulse, and feeling powerfully such convictions, he tore himself from a commander to whom he was attached by the double ties of interest and gratitude, under whose auspices he had attained wealth and renown and planted the Roman eagle on the banks of the Rhine.

In the high tide of fortune, fame, and preferment, he joined a sinking party, became an exile from that country whose battles he had been fighting, and joining Pompey in Spain was slain in an engagement on a spot now occupied by the city of Ossuna in the province of Andalusia.

LANDSCAPE GARDENER, a term given to or assumed by a class of surveyors, who undertake to *lay out* that portion of ground,—which more immediately surrounds a modern mansion house.

This subject has produced a paper war between certain connoisseurs in picturesque scenery and professional improvers.

The amateurs complain, that in *making a place*, rough ground and surfaces, irregularly but often exquisitely broken by accidental circumstances or peculiarity of situation, are sacrificed “by walk makers, shrub planters, turf cleaners, and rural perfumers; to trim spruceness, *shaved* lawns, serpentine paths, and the unvaried tameness of unceasing undulation.”

These advocates for the picturesque further alledge, that in arguing, and frequently *in working*, the persons they describe apply the theory of sight to the touch, and *mistake perception for sensation*; for that in forests and other spots, where nature is unspoiled by art, many objects may be and are externally unequal, coarse, and shaggy *to the finger*, which, when connected and blended with appropriate scenery, and mellowed by the mossy hand of time, communicate to a spectator's eye soft and delightful sensations.

The difference between sensation and perception, insisted on by one of the parties in this dispute, has been doubted by a learned critic, and technically investigated by a practical anatomist.

The last of these gentlemen thinks them both the same, because the pupil of the eye is evidently contracted or relaxed by muscular fibres, which like other muscles producing involuntary motion, are thrown into action, by the irritation of light and shade acting on the *retina*, so that in fact, intelligence conveyed to the mind *by the eye*, is as much *sensation* as the effect of a thorn applied to the finger.

But whatever the mistakes, or on whatever side the merits of the question preponderate, the public has been a considerable gainer by this animated and well conducted controversy; for in justice to the disputants it ought to be observed, that in the enthusiasm of a favorite pursuit, they have not forgot they were gentlemen.

I take this opportunity, having no other, of thanking Mr. Repton, Mr. Uvedale Price, and Mr. Knight, for the pleasure and instruction I have received.

To the last of these writers we are indebted for “The Landscape,” a poem, at once
pleasing

pleasing and scientific, creditable to the taste of its author, and enriched with notes which may be perused with advantage by the painter, the improver, the critic, the philosopher, and politician.

I can plead no other apology for *stealing* from it, than a wish to communicate to my readers, the same pleasure I received in perusing it myself.

“—— Let the approach and entrance to your place,
Display no glitter, and affect no grace;
But still in careless easy curves proceed
Through the rough thicket or the flow’ry mead;
’Till bursting from some deep embow’ring shade,
Some narrow valley or some opening glade,
Well mixed and blended in proportion due,
The stately mansion rises into view.

But see alas, a vain fantastic band,
With charts, pedometers, and rules in hand,
Advance triumphant, and alike lay waste,
The forms of nature and the works of taste;

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To improve, adorn, and polish, they *profess*,

But *shave* the goddess whom they come to dress.

They level all; ——

The pollard oak with ivy overgrown,

The root fantastic, and the mossy stone;

The ascent abrupt, the dell, the shaggy mound,

All, all they smooth to one unvaried round:

Trimm’d to the brink, our brooks are taught to flow,

While *clumps and cradles dot* the vale below;

Each secret haunt and deep recess display’d,

And intricacy banish’d from each shade.

—— ——— ——— ———
Hence, hence ye haggard fiends, however call’d,

Ye meagre genii of the bare and bald;

—— ——— ——— ———
—— ye rural nymphs oppose,
Nature’s and art’s confederated foes;

The axe and hook that would such scenes deform,

Dash from their hands; ——

—— ———
Teach silly man his labor to employ,

To form and decorate, but not destroy

R

To

To break, not level the slow
 rising ground,
 And guard, not cut the fern
 that shades the ground.

Paternal shades ! to me for ever
 dear,
 May no *improvers* ever visit
 here:

Protected long from sacrilegious
 waste,
 From false refinement, and pre-
 tended taste:
 From trim, spruce despots, keep
my villa free;

NATURE for *me* the treillage
 shall spread,
 And the wild woodbine dangle
 o'er my head;
 Entangled thickets and imper-
 vious woods,
 Shall hang reflected o'er *my*
 murm'ring floods.
 Still *uncorrupted*, still near *my*
 demesne,

May antient forests hold their
 savage reign;
 The brook high bank'd, the
 rock, the spreading tree,
 Proclaim the seat of sylvan
 liberty:

From these how different the
 poor formal lump
 By moderns planted, which they
 call a clump;
 Or the dull shrubbery's insipid
 scene,

A tawdry fringe encircling va-
 pid green;

Prim gravel walks, through
 which we winding go,
 In endless serpentine that no-
 thing shew;

'Till tir'd, I ask, why *this eternal*
round?

And the pert gard'ner says, 'tis
pleasure ground;
 This pleasure ground! —

O waft me hence to some neg-
 lected vale,
 Where I unbroil'd may court
 the western gale;
 And 'midst the shades which
 native thickets shed,
 Hide from the noon-tide beam
 my aching head;
 For tho' in British woods no
 myrtles blow,
 Nor rip'ning citrons in our
 forests glow;
 Nor clust'ring vines extend their
 long festoon,

Nor spicy odors from our
 mountains breathe
 Their rich perfume o'er fertile
 plains beneath:
 Woodbine and eglantine our
 copses grace,

Hollies and thorns o'erhang and
 deck our steeps,
 And o'er our banks the clust'-
 ring ivy creeps.

Mr. Knight proceeds with
 considerable spirit, but not with-
 out occasionally overcharging
 his

his picture, a licence enjoy'd for time immemorial, by poets, orators, and painters, he proceeds to censure the common method of surrounding parks and country seats with what is called A BELT, a practice, it is true, not always absolutely necessary, but frequently rendered so by circumstance and situation; his opinion is also against planting the sides and summits of lofty hills with trees; on this point many have thought differently.

— should, rough with broken crags,
Some distant mountain over all arise,
And mix its azure colours with the skies;
Never attempt, presumptuous, to o'erspread
With starv'd plantations, its bleak, barren head.

The following lines must have been written by a man of taste as well as science:—

Harsh and cold, the builder's work appears,
'Till soften'd down by long revolving years;
'Till time and weather have conjointly spread,
Their mould'ring hues and mosses o'er his head.

Bless'd is the man in whose sequestered glade
Some ancient abbey's walls diffuse their shade;

With mould'ring windows pierced, and turrets crown'd,
And pinnacles with clinging ivy bound.

Bless'd too is he, who 'midst his tufted trees,
Some ruin'd castle's lofty towers sees,

Imbosom'd high upon the mountain's brow:

Nor yet unenvied, to whose humbler lot

Falls the retired and antiquated cot;

Its roof with weeds and mosses cover'd o'er,

And honey-suckles climbing round the door.

Still happier he, if conscious of his prize,

Who sees some temple's broken columns rise;

Where ev'ry beauty of correct design,

And varied elegance of art combine

With nature's softest tints, matur'd by time,

And the warm influence of a genial clime.

As collaterally connected with his subject, Mr. Knight generously and in some respects justly attempts to rescue the Huns, the Goths, and the Vandals, from a charge, for ages brought against them, that of being the only destroyers and defacers of the productions of human art; yet in those in-

stances where the materials were formed of the precious metals, the accusation seems to have been correct; but Mr. Knight must not be interrupted.

Much injured Vandals and long
slander'd Huns!

How are you wronged by your
too thankless sons;

Of others actions you sustain the
blame,

For fame and plunder your
bold myriads fought,

Nor deign'd on art to cast one
transient thought;

They, with cold contempt —

The works of Glycon and Apel-
les view'd

Merely as blocks of stone, or
planks of wood.

But gloomy bigotry, with pry-
ing eye

Saw lurking fiends in every
figure lie;

Books blaz'd in piles, and sta-
tues shiv'ring fell,

Such was the language of a warm advocate for picturesque scenery; but landscape gardening was not without an able defender, Mr. Repton, who appears to unite practical precision with technical ingenuity.

Without rhyme, but with a considerable portion of reason, he enters a strong protest

“ against converting this beautiful kingdom into a huge forest, calls the theory of his opponents, a system of improving by neglect and accident, and insists that propriety and convenience are not less objects of taste than picturesque effect; he in some measure agrees with his opponents *on belts and clumps*, but adds, that the first are often highly useful in concealing dead fences and other disagreeable objects, and the latter absolutely necessary as nurseries for single trees, which *planted single* seldom flourish.

In the present, as in many other instances, art and science have received considerable assistance, and many new lights from the collision of controversy; in places *made* by Mr. Repton, he has evidently recollected some of the hints of his antagonists; neither have Mr. Price and Mr. Knight been backward in acknowledging the eminent professional qualifications of Mr. Repton, even on points to which they once thought him not sufficiently attentive.

In a word, were the editor of this collection to chuse a place for his residence, he would without a moments hesitation, fix on a spot which had shared the superintendence of Mr. Repton, as evidently uniting convenience, comfort,

comfort, and well disposed decoration.

For a ride, a drive, or a walk; for solitary wandering or social excursion, he would undoubtedly prefer wilder and more picturesque scenes, such as Mr. Price imagines, and I am told actually possesses, and such as Mr. Knight has described.

LIBERTY OF PROPHECYING, a dissertation so entitled, in the folio edition of Bishop Taylor's Polemical Discourses.

A passage from this work has been produced by a modern writer, as the evident but *unacknowledged* source of Dr. Franklin's pleasing scriptural tale of Abraham and the Angel; produced by the shrewd American as an argument in favor of toleration.

"I conclude" says the learned prelate, "with a story which occurs in one of the Rabbi's books.

"When Abraham sat at the door of his tent, he spied a stranger passing on his way, leaning on his staff, worn down with old age, and weary with travelling; he received him kindly, washed his feet, and provided a supper for him.

"But observing that the old man proceeded to eat without

thanksgiving or praying for a blessing of the Almighty, on that which was laid before him, he demanded of him why he did not worship the God of Heaven?

"I adore fire only, and acknowledge no other God," replied the stranger. At these words Abraham's anger was kindled, he rose from his seat and thrust the old man out of his tent; thus exposing him to danger, hunger, and cold.

Then God called unto Abraham, saying, "Where is the stranger who entered thy tent?" "I thrust him away because he did not worship thee," answered the Patriarch. "I HAVE SUFFERED HIM THESE HUNDRED YEARS, ALTHOUGH HE DISHONORED ME, AND COULD'ST NOT THOU ENDURE HIM ONE NIGHT."

LIEBERKUHN, a modern anatomist, the performer and relater of certain ingenious but cruel experiments on animals.

I have heard him violently censured and accused of being inhuman, without having the excuse of an adequate object in view; yet from many of his obnoxious operations important facts have been established.

It is by no means certain that he was void of feeling, the ardent

dent curiosity of his researches probably absorbed every other sensation; if however he *was* deficient in tenderness and humanity, it may in a great measure have originated from the iron texture of his nerves, which were not susceptible of light and delicate impressions.

This mode of accounting for an obdurate disposition, is collaterally corroborated by the uncommon strength of his eyesight, which could clearly distinguish, and without glasses, distant objects, for viewing which, most men are under the necessity of using telescopes and magnifiers.

The optic nerves and visual organs of Lieberkuhn are said to have been so strong and clear, that he was able to see the satellites of the planet Jupiter, with his naked eye unassisted.

Astronomers and opticians are best able to decide if what I relate is possible.

LILBOURNE, JOHN, born at Thickley-Panchardon, in the county of Durham, and originally apprenticed to a London packer; but disliking this occupation, and being of quick parts, he was placed under William Prynne, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, and the author of *Histrion-Mastix*, a libel, for

which he was pillored and lost both his ears; although the passage in which the writer was supposed to have censured the queen's acting, was written several months before Henrietta appeared on her private theatre.

Lilbourne having imbibed the principles, and imitated the audacity of his master, was committed to the Fleet prison, and whipped at the cart's tail from that place of confinement to Westminster hall, loudly railing as he passed along, at various, real, or pretended grievances in church and state.

After the king's death, and when the government put on a republican form, 'till it verged under Cromwell to an absolute monarchy, Lilbourne did not abate in activity or virulence.

He was a copious writer, and with all his faults appears to have been an honest republican, but like other persons of that description, forgot that however excellent in many respects that form of Government may be, *man as he is* does not furnish materials sufficiently pure to ensure its continuance, or conduct it with integrity.

He found when the constitution was overthrown, that law and liberty perished with it, that the lords and commons as *then* constituted, were little better

ter than instruments of tyranny in the hands of THE PROTECTOR, a canting impostor, who turned the fanatic zeal of the sectaries, and the well meant opposition of the patriots, into a political engine for destroying their sovereign and succeeding to his throne.

The unaccommodating honesty of Lilbourne, excited envy and indignation in the knaves and hypocrites by whom he was surrounded; he suffered various and long imprisonments, and at the restoration of King Charles the second, being dissatisfied that some provision was not made for clearly and accurately defining the boundaries of privilege and prerogative, he incurred further penalties.

As old age came on, finding or feeling the vanity of expecting perfection in any system formed or administered by man, the ardor of his temperament was somewhat cooled, and falling into acquaintance with certain quakers, he frequented their meetings, *but on one occasion gave offence, by cautioning them against mistaking the flights of fancy, and the swellings of passion and pride for divine inspiration.*

This unlucky effort of reason and common sense, created a short embarrassment, but it was pardoned on consideration of the

sufferings and former exertions of the convert.

He passed the remainder of his days and died in this religious persuasion; but his funeral was similar to the contentious manner in which he had passed the former part of his life; for the corpse being conveyed to a Quakers' meeting house in Aldersgate-street, a long and serious controversy took place.

The subject of dispute was, whether the coffin should be covered or not; *on this important point, "harangues, preachments, and holdings forth as the spirit directed," continued for four hours,* when it was decided by a strange medley there assembled, that a hearse-cloth should not be thrown over the coffin.

LOVER, a despairing one, thus described in a song, by Mr. Horace Walpole.

It is presented to my readers, not from there being any thing remarkably excellent or original either in texture or thought, but because it is evidently the source from which a bon vivant of the present day, drew materials for one of the best songs.

As a clear silent stream crept
pensive along,
And the winds murmur'd so-
lemn the willows among,

On

On the green turf complaining
 a swain lay reclin'd,
 And wept to the river, and sigh'd
 to the wind.

In vain, cried he, nature has
 waken'd the spring,
 In vain bloom the vi'lets, and
 nightingales sing;
 To a heart full of sorrow no
 beauties appear,
 Each zephyr's a sigh, and each
 dew-drop a tear.

In vain my Zelinda has beau-
 ties to move
 The fairest to envy, the wisest
 to love;
 Her presence no longer gives
 joy to my eye,
 And without her to live, is more
 pain than to die.

Oh that slumber its pinions
 would over me spread,
 And paint but her image in
 dreams, in her stead:
 The beautiful vision would sof-
 ten my pain,
 But sleep's a relief I solicit in
 vain.

The wretch who like me is
 sinking with care,
 Led astray by false lures, and
 distracted by fear;
 His pangs, even waking, deny
 him repose,
 And the moments but vary, to
 vary his woes.

Persons in the habit of read-

ing or hearing recited this spe-
 cies of composition, may also be
 of opinion that the same writer
has borrowed a thought or two
 from the following old song,
 originally addressed to a woman
 of distinction:—

Oh, how could I venture to
 love one like thee,
 And thou not despise a poor
 conquest like me:

On lordly admirers you look'd
 with disdain,

And tho' I was humble you
 pitied my pain;

Others flatter and vow and *my*
 silence despise,

But while *they* are talking you
 read love in my eyes.

By your converse how much do
 I hourly improve,

You enliven by wit, and en-
 rapture by love;

And when the sweet transports
 of joy find an end,

What I lose as a lover, I gain
 as a friend.

When I view you, and hear, I'm
 inclin'd to adore;

The angel transform'd seems
 a woman no more.

But when tasting those lips, on
 that bosom reclin'd,

Then more than an angel, A
 WOMAN I find:

With such a companion, I'll
 never despair,

Your eyes and your smiles shall
 banish all care;

Good

Good sense shall preserve when
passion's decay'd,
The conquest your beauty and
kindness have made.

MAN IN THE MOON, a book so called, published in 1638, and written by Dr. Godwin, bishop of Llandaff, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and collated to the see of Hereford, by her successor King James the first.

This curious and scarce production was composed when the author was a young student at Christchurch College, Oxford, under the assumed name of *Domingo Gonzales*; opposite the title page is a plate representing a man drawn up from the summit of a mountain with an engine, set in motion by birds; it excited wonder and censure, and is supposed to have supplied hints to Dr. Wilkins, bishop of Chester, in compiling his work, called, "A Discovery of a New World in the Moon."

Dr. Godwin is familiar to most clerical readers as author of the "Præsules Anglicani," a useful referential work; and his "Nuncius Tiranima," is said to have contained the seeds of that modern discovery, a telegraph.

The title prefixed to the present article, was also chosen by

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a literary adventurer in modern times, for a work which he made the vehicle of personal abuse, levelled against an eminent political character, a favorite, with all his numerous errors, a favorite with the editor of this collection; but the blunderbuss, loaded with misrepresentation, recoiled on the arm which discharged it; *imbelle telum sine ictu*, a harmless arrow from an unskilful hand.

MARCHMONT, NEEDHAM, a native of Oxfordshire, the son of a provincial toast, whose charms, or whose ale, inflamed the imaginations and irritated the passions of the frequenters of her father's house, the George Inn, at Burford, in that county.

The candidates for the lady's favor were numerous, but the happy man, I mean in a legitimate, honorable way, was father of the subject of this article, formerly of St. John's college, descended from a good family in Derbyshire, but at the time he married Miss Collier, page, as was the custom of those days, to Lady Elizabeth Walter, sister to Lord Lucas, and wife of Sir William Walter, of Sarsden, in the neighbourhood of Burford.

The possession of beauty, and the pleasure, no small one, of

s

having won that which had been long and eagerly sought by others, were not long enjoyed by Mr. Needham.

Little more than a year, a short, a quick-spent year of rapture and delight, had passed away, when death, invited as was supposed by intoxicating bliss,

“Quick entered death his transports to destroy,
And shut up all the avenues to joy.”

Marchmont's mother did not long remain a widow; the vicar of the parish, a former suitor, who still ardently loved her, and like the editor of the present collection, feeling that a young woman suckling her infant, is an object in the highest degree interesting and attractive, again offered her his hand, which Mrs. Needham accepted.

A more fortunate circumstance for the child could not have taken place: the clergyman, Mr. Glynn, well read in the classics, and what is of much more consequence, a humane and honest man, finding as the boy grew up that he possessed good parts, and what does not always accompany them, diligent application, attended particularly to his education, and improved his mind by every means in his power.

With these and other helps,

the young man was sent at an early age to the college of All Souls, where he took his degree with credit as bachelor of arts, and repairing to London, became an assistant in a school, at that time and still well conducted, under the patronage of the Merchant Tailors' company, of London.

But to use the words of his biographer, it being quickly discovered that he possessed the pen of a ready writer, he soon quit-*ted the didactic line*, took chambers in Gray's Inn, and commenced editor of a *diurnal*, called “*Mercurius Britannicus*,” he sided with the rout and scum of the people, during the civil war between King Charles the first and his parliament, and joined with others in sacrificing royalty and nobility “**TO THE BEAST WITH MANY HEADS.**”

Being generally known under the denomination of Captain Needham, he became so popular, “that whatever he said or wrote passed for gospel, and having studied medicine *in the chemical way*, he added the practice of a physician to his profession as a political writer; thus maintaining himself in a *genteel* fashion.”

But possessing more than a common share of the proverbial irritability of an author, fancy-
ing

ing himself inadequately rewarded, or resenting ill usage, Marchmont deserted *the good old cause*, and being considered by THE CAVALIERS as one who might render them essential services, he obtained the king's pardon and was favorably received by the royalists.

Soon after this change of politics, he conducted, and if possible, with more than his former virulence, *another diurnal*, to which he gave the name of *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, at once witty, satirical, and loyal; but his strictures being personally and grossly scurrilous against THE PRESBYTERIANS, who then *ruled the roast*, he found it necessary to hide himself, and quitting London in the night, took refuge at the house of his friend Dr. Heylin, in Oxfordshire.

This retreat being discovered by his own want of caution, or the treachery of others, he was seized, sent in custody to London, and confined in Newgate.

On this occasion he had created so many enemies by the flippancy of his pen and the rudeness of his invective, that great pains were taken by the ROUND-HEADS to bring him to capital punishment; but Lenthall, speaker of the House of Commons, and the president

Bradshaw, protected him from the fury of his political assailants; they were both well acquainted with his family, conscious of his literary abilities, and not without hopes of recovering *the lost sheep*; they endeavoured by the united force of gratitude and interest, to prevail on him to join THE INDEPENDENTS, who now *carried all before them*.

Having succeeded in their design, Needham *again* saw his error; fearless of shame, or emboldened by conviction, he commenced another weekly paper, called *Mercurius Politicus*; in which he unblushingly avowed himself "a Goliath fighting for the Philistines, a champion stalking forth for the usurper, and boasting that his pen was a weaver's beam."

At the restoration of King Charles the second, knowing himself to be a marked man, he fled into Holland, where he remained till a pardon under the great seal was procured for him, a proceeding attended with many obstacles, as he had reviled both the king and his father with mastiff zeal; by the aid of love and money, the great *smoothers* of all difficulties, his peace at length was made in consequence of a well-timed application to one of his majesty's female favorites.

Needham returned to England, and had occasion more than once to produce the official evidence of his clearance, being repeatedly dragged before a magistrate by the triumphant *cavaliers*, who could scarcely believe that any favor would be shewn to so violent and barefaced a renegado.

Soon after his absconding he was attacked, as such writers deserve, in his own way; a virulent pamphlet issued from the press, entitled, "A Rope for *Mercurius Politicus*, or a Hue and Cry after Marchmont Needham, a late scurrilous News-writer." (London, 1660.)

By this anonymous author he was called the father of lies, and severely reprobated for calumniating his sovereign, abusing the nobility, blaspheming the church, and poisoning the public mind.

Yet with so many enemies exasperated by his petulant malignity, he returned to London, where he practiced as a physician, was an assiduous employer of the press, and at length died in his bed, in 1678, whilst many individuals, some of whom are above recorded in this collection, less active, less furious, and less mischievous, were publicly executed, banished, or assassinated, and the whole of their property confiscated.

MEANS OF SUBSISTENCE, in case of famine, scarcity, or being placed in circumstances where the usual instruments of life are out of our reach; for a few hints on this subject, which God Almighty grant we may never be driven to, but which it cannot hurt us to know, see the article **SIEGE**.

MARRIED WOMEN; a song addressed to them and written many years since by a good wife, who was placed in the unfortunate predicament alluded to in the verses, and though possessing apparently strong attractions, corporal as well as mental, found herself under the disagreeable necessity of practising herself those maxims of forbearance, she had so emphatically recommended to others.

To make the man kind and keep
true to your bed,
Whom choice or whom destiny
leads you to wed;
Take a hint from a friend, whom
experience has taught,
Which 'tis said we don't value,
unless we have bought.
The arts which you practis'd at
first to ensnare,
(For in love, little arts, as in battle
are fair)
Whether beauty or prudence or
wit were the bait,

Let

Let the hook still be covered,
and still play the cheat ;

Should he fancy another, up-
braid not his flame,

*To reproach him is never the
way to reclaim :*

'Tis more to recover than con-
quer a heart,

For this is all nature, but that
is all art ;

Good sense is to them, what a
face is to you,

Flatter that and like us, they
will think it their due ;

Doubt the strength of your
judgment compar'd with his
own,

And he'll give you perfections,
at present unknown :

Tho' you feel that your rival his
bounty partakes,

That your once ardent lover his
duty forsakes ;

Be still *debonnaire*, kind, enga-
ging, and free,

Be deaf tho' you hear, and be
blind tho' you see.

This it must be confessed is a
hard lesson, but every other
mode of proceeding has been
found to augment the disease
it endeavoured to remedy.

A wife so situated is in a
cruel dilemma, and much to be
pitied, for her *only* alternative is
to connive at criminality or lose
her husband for ever ; reproach,
irritation, and domestic discord,
being unfailing producers of in-

difference, coldness, and hatred.

A striking example of this
truism may be seen under the ar-
ticle Kyte, in this volume : on
this occasion the criminal hus-
band was heard repeatedly to
declare, that as a bed-fellow and
a fire-side companion, his wife
was far preferable to the pol-
luted objects of his choice, but
that he never could forgive his
wife for the rudeness and fury of
her attack.

MELVILLE, VISCOUNT,
his resignation, its causes,
and consequences.

This subject, which at the
moment I write considerably
interests the public mind, merits
consideration : a minister, who
for the greater part of a long and
active life, and under almost
every administration, has filled
the most important offices of the
state, is in fact, though not in
form, suddenly dismissed from a
trust of the highest confidence
and responsibility, and under
circumstances of general irrita-
tion, odium, and disgrace.

The charge alledged against
the peer, and supposed by his
adversaries to have been clearly
proved, is, that when treasurer
of the navy during a former ad-
ministration, he had, by him-
self or subordinate agents, with-
drawn enormous sums of the
public

public money, from their safe and only legal place of deposit, the bank of England, not indeed with fraudulent views, but for the equally illegal purpose of placing it in the hands of a private banker, and deriving from it large profits by discounting bills, and other kinds of pecuniary traffic, with which monied men are well acquainted.

This misdemeanour it would be neither decent nor right for a private individual to hesitate on, or to deny, after it had been decided on by a solemn censure of the legislative, and punished by the executive power; neither is it designed in this article, to enter into the merits of or defend the general conduct of Lord Melville in this particular act of degradation; my purpose is to lament, that in a moment like the present, when we stand in need of all our energies, mental as well as corporal, against our restless and assiduous enemies the French, that the public is to lose the beneficial exertions of an individual, qualified by nature and long experience to render his country great and essential services.

Could the voice of so insignificant a man as the editor of these pages have been heard amidst the rage of contending parties, and the mastiff zeal of

personal malignity, he would instantly have proposed a heavy fine (fifty thousand pounds) to have been laid on his lordship; but the cabinet and the admiralty should not have been deprived of a public functionary, possessing, I acknowledge with many faults, great abilities, mellowed by age, and improved by long experience.

In that case the noble offender would have been dealt with as we generally proceed in our intercourse with professional men; he whom we consider as able to afford us the readiest service, and not the most immaculate moral character, is the man we prefer.

By such a mode of proceeding on these and similar occasions, the nation would not so frequently be deprived of valuable servants, who are often faulty in proportion to the powers they possess; another advantage would also arise, by exacting such heavy penalties, large sums would *often* be paid into the public treasury, and assist in providing for the enormous expenses of a war, which we could not with honor have avoided, but which will take fifteen shillings out of twenty of all we possess, before it is concluded.

The violent outcry raised on this and other occasions, reminds me

me of a reply made to Oliver Goldsmith, by the elder Colman, during the rehearsal of a comedy of the former, which contrary to the expectations of all concerned succeeded wonderfully; the piece of which I speak was "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

While it was rehearsing, the eccentric author remarked a passage which he thought might give offence, and wished to expunge. "My dear sir," replied the manager, "do not let us start at squibs, when we have been sitting these three hours on a barrel of gun-powder."

MINISTERIAL LUMBER.—"Among other bad company with which the court abounds," says a modern writer, "may be reckoned a sort of men, too low to be much regarded, and too high to be quite neglected; the lumber of every administration, the furniture of every court."

"These gilt, carved figures, who are seldom answerable for more than men on a chess board, these insignificants are generally excepted in all charges of ministry, whenever a cleansing of the augen stable is thought necessary."

"Yet I would not be wholly without them, they are what a prince should not be deprived of. These gentry decorate palaces, and decide on the etiquette of drawing rooms and levees, they are necessary for purposes of dignity, they are requisite for carrying on state machinery, and occupy a space which might otherwise be worse filled."

MINORCA, an island in the Mediterranean sea, alternately possessed by England and by Spain; for a long time gallantly defended against forces enormously superior to his own, by General Blakeney, in the eighteenth century.

On the subject of the celebrated siege of Fort St. Phillip, this intrepid veteran used to relate that an incident occurred previous to it, which perplexed him to the full as much as the enemy's attacks.

This was, the elopement of three nuns from the monastery of St. Claire with two English officers.

These gentlemen having been induced by curiosity to converse at the iron grate, saw two of the fair recluses with whom they fell desperately in love, and declared their passion, solemnly promising at the same time to marry

marry them, if they could contrive to escape from the place of their confinement.

The military men soon found that their offers were by no means disagreeable, and many schemes were formed by the prisoners to elude the vigilance of their keepers.

At length by one of those lucky accidents, to which lovers as well as warriors are sometimes indebted for success, they procured the key of a door which led from the house into an adjoining garden.

Taking advantage of darkness and the extreme old age of the nun whose business it was to lock them up, at the hour of midnight they crept softly down stairs into the garden, where they found the two gentlemen ready to receive them.

The lovers were surprized and somewhat abashed when a *third* lady made her appearance, but their apprehensions were soon quieted on being informed, that the stranger who excited their fears, was an intimate friend and confidante, who hating her present state of captivity, and dreading a deprivation of their society, had insisted on accompanying them.

There yet remained a considerable difficulty to surmount; this was a wall twenty feet high,

which surrounded the garden of the convent on every side.

To men with rope ladders, who were resolved to run all risks to gain possession of youth and beauty, this seemed nothing; but to girls, neither of whom had reached the age of nineteen, the attempt was formidable, besides the risk of being heard or seen by persons passing in the street where they were to descend.

By a concurrence of caution and good luck the nuns climbed safely over the wall, and were lodged by the fortunate lovers in safe and creditable quarters.

The next day at early matins, when the fugitives were missed, the town as well as convent became a scene of uproar and confusion; the English were strongly suspected of assisting in this escape, the inhabitants for the most part rigid Catholics, being *sure* that none but HERETICKS could be capable of so wicked and abominable an action.

The officers in the mean time applied to their chaplain to marry them, according to the rites and ceremonies of the church of England.

This gentleman informed them, that if the ladies still continued Catholics, he would not, nor indeed could he lawfully join

join them in wedlock, for although he considered the vow of chastity which they had taken as in itself illegal, yet it was binding while they continued of the Popish persuasion.

This obstruction to the gratification of the wishes of all parties being communicated to the nuns, they replied, "that the vow they had taken, independent of any religious opinions, was unlawful, as it had been extorted from them by force; that they communicated their sentiments on this subject to their confessor soon after being sent to the convent, and he informed them, if they left the convent, they would certainly be put to death by their families."

The young women further informed the officers, "that when their confessor acquainted the abbess with what had been told him of their strong aversion to a recluse life, she ordered them to be confined in a dungeon, and to be fed only on bread and water; they were also severely whipped every day, which at length compelled them to submit; "That this cruel usage and the unnatural restraint in which they lived, the Almighty having evidently created us all to be happy as long as we *can* be so with innocence, had gradually, and long before their acquaintance

with the English gentlemen, infused into their minds doubts of the truth of that religious system which imposed and countenanced such hardships, or could suppose a Being, like God, could approve of them; in short, that they were ready to embrace the Protestant faith, if the worthy chaplain would have the goodness to undertake the task of instructing them."

During the whole of these transactions, which were communicated to General Blakeney, he gave strict and particular orders that no force or compulsion should on any account or under any pretence be made use of; Catholic clergymen and the friends of the ladies were also permitted to visit, and exhort, and to persuade; but liberty of person and opinion was not by any means to be violated, the general observing on the occasion that he was heartily sorry for what had happened, and if he could, would have prevented it; but from the turn things had taken, and the island being for the present under the dominion of the king of England, the principles of a free government must not be departed from.

The affair greatly interested the public mind and considerably agitated the clergy, regular as well as secular; one peculiarity

was observed; the doors and windows of the room where the nuns slept were sealed every night in the presence of their friends and the confessor, and opened before them in the morning, to satisfy the parents of the young women that no illicit intercourse was carried on.

At length, in spite of public clamour and private remonstrance, the fair Minorquines renounced the faith and errors of the church of Rome, and having declared themselves Protestants, the same day received and conferred happiness by being married to their military lovers; their associate in this escape, imitating their avowal of the Protestant persuasion, not long after became the wife of an English gentleman.

On this occasion the governor had a nice and difficult part to act; and the following letter was written by him to the Vicar-general of Minorca, who, as well as the friends of the young women, were anxious that they should be given up;—

January 27th, 1748.

REVEREND SIR,

I who always loved peace and have a natural aversion to disputes, cannot see but with regret a disturbance in my

government which it is not easy to pacify, unless I act in direct contradiction to the spirit and principles of the English constitution, which cannot be departed from in any part of the dominions of that sovereign I have the honour to serve.

But to convince you that I wish to act according to the strict rules of reason and justice, as well as from strong conviction, I request of you, laying aside passion and the prejudices of education, to place yourself in my situation, and to view the affair,—not as it appears to you, a dignified Catholic, warm with zeal, and animated I doubt not by good intentions,—but as it must appear to me a Protestant, placed in an office of high trust and responsibility, and the representative of a great king, whose family were placed on the British throne as the professed preservers of civil and religious liberty.

Three young ladies have escaped from a nunnery, of their own free will and accord, without force or violence; at their own desire they are sheltered in an English gentleman's house, and treated according to the strictest rules of honor.

On being asked their reasons for quitting the society of which they formed a part, their reply is, that they were tired of a life

per-

perpetually spent in confinement, prayer, and mortification, and in consequence of a vow extorted from them by threatenings and severe punishments, they conclude with professing an ardent desire to embrace the Protestant religion.

On being fully informed of this affair, I was fearful that the ladies changing their religion might appear a hasty, rash, and unpremeditated step, I therefore ordered that such of the clergy of your church as their friends approved, might have the liberty of conversing with them, but that no force but that of reasoning and argument should be made use of.

This liberty you know was grossly and dishonourably abused by the parents of one of the parties, who by manual violence carried away and concealed the terrified nun; had not the young lady been happily found, I should have been under the necessity of severely punishing the perpetrators of this outrage and their abettors.

Terrified by this proceeding they loudly call for my protection, and demand admission into our Protestant church. As a member of that communion and a christian, can I prevent the doors of everlasting

life being opened unto them; as a citizen of the land of liberty, which it is my pride and boast to have been born and bred in, can I blame them for having fled from a cruel, unnatural, and degrading bondage?

There is also another reason against my granting your request; Maria Gomela and Isabella Sintos are both married to English officers, and how can I separate those whom God has joined together? It is indeed what I have no authority to do, and would subject me to the penalties of *our* laws, which are no respecters of persons: as to the single lady, she is at present in a family of honor and distinction, and perhaps will soon wish to be married herself, and if so inclined, I apprehend it is neither in my power, sir, nor your's, to prevent it.

I assure you this business has occasioned me great uneasiness, and I hope you are convinced, that I could neither prevent nor remedy it in the manner you point out, without failing in duty to my sovereign, and disobeying the dictates of my own conscience.

I have taken good care that nothing of the kind shall happen again, and it shall be represented as necessary for the peace of

this island to confirm and ratify what I have done by proper legal penalties.

Assure yourself of my readiness to oblige you on all lawful occasions, and that I am, reverend sir, your's,

W. BLAKENEY.

NAMES AND SURNAMES.

A subject occasionally mentioned in different parts of this miscellany, and to which *some* persons attach an importance greater than it may *seem* to deserve; yet the names we bestow on men and things merit *their degree* of consideration.

I can easily conceive a *nervous* hypochondriacal patient thrown into fainting fits on being told that Dr. DEATH, actually the name of a medical man in London, within fifty years, and probably related to a respectable Kentish family, but who spell it with a diphthong, that Dr. DEATH was coming up stairs; and the freeholders of a county would probably *put on* forbidding looks, were they told that TOM LONG and BIG BEN solicited their votes and interests as parliamentary candidates at the ensuing election.

Yet the Doctor might be no friend to his name-sake, Tom Long no longer a carrier, and Big Ben, in spite of inveterate prejudice, *might* be a respectable member of society.

Many years ago I remember a street in the vicinity of London, but now, by the incessant labors of masons, carpenters and GROUND LANDLORDS, buried in and forming a part of our enormous metropolis. Two of the houses in it were occupied by surgeons, Mr. Bigg, and Mr. Little; the name of each was Alexander. As any passenger approached, A. Bigg, surgeon, first caught his eye, and a few paces further, A Little, surgeon: this accidental assemblage was thought ludicrous, and produced a laugh, but it also produced wisdom; for the professional men soon removed the plates from their doors, as they found that the circumstance, though trifling, injured their practice, and for this reason; him whom we are long in the habit of laughing at, *from whatever cause*, we shall soon cease to respect.

The opinions of a writer, at a certain time a great favorite with the public, were strongly in favor of the theory here attempted to be established.

"It was his opinion," says Sterne, speaking of UNCLE TOBY, "that there was a strange kind of magic bias impressed on our characters and conduct by good or bad names: 'how many Cæsars and Pompeys,' would he say, 'have been inspired into worthy actions by exalted names, and

and how many good men, on the contrary, have been depressed by degrading appellations, and *Nicodemised into nothing?*"

"I see that you do not subscribe to my opinion, but I appeal to your good sense and candour, if any motive could have prevailed on you to consent that your son should have been christened Judas Iscariot.

"Had a Jew made you the offer, with a very large sum of money in case you complied, I am sure you would have turned from the tempter with abhorrence; convinced, that the name accompanying him, like his shadow, through life would affect his moral qualities, and make him a miserly treacherous rascal.

"I have no patience with people affecting an indifference about the surname of a child, and debating for hours whether a dog or a horse shall be called Ponto, Cupid, Sweetlips, Potatoes, or King Fergus."

NICK-NAMES have also exercised the talents of commentators and critics: from these singular efforts of humour, malice, envy, or revenge, the most powerful monarchs, legislators, heroes, conquerors, and statesmen, have not escaped.

They have been occasionally applied to the worst, and often to

the best of men; have been authenticated by statues and inscriptions, repeated by poets and historians, and ultimately immortalized on coins.

Generally deducing their origin from some defect of body or of mind, from some singularity in dress, speech, or manners, these appellative additions are founded on that irresistible tendency in mankind which has appeared at all ages, to raise a laugh at the expence of their superiors

It cannot be denied, that this prerogative of satirical buffoonery has often been usefully exercised in lashing vice and irrational singularity; but it appears to have been sometimes misapplied by vulgar malignity, which, despairing to attain legitimate superiority and honest fame, diligently hunts for and elaborately publishes the errors and obliquities from which no sublunary being is exempt, hoping by these means to bring down worth and talent to its own level.

Justice and common sense should seem to impel us to bestow undiminished praise on Sergius, a Roman pontiff, and the fourth of that name, at the commencement of the eleventh century; he was eminent for learning, considering the period at which he lived, of correct manners, zealous

lous in the cause of religion, and remarkable for charitable benevolence to the poor. But the Pope's countenance exhibited an unfortunate combination of features, which could not escape the mockery of those who were fed by his bounty; while eating his bread, these worthy characters could not resist the preponderating impulse of humour. They observed that old HOG'S-SNOUT, to which the lower part of the pontiff's face bore a striking resemblance, that "OLD HOG'S-SNOUT was a good sort of fellow." This filthy addition has adhered to the name of Sergius for almost 800 years, and probably will be attached to it so long as ecclesiastical chronology continues to be an object of literary investigation.

It is impossible to doubt, that the soldiers of Julius Cæsar were warmly attached to their commander; his generosity, success, and the manner in which they fought for him, are strong collateral proofs; yet when the victor entered Rome in triumphant procession, they were heard to say as they marched along, and in the dictator's hearing, "Romans, take care of your wives and daughters, BALD-PATE is come again."

In this mode of bestowing titles, to borrow them, and from

animals, has been a favorite resource, particularly if the resemblance in name as well as quality admitted a pun. *Verres*, who hoped that his being a man of taste would excuse rapacity and oppression, *Verres* could not escape the allusion of his name to a boar-pig; *Asinius Pollio* joined in the laugh raised at his first denomination by his friend Horace. *Voconius Vitulus* might naturally expect to be called a calf; and *Statilius Taurus*, a descendant from the family of the Bulls.

At an early period in Nero's reign, before he became an infuriate monster stained with maternal blood, a table companion ventured on an extemporary pun; one of his names being *Tiberius*, he called him *Biberius Nero*, from his inordinate love of wine.

It has not been decided whether the family name of Cicero was produced by a wen on the face of the man who first bore it, or from one of the orator's ancestors having been a successful cultivator of vetches.

The name of *Caligula* was given to that emperor because he always wore a species of foot-harness so called, and generally used by the legionary soldiers only. In a similar way the fourth of the Antonines was called *Caracalla*,

racalla, the name of a favorite dress in which he generally appeared.

The Greek lampooners named Socrates FLAT NOSE, an internal evidence in favor of his correct conduct; had Mr. Cumberland's censure been well-founded, they would have bestowed some epithet more grossly appropriate on a man they so much hated and feared.

The satirical Syrians named their King Antiochus, GRIFFIN HEAD. Michael the fifth, emperor of Constantinople, was humiliated on hearing the term CALAPHATES, repeated by the crowd as he passed the streets, his good subjects having discovered that the father of their sovereign had been a *ship-caulker*.

It is well known that Leo was called ICONOCLASTES from his opposition to image-worship; one of the Egyptian Ptolomies BIG-BELLIED from his unsymmetrical form, and another, AULETES, from his fondness for and dexterity in playing on a flute; no small misfortune for his subjects, *if it prevented his minding his business as a king*.

The Emperor Frederick the first, from the colour of his beard, was distinguished by the word BARBAROSSA.

It has been observed by a

modern writer, and before him by Horace, that coarse and degrading names adhere to the memory more tenaciously, than titles of honor and panegyric.

Discit enim citius meminitque libentius illud

Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat et veneratur.

They also in another respect are preferable to mere numerical additions, as being shortly descriptive, they impress on young minds particular æras, dynasties, and periods, with accuracy, which in chronology is always desirable.

In one instance, an epithet bestowed by Constantine on the excellent Trajan, and meant as a satirical reflection, augments the fame of the man he meant to ridicule; he called him PARETARIUS, from the circumstance of his seeing on every side as he passed the streets of Rome and elsewhere inscriptions to the honor of Trajan; a circumstance which appears to have excited envy in the founder of Constantinople.

Of two Polish princes, one was called CLUB-FOOT, and the other CURL-PATE.

An illustrious French captain of the 14th century, instead of acquiring an appellation by his personal

personal prowess and great military success, was known generally by the name of **GNAW-CRUST**.

On many of our English kings these additions have been bestowed: on Alfred, who recovered us from barbarism to civilization, and whom no Englishman should ever forget, the well-earned and appropriate epithet of **GREAT** has been universally bestowed; Edgar was **THE PEACEABLE**; his successor, **THE MARTYR**; and Edmund, from his matchless courage, his muscular form, or his constantly wearing armour in his unceasing battles with Canute, was called **IRONSIDE**.

Harold the first was **HARE-FOOT**; our third Edward, **THE CONFESSOR**; William the first, before conquest had effaced illegitimacy, was always styled **THE BASTARD**; and his unfortunate son, who fell by Tyrrell's arrow in the New Forest, **RUFUS**, from his red hair: of his brothers, Henry bore an epithet for his learning, and Robert, from the shortness of his small-cloaths.

On Henry the second and a considerable number of noble personages the singular appellation of **PLANTAGENET** was bestowed; this literally means *a broom-stick*, and is said to have derived its origin from one of

their ancestors, an Earl of Anjou, who doing penance for his crimes by a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, was scourged with a rod of broom twigs at the holy sepulchre.

Why Richard the first was called **COEUR DE LION**, is obvious to every general reader, and to every one who has heard Romanzini sing: to John his brother the name of **LACKLAND** was given by his own father, and in his will, in which bequeathing him neither lands nor hereditaments, he meant him to remain dependent on the bounty of his eldest son.

The military glory of Edward the first, King of England, Lord of Ireland, and Duke of Aquitaine, could not shelter him from the coarse nick-name of **LONG-SHANKS**; Henry the fourth, *that canker* **BULLINGBROOK**, was so called from an obscure village in Lincolnshire, the place of his birth; for the same reason his truant son, but afterwards that illustrious warrior our fifth Henry, *the pride of England and the scourge of France*, was surnamed **MONMOUTH**.

The life and reign of Richard the third, however plausibly defended by Buck, and ingeniously handled by the pleasant Horace Walpole, seem to afford abundant materials for abusive epithet and declamatory invective;
but

but his enemies could not be content, unless the arrow of hostility was poisoned by the bitterness of gross personality: they called him CROOK-BACK, a mal-formation in which the tyrant could not be instrumental; but for which he was probably indebted to his mother's fondness of a slender waist, to a rash, impatient *accoucheur*, or to an hereditary *scrophula*.

The correct taste of later times abstains from this vulgar propensity; yet in several instances nick-names are expressive, and inflict an incurable wound on a class of persons, who placed by power above law, are sometimes retained within the path of duty and decorum, by a fear of being laughed at and rendered contemptible to all posterity.

The appropriate epithet *bloody* has I believe been generally applied to Mary, the Catholic Queen of England, and the bigotted wife of Philip, King of Spain; but it is to be lamented that no disgraceful term has been attached to her abominable father, which humouring our English taste for significant abbreviation, would describe an expeller of ecclesiastic tyranny, though himself the greatest of all tyrants, an unfeeling invader of the rights of private opinion.

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It is also to be wished that, to the name of Charles the second, a verbal badge of infamy had been attached, expressive of flagitious folly, a label of ignominy to a king very far from deficient in acuteness, but who with the bloody impressions of a royal father murdered before his eyes, devoted his life to corruptive fraud, enslaving maxims and gross debauchery.

For his successor James, I want a word strongly significant of superstitious insanity, to accompany his name through future ages.

NATURAL ENEMIES.—The compiler of this collection has been censured for applying these words to the inhabitants of France; yet after a long and cool consideration, he cannot persuade himself to think them inapplicable.

To be the *natural enemy* of any man or society of men, is to be born under circumstances which render us inevitably, and as it were, against our will, seekers of the same exclusive advantages; to be placed in a situation where it is impossible for both parties to be powerful, prosperous, and happy.

In this instance, Sallust's definition of Friendship, is strictly proper in describing the sources
of

of that enmity which has continued unimpaired for so many ages, between England and France: *idem velle atque idem nolle*.

So placed, the two countries bear a close resemblance to shipwrecked seamen, swimming to a short plank, or a broken spar, capable of saving one and only one.

In such a position, I fear that *poor human nature* would not hesitate long in determining how to act.

My readers will readily apply this simile to Great Britain and France; the plank on which one and only one can safely float, the life-preserving plank, is the commercial sovereignty of the sea.

On this the eyes of our restless neighbours have been for ages, and under every form of government, invariably fixed, from the proud boast of universal dominion uttered in the victorious extacies of *Louis le bien aimé*, to the more subtle and malignant policy of the subverter of his throne.

As Frenchmen, they cannot be blamed, for could this inestimable object be once added to the other advantages they possess, our colonies in the east and west, Europe and the world,

would in a few years be subject to Gallic oppression.

But as Britons, with English blood circulating in our veins, and descended from those warriors and heroes, who made thousands of the subjects of Charles the sixth bite the dust of Agincourt and Cressy, who literally and without figurative language, BOUND THEIR KINGS IN CHAINS, AND THEIR NOBLES IN FETTERS OF IRON: in the descendants of such men, and possessing power, wealth, population, industry, skill, and courage, we should be ideots and fools to drop the marine sceptre for a single moment from our hands, or to lose sight of the incalculable benefit it confers.

If once on French decks, shouts of victory roar,

The crown's a red night-cap,
and Britain's no more.

Under these undeniable and imperious circumstances, which no argument or chicanery can explain away, our neighbours must be content to be called our *natural enemies*; for such on every occasion they have proved the Antigallican spirit must on every occasion and by every means, be nourished and invigorated; an Englishman should never see a Frenchman without
a feeling

a feeling somewhat similar to that excited by an adder or a mad dog.

The ridiculous dream of liberality and fraternization which once deluded so many of us, the dream is passed away; we ought to be convinced by the experience of five hundred years, that nothing but humiliation and defeat will make them behave with common decency, moderation, good manners, or honesty.

There is a strong mixture of resiliency, overweening vanity, extravagant insolence, and selfishness, in the French character, which nothing can controul or remedy but a certain admirable *English sedative*, so frequently and so successfully administered many years ago by SIR EDWARD HAWKE, called a good drubbing; this never failing remedy hath also been given in very respectable doses in latter days, by LORD RODNEY, EARL ST. VINCENT, VISCOUNT DUNCAN, LORD NELSON, SIR SIDNEY SMITH, SIR JOHN BORLASE WARREN, and a long train of able practitioners, the enumeration of whom would convert this book into a nautical almanack.

After the exterminating victories of Lord Nelson, and the heroic though unsuccessful exertions of our magnanimous

ally, Alexander, emperor of Russia, should an English commander have occasion to address his men previous to an engagement, he might literally and precisely make use of the words attributed by an antient writer to the excellent Scipio.

Nec genus belli, nec hostem ignoramus; cum iis pugnandum est quos terra marique priore bello vicimus; a quibus capta belli præmia habemus; et nunc non hostes, sed reliquias hostium pugnamus; homines, fame, frigore, squalore, enecti, contusi et debilitati, inter saxa rupesque.

“We are neither ignorant of the species of war, nor the kind of enemy with whom we engage; our contest is with those whom in the last war we defeated by sea and land; ships, prisoners, and treasure, the reward of victory, are in our possession.”

NELSON LORD, THE HERO OF THE NILE, THE DESTROYER OF FLEETS OF OUR ENEMIES.

At a moment when Germany, Europe, and the world, are to be partitioned and parcelled out by French caprice; when the feudal system of holding territories and domains by military tenures is restored by the predominating policy of the Emperor

Napoleon, at such a moment of general interest and emotion, the death of our excellent admiral, *by the hand of a previously instructed assassin in the shrouds*, communicated an electric shock to the heart-strings of every Englishman, and diffused a melancholy cloud over the background of his glorious victory.

The gallant Nelson is no more !

A life, every hour of which has been marked by honorable effort, a glorious life is terminated, a career of uninterrupted victory is closed.

But as Lord Nelson lived only for his country, so may his death be productive of important advantages, if the principle and theory on which he acted be properly considered and practically enforced; they were plain, simple, uniform and intelligible to all capacities.

To take, to burn, to sink, and destroy the ships of our enemies, was the pride and business of his life; in accomplishing this purpose he suffered nothing to interfere, every consideration of personal safety was effaced by the blaze of inextinguishable courage, death or victory was his determined purpose, the certainty of instant destruction was in his eye as dust in the balance.

By this uncompromising theory which he so gloriously illus-

trated, he raised our English name to the highest pitch of renown; the ships he took or destroyed would form a numerous fleet; remote countries beheld him with admiration, and at hearing his name, Napoleon has been seen to bite his quivering lips, and tremble on his throne.

Such are the glories of our naval pre-eminence, purchased by the blood of thousands, by the mingled tears of widows and of orphans, and if England is to support a superiority purchased at such a price, a superiority to which we evidently are indebted for independence, domestic peace, and other invaluable blessings, the system of LORD NELSON must be enforced, upheld, and improved.

No difference of numbers, no superior weight of metal or number of men, must protect the squadrons or single ships of France, Holland, or Spain, from instant attack; at all hazards and under every circumstance, like that worthy and courageous Englishman, the gallant captain of the *Hindustan*, naval men must now remember that it is their duty to sacrifice themselves and ships to preserve their country.

We must impress deeply and in characters of blood, on the mind

mind of every French and Spanish sailor, the moment an English ship appears in the offing, that whatever his force, hard blows will be his portion, and that death or captivity will be the inevitable lot of himself or his foe.

No consideration must be allowed to explain away, weaken, or evade this paramount law; if we once suffer a quarter deck to be converted into a school of logic for weighing in a *trembling* balance, the law of probabilities, if the great cabin is to be a betting room for deciding on the doctrine of chances, and for looking after and *hedging off* all possible contingencies, the question with France is decided, further expence and toil are useless, and it remains only to dispatch an envoy at once to Mal Maison or St. Cloud, to receive conditions and submit to them;—then indeed would the shade of HAWKE complain, and NELSON'S ghost walk unrevengeed amongst us:—*sed ni fallor Di immortales nobis meliora parant.*

Although the frame of Lord Nelson is mouldering to dust, the conduct of Admiral Duckworth proves, that the unembodied spirit of the hero of Trafalgar still animates our bosoms.

NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, the *terra incognita* of human knowledge.

In a former volume of this work, an instance is related of a French lady of quality, who, during a long illness, either from *delirium* or broken sleep, was frequently heard to mutter a jargon unintelligible to all present: an additional nurse being engaged, this person immediately understood the words, and pronounced them to be certain little songs or hymns in a vitiated dialect of the French language, spoken in Brittany, of which province both the nurse and the sick lady were natives; but of this *gibberish*, the lady on her recovery was found to be totally ignorant, and wholly unacquainted with the words which she had so repeatedly been heard to sing or say.

Of this unconscious but indelible impression of what we have seen and heard, another example has been recorded, and attested on the most respectable evidence.

More than forty years ago, a gentleman of Reading, in Berkshire, discharged his footman, and having found great trouble with what are called *complete* servants, who are generally useful

useful *in their own department*, but will not stir an inch out of it; he resolved to be satisfied with a country lad, and form him to his own modes.

For this purpose he took into his service Joseph Payne, a boy fifteen years old, who had lived at Lambourne, in the same county, with a farmer, who was a quaker of regular life and conversation.

In the house of this person, reading the scriptures and discoursing on religious subjects was the employment of every leisure hour; on these occasions Joseph was frequently present, but this family duty did not prevent his regular attendance at the parish church, as had been previously agreed when he was hired, a necessary and useful precaution, as I know many sectaries who make a parade about liberality, and expect it in others, but refuse this reasonable liberty to their own domestics.

Soon after his residence at Reading, his fellow servant was very much alarmed by Joseph's falling down in a fit; not used to such accidents the woman ran for assistance, and returning with several persons, they were struck with surprize to find him apparently recovered, sitting on the spot where he had fallen,

and pronouncing a pertinent religious discourse.

Fixed in astonishment they waited to see the event; at the end of half an hour he rose, as they expressed it, *as from a trance*, or like one awakened from sound sleep, and on being questioned, solemnly declared himself unconscious of what had passed, and that he did not know a word of what he had said.

The affair being reported to the gentleman with whom he lived, he directed that the conduct and conversation of the boy should be narrowly watched, and the persons with whom he had intercourse, as it was thought he might be made the tool of some wild enthusiast, a description of men very much disliked by his master: no circumstance occurred to justify this suspicion, and Joseph continued at intervals to be seized in a similar way, and before he recovered, to *preach* regularly at the conclusion of every paroxysm.

Dr. Hooper, at that time an eminent *accoucheur*, well known in London, was visiting his son at Reading, and their curiosity being raised by so extraordinary a circumstance, they requested to be sent for the next time Joseph had a fit. An opportunity
soon

soon offered for gratifying the doctor's wish, the boy fell down in his customary way, (apparently in what is called an epilepsy) and the two gentlemen in consequence of a message soon arrived.

The patient was just recovering and commencing his discourse, of which Dr. Hooper's son, being a writer of short-hand, took an accurate copy, not losing or adding a word.

This singular sermon is preserved; and I was disposed to have presented it to my readers, but am told that sermons, except in a few instances, are considered by the trade as a very unpromising speculation; yet a sermon pronounced under such circumstances, could not fail exciting general curiosity.

While pronouncing it he sat up with great composure, his eyes open, but immoveably fixed, introducing his discourse by a sort of conversation with his former neighbours.

"Will you go to church? it is Good Friday, I have asked my master to let me go, and though he do not hold with Saints' days himself he has given me leave."

After a few more unconnected but intelligible sentences, he commenced, and the text he chose when the doctor at-

tended was—*They led him away to crucify him.*

What he said on this occasion was sensible, well delivered and practical: occasionally holding forth his hand, a person present held a lighted candle so close as to raise a blister; but he neither flinched nor discontinued speaking.

As if every circumstance should tend to corroborate the authenticity of this surprising fact, only a few weeks had passed, when the farmer with whom Joseph had lived, and the clergyman whose church he had formerly frequented, were called by business to Reading.

The boy's new master accidentally meeting with them, he naturally mentioned what had happened to his servant; and enquiring if any thing similar had ever taken place while he resided at Lambourn, was answered in the negative. The travellers mentioning in a cursory way the inn they were at, passed on; but in the course of the evening the maid servant was dispatched to say, that if they wished to see Joseph's uncommon affection, he was now seized with a fit.

They came and saw and heard; after the boy had ceased holding forth and was recovered, they both took considerable pains

to examine him, and from their previous knowledge, as well of his moral character and general deportment as of other circumstances, were convinced that he had no consciousness, either before or after, of what was taking place.

The clergyman remarked, that some passages in Joseph's discourse nearly resembled in tendency and structure one of his sermons; and the quaker observed that the text *given out*, had been frequently the subject of discussion with his own family, in the presence of the boy.

This remarkable affair was attested by Dr. Hooper, who frequently spoke of it to persons now living, and its authenticity is further corroborated by the boy's master, Captain Fisher, for many years an inhabitant of Reading, generally respected, and probably in the memory of some of my readers.

To remember passages in sermons and the subjects of conversations, we have heard, in early life, with lads of tenacious memory, is not uncommon; but to utter repeatedly long and connected harangues, in which argument is supported, and exhortation enforced by reference to various passages of scripture, to heaven, hell, death, and a future

judgment, at a moment when the *sensorium* is evidently paralysed, and the intellectual powers are apparently suspended, may afford matter of reflection to the minute observers of the phenomena of that miraculous machine, called man.

The article of a former volume in which a case somewhat resembling this occurs, I could not at the commencement of my present subject recollect, it is DELAVAL; a rapid sketch drawn without ill design, but which involved the editor in a ridiculous embarrassment, that would if related, create a hearty laugh for my readers; but no man is fond of relating a story which tells against himself.

The affair might however have ended profitably, had he chosen to have practiced what was once done in a certain work of *rather* more importance than his, cancelled a leaf; it was at a time too when one of Abraham Newland's billet-doux, *though returned*, would have been very useful.

PERETTI, FELIX, the son of a peasant at Montalto, a village in the Papal territory of Ancona, who discovered at an early age quick parts and a retentive memory; but the poverty of his parents obliged them to

to part with him when only nine years old, and he was placed in the service of a neighbouring farmer.

In this situation Felix did not satisfy his employer; he was perpetually finding fault with the lad for his *unhandiness* in husbandry work, and observing that correction served only to augment his apparent stupidity, he dismissed him from the house, the barn, and the stable, to what was considered as a more servile and degrading species of occupation; taking care of a number of hogs on an adjoining common.

In this solitary place, deserted and forlorn, his back still smarting with repeated stripes, and his eyes overflowing with tears, he was surprized by a stranger at his elbow, enquiring which was the nearest road to Ascoli.

This person was a Franciscan, who travelling to that place had lost his way; in fact, the poor boy was so absorbed in grief that he did not perceive any one approaching till he heard the voice of the friar, who had spoken to him several times before he could procure an answer.

Affected by his melancholy appearance he naturally asked the cause, and received an account of his hopeless condition related in a strain of good sense

and vivacity, (for on speaking to him he resumed his natural cheerfulness) which surprized the holy father when he considered his age and wretched appearance.

"But I must not forget that you are going to Ascoli," said Felix, starting nimbly from the bank on which he was sitting; then pointing out the proper road, he accompanied the friar, who was charmed at finding so much untaught politeness in a little rustic.

Considering himself as sufficiently informed he thanked the boy, and would have dismissed him with a small present, but he still continued running and skipping before him, till father Michael asked in a jocose way, if he meant to go with him quite to the town.

"Not only to Ascoli but to the end of the world," said Felix, unwilling to quit his companion; "Ah, sir," continued the lad after a short pause, in a tone of voice and with one of those looks which make their way at once to our hearts, "Ah, sir, if you or any other worthy gentleman would but get me the place of an errand-boy or any other employment in a convent, however laborious, where I could procure a little learning and get away from those filthy hogs and the owner of them, who

who is little better, I would try to make myself useful, and should be bound to pray for and bless you as long as I live."

"But you would not take the habit of a religious order?" said the Franciscan, "Most willingly!" replied Felix.

"You are little aware of the hardships, the fastings, the toil, the watchings, and the labor, you would undergo."

"I would endure the pains of purgatory to become a scholar," was the boy's singular reply.

Finding him in earnest, and surprized at his courage and resolution, he permitted the stripping to accompany him to Ascoli, where he introduced him to the society of Cordeliers he was going to visit, informing them at the same time of the circumstance which first introduced him to this new acquaintance.

The superior sent for the boy, put many questions to him, and was so well pleased that he immediately admitted him; he was invested with the habit of a lay-brother, and appointed to assist the Sacristan in sweeping the church and lighting the candles; in return for these and other services, he was taught the responses and instructed in grammar.

In acquiring knowledge, the little stranger was found to unite a

readiness of comprehension with unceasing application; his progress was so rapid, that in 1534, being then only fourteen years old, he entered on his noviciate, and after the usual time, was admitted to make his profession.

On taking deacon's orders, he preached his first sermon to a numerous congregation; it being the feast of the Annunciation, when he soon convinced his hearers, that the man who was instructing them possessed no common share of abilities.

The service being concluded, a prelate then present, thanked Felix publicly for his discourse, encouraged him to persist diligently in his studies, and congratulated him, as well as the society of which he was a member, on the fairness of his prospects.

He was ordained a priest in 1545, took the degrees of bachelor and doctor with considerable credit, and being chosen to keep a divinity-act before the whole chapter of his order, father Montalto (that being the name he now assumed) distinguished himself, that he secured the esteem, and afterwards enjoyed the patronage and protection of two cardinals, Carpi and Alexandrino.

The time indeed was come when a friend was necessary to defend him against the numerous

rous enemies his acrimonious violence had created; for as Montalto advanced to notice and celebrity, impetuosity of temper and impatience of contradiction became prominent features in his character; his air and manners were predominating and dictatorial.

At this period of his life, he is described (by a contemporary, who I suspect had felt his reproof,) he is described as *one of those troublesome people*, often mentioned in this collection, who presuming on what I have called the aristocracy of intellect and the insolence of good design, *fancy they can set the world to rights*, and consider themselves as authorized to censure without respect of persons, and to amend without regard to consequences, whatever they see amiss in church or state.

It cannot be denied that, at the time of which I speak, the reins of government, ecclesiastical as well as civil, were held with a careless and slackened hand; that public and private morals were notoriously corrupt and profligate, through the whole extent of the Papal dominions; that Rome was a nest and a place of refuge for every thing base and villainous in Italy; that the roads and even the streets of the great city

could not be passed after night, without incurring the danger of robbery and murder.

But men in public stations, however culpable their direliction of duty, when they recollected that the present reformer of abuse less than twenty years before, was a poor peasant, an object of charity and commiseration, they could not prevail on themselves to submit to his censures, without resistance and indignation. But the hour was rapidly approaching when Montalto possessed the power as well as inclination, not only to reprove but to punish evil-doers.

By the interest of Cardinal Alexandrino, who saw and understood the unbending sternness of his disposition, he was appointed to an office which seemed congenial with such a temper; **INQUISITOR GENERAL** at Venice.

But the unqualified harshness of his manners, and the peremptory violence with which he executed his duty soon raised a storm in that jealous republic, and he would have suffered personal violence from the enraged Venetians, had he not saved himself by a precipitate flight.

A few months after, he visited a country sensible of the value of such a character, and where such zeal was duly appreciated:

ciated: Cardinal Buon-Compagno, being appointed *Legatus a latere*, in plain English, Ambassador from the Pope to his Catholic Majesty, Montalto accompanied him into Spain as his chaplain and *inquisitorial consulter*.

In this capacity he was received at Madrid with great cordiality, and gave such proofs of the warmth of his zeal, that on the Cardinal's recal, ecclesiastical honors and preferment were repeatedly offered, if he would establish himself in that country; but the palace of the Vatican, the city on seven hills, Imperial Rome was the object, on which the Shepherd of Ancona had fixed an unaverted eye.

The Legate Buon-Compagno had quitted Spain only a few hours, when he met a messenger dispatched from Rome with news of the Pope's death; this was John de Medicis, who governed the church almost seven years under the title of Pius the Fourth.

Montalto was strongly interested in this intelligence, as he had every reason to expect that his patron Cardinal Alexandrino, would be elected Pontiff.

In this hope he was not disappointed, and on his arrival at Rome, his friend now exalted to an ecclesiastic throne, under the

name of Pius the Fifth, received him with kindness, and immediately appointed him general of his order, a post in which Montalto did not forget to punish those whom he had before admonished.

In less than four years from the elevation of Cardinal Alexandrino, he was made a bishop, received a competent pension, and was ultimately (1570) admitted into the college of cardinals.

Being now arrived within a short distance of the mountain-top, which for more than forty years he had been arduously and laboriously attempting to climb, he found a firm and safe resting-place on which to place his foot.

It cannot be denied, that his reflections on this occasion must have been in the highest degree solacing and triumphant; from poverty, contempt, and oppression, from a life of labor unrequited, and with an ardent thirst for knowledge, which at a certain time it seemed impossible for him ever to gratify, he was suddenly placed at the fountain head of learning and information; the treasures of antient and modern literature were displayed before his eyes, he was raised to personal, and what was still more flattering, to an

an intellectual eminence, which was generally acknowledged and *felt*; he was exalted to a post, which *in those days* placed him on an equality with kings.

But with so many rational sources of exultation, with so much to hope, there still was much to fear; his new associates generally speaking, were men of talents; well educated, and with the proud blood of the Medici, the Caraffa, the Farnese, the Colonna, and the Frangipani families, swelling their veins; many of them not only of illustrious descent but endowed with a considerable share of deep political sagacity as statesmen; and all alike wishing for, yet anxiously concealing their wishes, to succeed to the chair of St. Peter.

With competitors of this description it must be confessed that Montalto had a difficult and trying part to act. Being convinced that a severe assuming character was not likely to succeed, he gradually suppressed every angry passion, and artfully disguised the foibles and imperfections of his temper under a convenient mask of mildness, affability, and unconcern.

One of his nephews, on a journey to Rome to see his uncle, being murdered, the cardi-

nal, now a new man, instead of aiding in the prosecution of the offender, interceded for his pardon; he did not encourage visits from his relations, several of whom hearing of his advancement, repaired to Rome, but lodged them at an inn, and dismissed them the day after their arrival, with an inconsiderable present; strictly charging them to return to their families, and trouble him no more, for that he now found his spiritual cares increasing every day, that he was dead to his relations and the world; but as old age and infirmities came on, he perhaps might send for one of them to wait upon and nurse him.

On the death of his friend Pius the Fifth, he entered the conclave with the rest of the cardinals, but did not appear to interest himself in the election; and on being applied to by any of the candidates or their friends replied, "that the sentiments of so obscure and insignificant a man as *he* was, could be of no importance; that having never before been in a conclave, he was fearful of making a false step, and left the affair to his brethren who were persons of great weight and experience, and all of them such worthy characters, that he was quite at a loss which to vote for, and wished

wished only he had as many voices as there were members of the sacred college."

Cardinal Buon-Compagno being elected, and having assumed the name of Gregory the Thirteenth, the subject of our present article did not forget to pay court to him, but soon found he was no favorite, having offended his holiness when Legate in Spain, by refusing to remain at Madrid as he desired.

Montalto now became a pattern of meekness, modesty, and humility; he lived frugally in a small house, without ostentation; this best species of prudence and œconomy, which enabled him to feed the hungry and cloath the naked by retrenching his own superfluities, procured him the character of a friend to the poor; he also submitted patiently to every species of injury or indignity, and was remarked for treating his worst enemies with tenderness, condescension, and forgiveness.

In the mean time he had so far deceived the majority of the cardinals, that they considered him, as a poor weak doating old fellow, incapable of doing either good or harm, and by way of ridicule they called him *the Ass of La Marca*; the district round Ancona, to a certain extent being called, the March of

Ancona. An evident alteration also took place in the appearance of his health, he felt or affected to feel violent internal pains, which not being always accompanied with external appearances, afford no positive proof of the existence of disease to the senses, and we are generally obliged to *take the word* of those who say they feel them.

He applied for advice to medical men in various quarters of the city, describing what he felt, which, having secretly gathered the information from books, they described as alarming symptoms produced by causes which in all probability would shorten his days; public prayers were offered up for his recovery, and the intercession of all devout christians and good men earnestly requested.

At intervals he would appear in a state of convalescence, but considerably changed; of a pale countenance, thin, bent-in body, and leaning painfully on his staff; by a few persons who suspected the duplicity of his conduct, these untoward appearances were said to be produced by the frequent use of nauseating medicines, nocturnal watchings, and rigid abstinence.

But with all his apparent sufferings,

ferings, and affected indifference to public men and public measures, his eyes and ears were open and intent on every transaction, public as well as private; by means of apt emissaries, many of whom were domestics with cardinals and ambassadors, he made himself acquainted with every event either directly or remotely connected with his ambitious views.

Considering *auricular confession* as a convenient instrument to forward political intrigue, and his reputation as a learned divine being firmly established, he attended *whenever his health would permit*, to hear confessions, and was resorted to by crowds of all ranks:

In this post he procured great help towards his aggrandizement, and is said to have *extracted secrets*, on which he afterwards grounded many judicial punishments.

At this propitious moment, (1585) and at a time when the college of cardinals was torn by opposite interests, and divided by contending factions, at this auspicious moment died Gregory the Thirteenth.

Montalto accompanied the cardinals into the conclave, and immediately shutting himself in his chamber, was scarcely spoken to, or thought of; if at

any time it was necessary as a matter of form, or for the purpose of calculating numbers to consult him; his door was found fast, and a message was sent that he would wait on their eminences, the moment his coughing and violent pain were abated; but earnestly intreated them to proceed to business, as the presence of so insignificant a person as himself could not be necessary, and he hoped they would not disturb a man sinking under disease, whose thoughts were placed on another world.

At the end of fourteen days, three powerful parties, *each of whom had considered themselves as certain of choosing their own Pope*, found their views defeated in consequence of the votes being equally divided.

Impatient of delay, and hoping that a vacancy would soon take place if they elected *the old ass of La Marca, whom every man thought he could manage as he pleased*, they unanimously concurred in electing him.

The moment he was chosen, Montalto threw away the staff on which he had hitherto supported himself, then suddenly raising his head and expanding his chest, he surprized every one present by appearing at least a foot taller,

Coming

Coming forward with a firm step, an erect and dignified air, he thanked them for the high honor they had conferred upon him, the duties of which with God's good grace, he would to the utmost of his power conscientiously perform.

As he passed from the conclave, the people exclaimed, "LONG LIVE THE POPE; PLENTY, HOLY FATHER, PLENTY, JUSTICE, and LARGE LOAVES." "Pray to God for plenty, and *I will give you justice*," was his answer.

Impatient to exercise the rights of sovereignty, he ordered his triple crown to be immediately produced, and placed it on a velvet cushion in the room where he sat; he was also desirous of being immediately crowned and enthroned; but being informed that his authority and prerogatives were in every respect as firmly established and as extensive before as after the ceremony of coronation, he reluctantly consented to a short delay for the necessary preparations.

The humility and complaisance he had for so many years assumed, immediately vanished; those predominating passions which had been suppressed by interested views and political dissimulation, regained their ascendancy and burst forth with

augmented fury. So great an alteration in his conduct and manners as well as health was a bitter disappointment to those cardinals, who, to serve their own purposes had assisted in the elevation of Montalto, who now assumed the name of Pope Sixtus the Fifth.

It was not merely his refusing them the least share or appearance of authority, it was not only the loss of patronage and influence they had to lament, but the mortification of being over-reached and defeated by the old man who for more than fourteen years had been the object of their ridicule and contempt; he had met them on their own ground, and conquered them with their own weapons.

If at any time they hesitated in concurring with the vigorous and salutary measures of his government, and ventured to expostulate and represent the inconsistency of his present activity with his former conduct and professions, he instantly silenced them and observed "that feeling himself much improved in health and spirits, he was able by God's assistance, and would endeavour to govern the church without their help or advice; that he was their sovereign, and *would* be obeyed."

The

The day before his coronation, the governor of Rome and the keeper of the castle of St. Angelo waited on Sixtus to inform him, that it had been the custom for every new Pope to grant an universal jail delivery, and a free pardon to all offenders; they wished to know his pleasure.

He eagerly asked for a list of the malefactors in custody; they gave him a paper filled with names, as on these occasions, expecting what would take place; the prisons were crowded with a number of miscreants, who in consequence of murder, robbery, and other crimes, had the sword of the law hanging over their heads.

By surrendering themselves they all hoped and expected, according to long established custom, to procure indemnity for past offences, and security, on being released, for persevering in their criminal courses.

"Mercy on us," exclaimed his holiness, "what a nest of villains have we here; but are you not aware, Mr. Governor, and you, Mr. Jailer, of the glaring impropriety of your conduct in pretending to talk of pardons and acts of grace; leave such matters to your sovereign. Depending on your never repeating this impertinent interference

with *my* powers and prerogatives, I *for once* will pardon it, but instantly go back to your charge, and see that good care be taken of those you have in prison, for as I hold my trust from God, if one of your prisoners escape, I will hang you on the highest gibbet I can procure.

"It was not to protect delinquents, and encourage sinners that Divine Providence placed me in the chair of St. Peter; TO PARDON MEN NOTORIOUSLY AND FLAGRANTLY WICKED, WHO GLORY IN THEIR CRIMES, AND ONLY WAIT FOR LIBERTY THAT THEY MAY AGAIN PRACTISE THEIR ENORMITIES, WOULD BE TO SHARE THEIR GUILT.

"I see you have four criminals under sentence of death for abominable crimes, and in whose favor I have applications and petitions from all quarters; their friends I have no doubt think they are doing right, but I must not forget *my* duty.

"It is therefore my pleasure," continued Sixtus, in an elevated tone, and with a severe look, "it is my will and pleasure that to-morrow, at the hour of my coronation, two of them suffer by the ax, and two by the halter, in different quarters of the city; we shall then do an act of justice

tice pleasing to the Almighty, and take off many of those idle and disorderly people who at public ceremonies, generally occasion so much riot and confusion."

His orders on this occasion were literally obeyed.

The day after the ceremony, many of the nobility and gentry waited on the Pope, to congratulate him, but he said, "*his was a post of toil and duty, that he had not time for compliment,*" and with these words he was on the point of retiring, but a master of the ceremonies informed him that a crowd of cardinals, nobles, ambassadors, senators and wealthy citizens demanded an audience.

The greater part of them having relations, friends or dependents, who, in consequence of their crimes, had fled from justice, and joined banditti, but had lately surrendered themselves on the prospect and probability of a general and universal liberation; their expectations in this respect were disappointed, as the Pope had positively declared, that not a single offender should be pardoned.

The deputation represented to Sixtus in strong language the indecency of so sanguinary a proceeding, at a season which had been generally devoted to

mirth and rejoicing, and were proceeding to produce further arguments, in the hope of prevailing on him to retract his resolution.

But the person they addressed could restrain himself no longer; commanding silence on pain of his displeasure, he thus addressed them with angry looks and in a loud voice:

"I am surprized at the insolence of your representations, and your apparent ignorance of the obedience which ought in all cases to be paid to the orders of a sovereign prince. When the government of our holy church was committed to Saint Peter by Christ, it surely was not his design that the successors of the holy apostle should be tutored and directed by their subjects.

"But, if you do not or will not know *your* duty, I am resolved to practice mine; I hope and trust that I shall not, like my predecessors, suffer law and justice to sleep: by which means the ecclesiastical states have been rendered, and are notoriously become the most debauched, and in every respect the wickedest spot on the surface of the globe; a by-word to the scorner and the heretic, a reproach to the faith we profess.

"Retire, (raising his arm and voice as he repeated the word, seeing

seeing that the cardinals did not appear to move,) RETIRE, and instead of wishing to obstruct law and justice, endeavour to co-operate with me in cleansing this filthy Augean stable; for, as to the criminals in question, no motive of any kind shall ever induce me to pardon one of them: each offender shall undergo without fear, favour, partiality, or resentment, the punishment attached by law to the crime he has committed, and I shall make strict enquiry after all those who have patronised and encouraged them, whom I cannot but consider as participators in their guilt, and will also punish. The different prisoners suffered the sentence of the law; they departed in silent dismay, and a few months after, as his Holiness was repairing to St. Peter's, on the day of a public festival, a crowd, as was customary, assembled, to see him pass; the people on this occasion were so numerous and pressed so closely that the Swiss Guards, who always attend the Pope were under the necessity of making way with their halberds:

Among the multitude, there happened unfortunately to be the son of a Spanish Grandee, who having arrived only that morning at Rome, had not time nor opportunity to secure an unmo-

lest spot for viewing the procession.

This gentleman, standing foremost, was pushed back somewhat rudely; the enraged Spaniard, following the poor Swiss into the church, murdered him as he fell on his knees at the foot of the altar, and endeavoured to fly for refuge to the house of the Spanish ambassador; he was pursued by two comrades of the deceased and taken into custody.

Intelligence of this barbarous and sacrilegious act quickly reached the ears of Sixtus. After the service of the day was concluded, the governor of Rome also waited on his Holiness, as he was going to his coach, to know his pleasure, and wait for instructions how to proceed.

"Well, Sir," said Sixtus, "and what do you think ought to be done in a case of flagrant murder, thus committed before my face, and in the house of God? "I have given orders" said the officer, "for informations being taken, and a process being commenced." "A process" replied the Pope, "what occasion can there be for process in a crime like this committed before hundreds of witnesses?"

"I thought your Holiness would choose to observe due form of law" answered the governor,

vernor, "particularly in this instance, as the criminal is the only son of a person of consideration, in high favour with his Catholic Majesty, and under the protection of his ambassador." "Say not a word to me of consideration and protection; CRIME LEVELS EVERY DISTINCTION, his rank and education should have taught him better. It is our pleasure that he shall be hanged before we sit down to dinner."

The trial of the prisoner being soon gone through, and a gallows erected in the interval, on a spot where the Pope could see it from the saloon in which he was sitting, he did not quit the apartment till he saw the Spaniard brought forth and suspended; he then retired from the window and went to dinner, repeating with a loud voice a favorite passage from the psalms;—"I shall soon destroy all the ungodly in the land, and root out evil doers from the city of the Lord."

Such was the conduct of the little peasant of Ancona when elevated to supreme power; he became a rigid but impartial censor of public defaulters and private transgressors; he ordered the public functionaries throughout his dominions to send him, each of them, a list of every

person in their neighbourhood who was notorious for debauchery, drunkenness, or other vicious habits; first, inquiring into the truth of their information, he sent for and privately reproved them; but if this warning was not attended to, he severely punished the offender. Having deeply impressed a conviction of his inexorable regard to justice, persons exercising authority under him performed the duties with scrupulous exactness.

The various remarkable instances in which this extraordinary man exerted his power in suppressing vicious enormity would, if introduced in this place, extend our present article to a length inconsistent with the nature of this collection.

With respect to women, a violation of their chastity, by force or by fraud, with or against their consent, he never pardoned; and even a slight deviation from public decorum did not go unpunished; a subsequent marriage, on either of these occasions, he did not consider as a satisfaction to justice.

This delicacy so scrupulously severe, he carried to an excess in many instances, inconsistent with human infirmity; the wishes and often the happiness of the injured woman; who in several instances had their husbands torn from

from their embraces and committed to the gallies for follies and indiscretions committed before marriage, in the furious licentiousness of stimulating passion.

He determined to put a stop to a depraved custom then generally prevalent in his dominions among the elevated and wealthy classes of society, that of marrying a mistress to a dependent, for the purpose of procuring an ostensible parent for their illegitimate offspring, and carrying on securely an adulterous intercourse.

The first example of this kind was that of a person from whom his Holiness had experienced many acts of kindness, before he was created a cardinal. After a momentary struggle, he sent for his former friend privately, and warmly censuring him for his conduct, he warned him of the consequence of persevering in the unlawful connexion; and assured him that his duty as a magistrate was paramount to his feelings as a friend, and advised him either to remove the female, or to quit his dominions. A few months after, Sixtus ordered secret spies to watch the parties, and finding that the person he had reproved still continued the criminal attachment, probably presuming on the indulgence of

former friendship, he ordered the offender, the husband and wife to be hanged without delay; three domestics acquainted with the illicit proceeding, he ordered to be publicly whipped, for not giving information.

It had been usual for the people to exclaim "*Long live the Pope*" whenever he passed, but finding that this mode of acclamation prevented his dropping in unexpectedly, at the courts of justice, and public offices, he forbad the custom: on two unlucky rogues who from obstinacy or inadvertency disobeyed this injunction, he ordered the *strappado* to be inflicted immediately on the spot: this effectually prevented a repetition.

Assassinations and duels had disgraced the reigns of all his predecessors, and rendered Rome and Italy unsafe.

To arrest, and if possible, remove an evil productive of public danger and private distress, he published an edict, forbidding on pain of death, any persons whatever their rank, drawing a sword, or even having in their possession any instrument of death as they passed the streets, except his own magistrates and officers. By-standers who did not prevent, and *seconds* who encouraged duelling he sent instantly to the gallies. A few instances

instances of rigid severity effectually removed the grievance.

Any thing like revenge or bearing malice he would not endure. A barber quarrelling with one of his neighbours, held up his hand in a threatening manner, and with a significant motion of his head, had been heard to say, "If ever *he* comes under my hands, *I will do his business.*" This being repeated to the Pontiff, he ordered the speaker of the obnoxious words to be taken into custody, then directing all the barbers in Rome to be collected in one of the squares, the offender underwent a long and severe whipping before them.

His Holiness observing that tradesmen suffered seriously, and often became bankrupts in consequence of long credit and bad pay, to the great injury of commerce, and frequently of the public revenue, he quickly produced an important reformation on a point which loudly calls for amendment in Great Britain and Ireland.

A hint to his officers that he wished to collect information on the subject was sufficient. A tradesman in all probability previously instructed made complaint that having applied to a person of distinction for payment

of a debt which had been long due, and of which he stood in urgent need, the debtor had violently resented it, withdrawn his own custom from the poor man's shop, and persuaded many others to do the like, telling the person he injured in an insolent manner, *that gentlemen paid their debts only when they pleased.*

Sixtus sent for both parties, ordered the money to be instantly paid, with interest from the time of its being due, and committed the fraudulent debtor to prison.

At the same time, a proclamation was issued, directing all the merchants and tradesmen to send his Holiness a list of their book debts, with the names of those from whom the money was due; he directly paid the whole, taking the debts on himself, which in consequence of the general alarm, were quickly discharged.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the subject of my present article exercised a rigid and inexorable despotism; but exerting it in most instances with impartial justice, and for salutary purposes, his power was submitted to with less reluctance: he is called by a writer of that period *a terror and a scourge*; but it was to evil doers, to the profligate, the incorrigible,

gible, and the corrupt. Most rational men I believe would prefer living under an absolute monarch of such a cast than under the easy sway of a lax moralist, a generous libertine, or *one of those devilish good kind of fellows who are commonly described as no man's enemy but their own; a character which cannot exist; as it is impossible he can be a friend to others who is in a state of constant hostility with himself.* At all events, the great interests of society, public happiness and private peace are most effectually preserved by a prince like Montalto.

In his transactions with foreign princes, Sixtus uniformly preserved a dignified firmness, from which he never relaxed. Very early in his reign, he was involved in a dispute with Philip the Second, King of Spain; who though the most superstitious of bigots to the Catholic faith, was a constant object of the Pope's hostility, while *the heretic Elizabeth*, Queen of England, was a character he warmly admired, and never mentioned without enthusiastic admiration.

Speaking of her on a certain occasion, to an English Catholic who visited Rome, he observed, "a Queen like your's deserves to reign; she governs her kingdom with energy and wisdom;

respected abroad, and loved or *feared* at home, her subjects enjoy the benefits of a vigorous and successful administration. If such a woman were to become my wife, we might people the world with a race of Scipios, Cæsars, and Alexanders."

Yet in his public capacity, as head of the Catholic Church, he found it necessary to publish a bull of excommunication against Elizabeth when Philip meditated an invasion of England with his *INVINCIBLE Spanish armada*.

At the same time, he privately informed her of the proceedings and intrigues of Philip against her, earnestly recommending her Majesty to prepare for a vigorous defence.

The subsequent defeat and disappointment of the Spanish King in this attempt commenced with so much threatening arrogance and carried on at so enormous an expence is known to most readers, and was highly gratifying to Sixtus.

The imprisonment and execution of Mary Queen of Scots, an event which produced a strong and universal sensation through Europe, has in modern times excited a long and animated controversy. Various have been the opinions on the justice of Elizabeth's proceeding: and the editor of this collection by defend-
ing

ing the Queen of England on the plea of political necessity, has incurred the resentments of a venerable and patriotic Calendonian, who occasionally honors these pages with a perusal.

As *weak states* in contests of a more important kind find it necessary sometimes to call in the aid of powerful allies, I may be permitted to observe that the Pontiff Sixtus was often heard to say "Had I been King of England, I would have acted precisely in the same manner."

When he was first informed that the unfortunate Mary was beheaded, he rose suddenly from his seat, and traversed the apartment in much apparent agitation, but not the agitation of regret; for throwing himself into his chair, he exclaimed, "O happy Queen of England, how much art thou to be envied, who hast been found worthy of seeing a crowned head prostrate at thy feet."

These words were evidently spoken with reference to Philip, King of Spain, whose name was never mentioned in his presence without producing angry looks.

Sixtus could never submit with patience to a ceremony annually performed by the Spanish ambassador; this was the presenting a *Genet* to his Holiness, by way of acknowledgment that

his master held the kingdom of Naples of the Pope.

On one of these occasions, rising hastily from his throne, he said, in a loud voice, to Count Olivarez, "our predecessors must certainly have been in a very complaisant mood, when they agreed to accept from your master's ancestors a *poor pitiful hack*, in return for a rich and flourishing kingdom. I hope soon to put an end to this mummery, and to visit the citizens of Naples as their lawful Sovereign."

But circumstance and situation were not favourable to his executing this purpose, which was the fond wish of his heart.

Such was Sixtus the Fifth, who directed the officers of his palace to give audience on every occasion to the poorest man in his dominions; who listened with condescension to the unfortunate, the widow, and the orphan, but punished with inexorable severity criminal delinquency, respecting neither person, rank, nor wealth; who was moderate in his enjoyments, of pure morals, and correct in private life. The revenues of the state almost annihilated by the rapacious anticipation of his predecessors, he restored to more than double their former nominal amount. In the public treasury,

sure which was exhausted at the time of his election, his successor found five millions in gold; his personal expenses were trifling, but his private charities amounted every year to a considerable sum; on these occasions he sought for and generally found patient, meek, and unassuming merit, struggling with adversity; the perverse importunate mendicant who begged by day and thieved at night, he ordered out of the city with reproof and frequently with stripes; so salutary were his edicts, and so undeviating and rigid the impartiality with which he enforced them, that his judges and police officers confessed that their places were become sinecures. Such was Sixtus the fifth, who if the qualities I describe are the first and most indispensable duties of a monarch, deserves to be classed with the first and most glorious of kings, and to be numbered with the greatest benefactors of mankind.

He was deficient it must be confessed in the mild acts of gentle persuasion, he was a stranger to the *suaviter in modo*; but to such a pitch was the wickedness and enormity of his subjects arrived, that a governor of a mild character would have been disobeyed and despised.

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But he possessed a qualification more essential and exactly calculated for the times in which he lived, the *fortiter in re*; an eagle-eyed acuteness to search after and to see criminality and fraud however concealed or disguised, together with unabating energy and unconquerable resolution to resist and punish them.

I conclude this hasty narrative, already too much extended, with one observation.

In an article of this collection assigned to an eminent senator and an accomplished statesman, I observed, that if he had been a plough-boy or a shepherd, he would have turned the best furrow, and have reared the best flock in his hamlet.

But this observation will not apply to Felix Peretti, who if the Franciscan friar had not fortunately missed his road to Asioli, in all human probability, would either have been beaten into incorrigible stupidity and despair, have been driven to flight, evil courses, and an ignominious death, or have lived and died in ignorance, indigence, and obscurity.

PARTY POETRY, and Political Misrepresentation. Most of my readers must recollect, that at the period of the French Revolution, or soon after,

ter, a very wide difference in opinions was observed, on that subject among the principal gentlemen who at that period conducted opposition measures in the House of Commons; more particularly between the late Mr. Edmund Burke and Mr. Sheridan.

This occasion did not escape the notice of a certain quick-sighted man of rhyme, who wished the public to believe that offers were immediately made to the member for Stafford, in the hope of prevailing on him to join the servants of the crown; the business of the poem was to describe the struggles which would naturally take place in Mr. Sheridan's breast, before he replied to the ministerial application.

The person, supposed to be sent to try the powers of persuasion, was a gentleman well known at that period, and no stranger to the business of gaining proselytes; he had long enjoyed a profitable and confidential post under Lord North, but deserted him at an early period after that noble lord's retirement from office, and joined Mr. Pitt; this was Mr. John, but better known by the more familiar appellation of Jack Robinson.

A jackall he, by one and all
agreed on,

Who sought out prey for Lyon
Pitt to feed on.

In the present instance he proves unsuccessful, and returning with the unwelcome tidings to his employers,

The boy was angry, Boggie felt
surprize,
For once Leeds frown'd, and
Thurlow damn'd his eyes.

An author, *at that time*, in habits of intimacy with Mr. Sheridan, is next sent to Bruton-street, where he then lived; in his way, the great house at the opposite corner does not escape observation.

The bard that passage tried with
steps so light,
Which, like Lord Lansdown's
ways, is *out of sight*;
And as he pass'd, the ruling
Marquis sees,
Who thus address'd him from
among his trees.
“ I'm vex'd for Burke, and
Sheridan in troth,
Pray when you see them, say I
love 'em both,
Or INS or OUTS none hostile
me can call,
I have a promise, nod, and smile
for all;
With me and Jekyll you could
snugly sit,

Supreme

Supreme in verse, law, politics,
and wit."

The poet bow'd, but keeping on
his road,

He soon arriv'd at Sheridan's
abode.

Far in a deep saloon he found
him plac'd,

So oft by worth, by wit and
beauty grac'd :

Care rough'd his brow, and sor-
row wrung his heart,

While thus the bard made essay
of his art.

A conversation is now sup-
posed to take place, during
which little prospect of success
appears ; night approaches ; and
the distinguished personages who
had sent the messenger, feel so
much anxiety, that the Premier
and several members of Admin-
istration determine at length to
repair to Bruton-street themselves.

But as he spoke the blazing
flambeaux glar'd,

The porter wonder'd and the
footman star'd ;

While through the hall, the
thund'ring knockers roar,

And PITT's great name the
liv'ried vassals bore.

The Chancellor of the Exche-
quer being introduced ;

With looks important and a
solemn bend,

He thus began a speech he just
had penn'd.

" At other times and places
have we sat

In verbal storm to guide the
long debate,

But now I trust those hateful
deeds are o'er,

And we shall meet, as deadly
foes, no more.

Whate'er you hope, you wish
for, Sir, or want,

Speak but the word, and we'll
profusely grant.

Whether in Eastern climes, the
golden spoil,

Or Ireland's sceptre shall reward
your toil,

Whether a peer like Auckland
you wou'd be,

And *live at home*, upon an em-
bassy ;

Or if my brother's place you'd
rather have,

His *strong pretensions* he shall
quickly waive ;

Grant but this wish, this one
request fulfil,

Spare my finance and poor
Tobacco bill."

He more had spoke, but Thur-
low enter'd next,

With spleen and gout, and Pep-
per Arden vex'd :

" I'll to the point, at once,
without more fuss ;

God dam 'e, Sheridan, be one
of us ;

Aided by you, at council I may
sit,
No longer manag'd by Dundas
and Pitt.

Come, 'tis a bargain, when new
feats you'd try,
I'll teach in speech, a figure
new, *to cry*;

Its powers are great, when argu-
ments are bare,
There's pow'rful rhet'ric in a
well-tim'd tear.

I think *that* Pitt with all his
modest brag,
Intrigues with Schwellenbergen,
ugly hag ;

For I have seen her cast a leer-
ing eye,
And look so liq'rish as he passes
by ;

She, though she's ancient, shri-
vell'd, and uncouth,
Has in her mouth, one scraggy
long colt's tooth ;

With which she feasts on *Billy's*
maiden airs,
Before she'll let him pass *the*
closet stairs.

A character follows, which
affords a remarkable instance of
unfounded assertion, poetical li-
cence, and what may be called
figurative accusation.

The party laugh'd, when straight
along the hall,
A man who's hated, but who's
fear'd by all ;

Whilst many an heir his
wretched sires deplore,
Plunder'd and exil'd to a foreign
shore ;

With each low art that vulgar
souls employ,
The drunken riot and the sen-
sual joy

The *well-cogg'd die*, the wily
sharper's trick,
By blows disgrac'd and many an
angry kick.

With no one honourable art of
life,
A murder'd sister, prostituted
wife,
Was usher'd in——

The man here described, and
easily recognized, never had a
lawful wife ; as *his* was the pas-
sive spouse of all the town,
there could be no violation of
the *public* bed.

With respect to the darker
and more alarming part of the
charge, my readers who may
expect to be told of daggers,
cords, and poisoned bowls, will
hear with surprize that the mur-
dered sister, died many years
ago at the Bristol Hot-Wells,
consumptive ; her death being
hastened, *as was generally sup-
posed*, by the conduct of her
brother, whose vices and propen-
sity to gaming had dissipated
his own fortune and part of
hers.

Surprized

Surprized and shocked at being called a murderer, in this public way, he called on the man of rhyme to explain; observing, in his usual jocose way, for he *can* be a very pleasant companion, “that augmenting, rather than diminishing the number of his majesty’s subjects, had been the great evil of his life.

This figurative mode of knocking people in the head, has in two recent instances, involved the persons who adopted such language in embarrassment.

In the heat of wine, or the irritation of bad luck, at a house, *not far from the Hay-market*, one gentleman accused another of having *attempted his life*; general surprize, violent language, and *a meeting* of course took place.

After both parties had fired, and the *supposed assassin* had been slightly wounded, his accuser made a pause and said, “*Now I will prove my words* ;” (for no man of spirit would be so dastardly as to think of explaining before he fought) “*Now I will prove my words*.” Saying this, he drew from his pocket, a volume of a certain periodic publication, which it was known that his antagonist conducted; opening a part of the book, which had been previ-

ously folded down, he produced a biographical sketch of himself; written by his opponent; thus proving to the satisfaction of all present, the correctness of his original assertion, *that the gentleman had made an attempt on his life*: a hearty laugh ensued, a bandage was applied to the wounded arm, the duellists shook hands, and the business concluded with a cheartful breakfast.

The second instance was more serious, and accompanied with some curious circumstances.

On a very particular occasion, and in a large room crowded with company, a gentleman present was accused of *having murdered his father*; not satisfied with merely saying this, the utterer of these words *mounted the table*, and stimulated by party fury, personal dislike, or the fumes of wine, repeated them in a loud voice, and with a significant gesture; in spite of the efforts of *friends and enemies*, who vainly attempted to drag down the orator from *his elevated post*.

The gentleman traduced, notwithstanding the venial levities of early life, being a worthy man, and much respected by the greater part of the company, this violent attack produced a strong sensation, and the matter
after

after the usual legal process, was long and ably argued in a court of law.

The barrister employed by the defendant, first pleaded intoxication as extenuating the offence, to which a learned judge replied, that he who wilfully deprives himself of reason, in the hope of being able to do mischief without punishment, added considerably to his criminality.

The dexterous advocate then shifted to ground *he thought* more tenable, *figurative language*; but it sunk beneath his feet.

He endeavoured to prove, that by the words made use of, no actual corporal assault or manual violence was meant by his client, who wish'd to hint only, *in a gentle way*, that the plaintiff in this case, by his gay manners, and dissipated life, had given his father great anxiety, which augmenting disease, and adding new pressure to infirmity, brought his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave.

The jury, an assemblage of the most respectable, intelligent, and cool enquirers, I ever witnessed, being of a different opinion, gave a verdict for the plaintiff, with heavy damages; their determination, after several attempts to quash or set it aside

met with the general concurrence of public opinion, and was, at length, irrevocably established.

But we have almost forgot the poem which was the original subject of this article; the speaker last introduced, after exerting his powers in persuading Mr. Sheridan to join the ministerial phalanx, concludes with the following words;

“To patriot motives make no
more thy vow,
Think not of honour, but preferment now.”

A SAGE next tried apostacy to teach,
But cough and age oppress'd the pow'rs of speech.
Is this the hero of his country's cause,
The guardian once of violated laws,
Alas, how chang'd by time and party guise,
To vote for PITT, and countenance excise!

The country maid with beauties form'd for joy,
Thus long resists the tempting rake's decoy;
At length undone, deserted, and distress'd,
She condescends for shillings to be blest.

Next

Next came that duke who
 makes the nation groan,
 By changing British gold for
 brick and stone;
 Tho' foil'd for once by Corn-
 wall's honest vote,
 On *cover'd ways*, he will not
 change his note;
 Tho' Commons frown, tho' vet-
 'ran Debbeigge bawl,
 He like the weakest, *still is for*
the wall.
 Ere he commenc'd, Lord Raw-
 don's voice was heard,
 His cheek turn'd pale, and quick
 he disappear'd.

Again the jackall join'd the
 num'rous rear,
 With chop-fall'n face, and
 looks that spoke despair,
 For Great Lord Hawkesbury
 could not be there;
 He to the king a costly present
 bore,
 From Bute, his tutor sage, in
 days of yore,
 A Splendid Book with many an
 herb and flow'r,
 Which sooth'd his mind for
 loss of place and pow'r;
 Though some surmise, he yet
 exerts his skill,
 And is the master of the pup-
 pets still.
 At last, from Scotland, great
 Dundas arrives,
 From canvassing for votes,
among their wives.

Nine jealous husbands, who
 with fury burn,
 Had sworn, like Abelard, he
 should return.
 Their savage purpose fill'd him
 with affright;
 In post-horse haste, he left them
 in the night.
 Though vers'd in arts with him
 so much in vogue,
 First to accuse and then to
 screen a rogue,
 He fault'ring spoke, when She-
 ridan arose,
 And was himself a host among
 his foes.

“ If from my country's cause I
 could depart,
 And selfish prudence had possess'd
 my heart;
 If lost to friendship, honor, and
 fair fame,
 Inroll'd with your's, I could dis-
 grace my name;
 I Treas'ry favors many years
 had known,
 Had bow'd at levees, and ap-
 proach'd the throne;
 Had silent sat, nor made yon
 Premier fret,
 Nor prov'd he paid *by running*
more in debt.
 But can I listen to your tamp-
 'ring wiles,
 Approv'd by Norfolk, blest with
 Bedford's smiles;
 While Portland deigns my con-
 duct to approve,

And

And Devon steady in his coun-
try's love ;
While good Fitzwilliam takes
with me a part,
Possessing Rockingham's unsul-
lied heart ;
And still to blast each mean un-
manly view,
Burke to the cause of liberty is
true.
With patriot zeal his ardent
bosom glows,
Philanthropy and genius grace
his brows.
What though in keen debate, a
diff'rence slight,
Shed o'er your hopes a moment-
ary light,
Perish those hopes, ye pension'd
slaves attend,
The man so much your dread,
is still my friend ;
His honest heart bespeaks a zea-
lous mind ;
From int'rest free, by no mean
views confin'd.
SO WHEN FOR GOLD AND GEMS
THE MINERS TOIL,
BENEATH THE SURFACE OF
GOLCONDA'S SOIL ;
IF FROM COLLISION SPARKS OF
FIRE EXPAND,
THEY PROVE RICH ORE, AND
PRECIOUS STONES AT HAND.
Whilst Fox and Conway aid
our great design,
What can seduce, with men like
you to join ?
Presumptive ignorance your pur-
pose marrs,

Trick first began, and still sup-
ports your farce ;
Whilst as my friends I have a
splendid host,
Of arts, of arms, of sciences
the boast ;
I am content to meet your
steady hate,
The frowns of fortune and the
storms of fate ;
Nor would I leave for all your
glitt'ring store,
A flow'ry lawn, to batten on a
moor."

PERIPLUS OF HANNO.—

In the article assigned to Carthage in a former volume, the editor endeavoured to support an opinion, which several modern writers have taken considerable pains to invalidate ; that the inhabitants of that African city had arrived at no small eminence as commercial navigators.

In the course of this contro-
versy, on which a profusion of
learning has been poured forth,
the authenticity of the Periplus
of Hanno, has been on one
side wholly denied, and on the
other as strenuously supported : a
wish having been expressed by a
respectable female, whose wishes
will be ever considered by me as
commands, I produce a transla-
tion of it.

HANNO

HANNO having been appointed to make a voyage of discovery beyond the columns of Hercules, (Gibraltar) and to plant colonies along the coast of *Liby-Phenicia*, a fleet of sixty ships was prepared duly furnished with whatever was requisite for such an expedition, seeds, living animals, tools, and provisions; the number of persons embarked, including the crews, and those who were to be settled on the coast, men, women, and children, amounted to thirty thousand.

“ We quitted the harbour with a fair wind, and two days after we had passed the streights, (*of Gibraltar*) cast anchor opposite an elevated and extensive plain; here we left our first colonists, and here the city of Dumathina was afterwards built.

“ Then steering to the west, we reached Cape Soloe (*now Cape Bojador*) a promontory covered with trees and underwood; on the summit we marked out the foundations for a temple, to be hereafter dedicated to Neptune, which has since been built.

“ Still following the coast, which takes an eastern direction, we observed a large lake, almost concealed by long and large reeds which grew round it; here

we saw many elephants and other wild beasts.

“ At the distance of one day's sailing from the Lake, we planted another colony, and advancing still further to the south, four others; at regular intervals.

“ After this delay, continuing our voyage, we saw the river Lixus, which deriving its source from the interior parts of Africa, here discharges itself into the sea. The Nomades, a nation of wandering shepherds, were attending their flocks on its banks.

“ They were harmless; an intercourse took place, and some of their countrymen were permitted to accompany us as guides and interpreters; these persons informed us that the internal parts of the country were mountainous, inhabited by Ethiopian savages, by wild beasts, and by the Troglydites; a race of men, strange in form, but of surprizing quickness and agility.

“ Again weighing anchor, and steering to the south; during the whole of two days, nothing was seen but a barren and desert coast; inclining to the east, we found ourselves in a large bay, in the centre of which and not far from the main-land, was an island nearly a mile in circumference;

circumference; here we made another settlement to which we gave the name of Cernè; (*now called Argonin.*)

“ We computed the distance of this island, from the mouth of the streights, to be equal to that from the columns of Hercules to Carthage.

“ Continuing our voyage, we passed the mouth of another river, and soon observed a second bay of considerable magnitude, in which were three islands, and each of them larger than Cernè.

“ The land here was mountainous, and inhabited by savages cloathed in skins of wild beasts; they resisted our landing, and assaulted us with showers of stones.

“ After a day's sail we approached a large river infested with crocodiles and sea-horses (*this seems to have been the river Senegal*); we then sailed back to Cernè.

“ Then steering again to the south, we sailed up a considerable river; the inhabitants who were numerous, fled when they saw us approach; their cries and their harsh dissonant language was alike unknown to us and our interpreters.

“ Following the course of the stream, at the end of twelve days we came to a hilly country,

covered with sweet smelling trees, the bark of which was beautifully variegated.

“ For two days, only lofty mountains were seen, the land, then gradually descending, offered to our view distant plains and deep vallics; we here supplied ourselves with water, then continuing our voyage, we reached another island, which by day presented only gloomy woods, solitude, and silence; but as night approached, fires at regular distances suddenly blazed up, at the same time, a loud and discordant noise, vocal and instrumental, echoed through the island; torrents of liquid fire were also seen rushing into the sea (*probably streams of lava disembogued from a volcano*).

“ We remarked, during the burning of the nocturnal fires, one more elevated and stupendous than the rest, the flames of which apparently reached the clouds; in the day time only, a lofty mountain with smoke issuing from it appeared.

“ Intimidated by such appearances, our priests recommended immediate departure; we weighed anchor, and after two days sailing came to another bay, and an island inhabited by ferocious savages, of whom the greatest number appeared to be females,

females, who were partially clothed.

"We attempted to catch some of them, but the males were too nimble, leaping precipices and mounting cliffs to us inaccessible, from which they rolled down fragments of rock upon us.

"In pursuing the women we were more successful, and caught three, whom it was our design to have carried to Carthage alive; but they were so extremely mischievous, furious, and unmanageable; biting and tearing every thing they could lay hold of, that *we were under the necessity of killing them*; we preserved their skins which we carried home with us.

"On examining our provision, we found, that it was scarcely sufficient for the supply of our voyage to Carthage, we therefore without further delay, steered back the course by which we came."

Such is the PERIPLUS, which excited doubt, and produced disbelief in the learned Dodwell, as to its authenticity; it obtained credit with Bougainville and Montesquieu; the editor of this collection may perhaps be pardoned in venturing to think it has the internal evidence of truth; it is too dry for fiction, which generally calls in the aid

of ornament and miraculous incident; it describes not fairy land, it tells not of feasting on lion's flesh, nor is the reader regaled with *live beef steaks*.

The following are some of the arguments which have been urged against the authority of this journal of Hanno's voyage.

The present state of Africa, which does not afford a single remain of the establishments here mentioned.

The appearance of the coast in many respects not at all corresponding: the *embouchures* of rivers differently placed; others not existing; considerable islands now seen where small ones are described, and sand banks only where there were islands.

In reply it may be and has been observed, that time is the great leveller of man and all his works, and that when industry, wealth; and population have been driven from a country for more than two thousand years, unceasing annual vegetation, storms, war, the deposition of large rivers, and more particularly volcanoes and earthquakes, all rapidly tend to alter the face of the earth, and to restore the reign of wild nature and barbarism.

Had there been no historical evidence of the former existence of Herculaneum; had its covering of ashes and lava never been removed; had a wood grown over the identical spot, and a spring of water burst forth from the ground, which in many similar instances has been actually the case in Italy; five hundred years hence the proprietor would probably laugh, as at an idle dream, were he to be told that underneath his cascade and shrubbery, there still existed the entire remains of a large city; that within sixteen feet of the roots of his favorite trees, perhaps exactly under the villa which afforded him amusement and relaxation, priests had sacrificed, orators had pleaded, gladiators had fought, and patriots died.

If in such an instance belief should be withheld, it would be one of the numerous examples in which philosophical scepticism leads its votaries as much astray into the land of error, as credulity and ignorance.

Some of the positions with respect to the total alteration of the face of a country, civil, geographical, and political, are remarkably illustrated by comparing the present with the former state of the United Provinces.

The ground they now occupy is described by an antient writer,

as a collection of sand banks and morasses, over which the waters of the great rivers of Germany were sometimes diffused and sometimes stagnated; unhealthy, and for the most part uninhabited.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that industry and love of freedom, conveying the waters in dykes, and excluding the inroads of the sea, by artificial mounds, has converted the same place into *terra firma*; inhabited by a rich, a mercantile, and, till cursed by French fraternization, a powerful republic, possessing populous cities, large towns, fortresses, colonies, seamen, and shipping, which render them the second maritime people in Europe.

Mingreli, described by a modern writer (Chardin) as for the most part a collection of unwholesome morasses, inhabited by a scanty population, and supported with difficulty by an unproductive soil, was at a certain time, according to Pliny, Arrian, and Strabo, and then called Colchis, a fertile district, repaying the husbandman's toils with plentiful crops, adorned with magnificence, and blessed with science, arts, and wealth.

PERSIAN TALES, translated by Phillips, from the French of Petit de la Croix.

Pope,

Pope, a literary Sultan, who, to use his own words, *could bear no rival near his throne*, disliked Phillips, who had been exalted as the *first* and best pastoral writer in England, by the whigs, and under their patronage, had commenced a translation of Homer.

This party preference was never forgiven by the author of Windsor Forest, and the English Iliad and Odyssey, confessedly superior to Phillips; it laid the foundation of a coldness between Pope and Addison, produced the memorable and severe character of the latter, and occasioned the tory poet to abuse Phillips, because he “turned a Persian tale for half a crown.”

Did this splenetic remark arise from the trifling nature of the work, or from Phillips doing it at too cheap a rate? Having himself got rather more than half a crown for *turning* the Tale of Homer, Pope probably thought working at so low a rate was establishing a bad precedent.

POLYCARP, said to be a disciple of Saint John the Evangelist.

Meeting on a certain occasion with the backslider Marcian, he passed him unnoticed: the Heretick complaining that he did not return his salutation, Poly-

carp replied, “*I do salute thee as the first born child of Satan.*”

POPE, ALEXANDER. In the article assigned to this English poet, in my third volume, the Epistle to Abelard is censured, as one of those productions which most fathers of families would wish to remove from the shelf of a modern library: mention is also made of the literary eminence which the seducer of his pupil had attained.

A lady whose opinions have been frequently introduced in this collection, feels disposed to doubt whether a man guilty of so flagrant a violation of duty and so criminally weak as Abelard avowedly was, *could* be a man of considerable abilities.

I have on many occasions lamented that splendid talents were too often obscured by moral turpitude; proofs of it perpetually occur; and there cannot be a doubt that the unfaithful tutor of Eloisa was a man of a strong and well-cultivated mind; that in the instance here recorded and so dangerously dwelt on by Pope, he prostituted his powers to sensuality, is a question of another species.

The celebrity of Abelard as a teacher is proved by his own works, and the collateral evidence of other writers. The following

lowing is part of a letter addressed to him by a respectable contemporary, who gave him wholesome advice in the days of prosperity; and when he was wretched, did not withhold from this unhappy man the consolations of real and disinterested friendship.

I have several reasons for not laying a translation of this extract before my readers; one of them is that the person I wish to convince of the learning and abilities of Abelard, an accomplished woman, a good mother, and an excellent wife, is able to read or write Latin, English, French, and Spanish, with equal facility.

“Roma suos tibi transmittabat alumnos, et quæ olim omnium artium scientiam auditoribus solebat effundere, sapientiore te, se sapiente, transmissis scholaribus, monstrabat.

Nulla terrarum spatia, nulla montium cacumina, nulla concava vallium, nulla via difficilia licet obsita periculo et latrone, quominus ad te properarent, retinebat.

Anglorum turbam juvenum, mare interjacens, et undarum procella terribilis, non terrebant; omni periculo contempto, audit tuo nomine ad te confluebant.

Remota Britannia sua animalia erudienda destinabat; Andigavenses, eorum edomita feri-

tate, tibi famulebuntur suis; Pic-tavi, Wascones et Iberi; Normannia, Flandria, Teutonicus et Suevius, tuum calere ingenium, laudare et prædicare assidue studebant; Parisiorum civitatem habitantes a te doceri sitiebant; cardinales et curiæ clerici se tuos discipulos fuisse gloriantur; tanta est multitudo ut nec locus hospitii, nec terra sufficeret alimentis.”

After thus describing the crowds of scholars who followed Abelard from almost every part of Europe, the writer laments that so unexampled a popularity rendered him presumptuous and vain, and as he possessed a good person, with pleasing manners, exposed him more particularly to female snares.

“Illud quod te præcipitem dedit, singularem scilicet fæminarum amorem, et laqueos libidinis quibus sectatores capiunt, prætereo, quod ordini nostro et regulæ nostræ non concordat.”

The writer pointing out the ruin of soul, body, and estate, which his criminal indulgences would produce, and in some degree had produced, endeavours to prove that some degree of salutary consolation may be drawn, on this account, from the evils he has undergone.

Hæc corporis particula quam perdidisti, quantum tibi nocuerat,

rat, ac nocere quamdiu permansit, non desistebat, melius marum diminutio rerum quam mea oratio monstrat; quicquid præter quotidianum victum et usum necessarium, acquirere poterat, in voraginem fornicariæ consumptionis demergere non cessabat; avaritia meretricum cuncta raperat.

“ Ergo frater ne doleas nec contristeris perturbatione hujus incommodi cum tantum utilitatis afferat. Nullo nunc suspectus ab hospite recipiaris; maritus, quamvis sit absens, nec violationem uxoris, nec lectuli concussionem formidabit.

“ Turmas virginum, venustate et juventute splendentium, transibis, sine inflammatione libidinis et sine peccato; nocturnas somniorum illusiones, non senties, aut, quod certum est si voluntas aderit, nullus sequetur effectus.

“ Blanditiæ uxoris, corporumque contactus, curaque liberorum te nil longius aut a templo Dei, aut re literaria retardabunt.”

I doubt if this writer be morally or anatomically correct in one part of his description of the good effects of this misfortune.

PRETENDER. At the accession of the house of Hanover, this was said by certain writers to be a party watch-

word, a political bugbear rung in the ears and presented to the imaginations of the good people of England, *without any real foundation.* The following well authenticated story has been related, which may serve to throw some light on the subject.

Only a few months before the death of Queen Anne, Archbishop Sharp meeting accidentally with the Marquis of Wharton, thus addressed him :

“ My Lord, the measures which the present ministry pursue are such as I by no means approve; they seem to be going unwarrantable lengths; I have hitherto joined with them, because I thought they had their country’s interest and the welfare of the church at heart; but whatever they or you may think, I am no Pretender’s man, no Jacobite, nor ever shall be one; but will oppose that interest to the utmost of my power.

“ In short, I suspect there is some design to bring in the Pretender; but they shall never have my concurrence. If your Lordship therefore will join forces with me, as I flatter myself with possessing considerable interest, particularly among my own order, we may form a party, strong enough to break all their measures.”

“ Is your Grace in earnest ?”
replied

replied the Marquis. "I was never more so." "I beg leave then to tell you a story. Not many months ago, I had a pointer given to me; she was excellent and staunch, and in due time produced me a litter of puppies, which I pleased myself with supposing would be equal in goodness.

"I went every day to see them, but when the time came that little dogs generally have their sight, these puppies continued still blind; I visited them the tenth, eleventh and twelfth days, and they continued the same. At length, having no hopes, I ordered them to be thrown into the horse pond. Would your Grace believe it, just as they were sinking, their eyes opened." With these words the Marquis *turned on his heel*.

PRINTERS AND COMPOSITORS. In return for their making me sometimes talk nonsense, I have occasionally recorded a few of their mistakes.

A curious one is produced by Mr. Malone.

My readers need not be told that *whift* was the ancient interjection for silence; from which the name of a favourite game, or rather *a science* at cards, is supposed to be derived, as requiring mute attention.

In this sense it is used by an old translator of the *Æneid* of Virgil, at the commencement of the second book. *Conticuere omnes* are the words of the Roman poet, which are thus *done* into English:—"They whisted all;" but the compositor, either a humourist or too fond of ale, by adding a letter, has given the passage a laughable turn, "They *whistled all!*"

To many laughable errors of the press the following may be added. The *Potatoes* of Europe have been called on to resist the ambitious views of France; and the *Dog* of Venice once gave audience to an English Ambassador. A British senator has asked leave to bring in a *Bull*, and the House of Commons has proceeded to the order of the *Dey*; an Irish officer received a *Confusion* in his head; and an advertisement in a newspaper once announced an effectual cure for *Raptures*. *Rice* has been made an ingredient in a cure for the plague, instead of *Rue*; and a professional man rendered ridiculous, by publishing a *Syllabus* of his lectures.

PROPHECY NEVER FULFILLED.—The following passage being the eleventh verse in the 29th chapter of the Prophet Ezekiel, and applied by the Jewish

Jewish sage to the land of Egypt, has been lately produced by an unbeliever, as foretelling a circumstance which has not taken place:

“No foot of man shall pass through it, no foot of beast shall pass through it, neither shall it be inhabited for forty years.”

With submission to the *philosopher*, its not having been fulfilled is no proof that it may not. Indeed, when we consider the present state of that unfortunate country, a prey to foreign enemies, and distracted by internal discord, and add to those circumstances the hourly danger of its being desolated by that tremendous scourge the plague, I am of opinion that there is great probability of the prophetic words of the son of Buzi being verified.

For these last fifty years, what motive could call any rational man to that devoted territory, what but the impetuous call of duty, or *the fanatic zeal of the French institute*, that fine political mask for concealing Bonaparte's deep designs on our oriental possessions; a mask, I thank God, so gloriously torn from the usurper's face, by Abercrombie, Hutchinson, and Nelson.

the visionary wish of many worthy individuals that a liturgy or form of worship and adoration could be compiled, which every reasonable creature in the universe might in public association join in, and address to the merciful and omnipotent Creator of the world.

In such a composition without meaning to remove or to enter on the subject of subscriptions and tests, sectarian dogma and every point that has been or *can* be disputed would naturally be dropped, and each individual reserving in his bosom and for the closet his own precise mode of doctrine and faith, would cheerfully partake in the sublime chorus of praise and thanksgiving to that Being whom he reverentially looks up to for all that he hopes, and all that he enjoys.

Such has been the inexpedient chimera of a modern philosopher, who prepared a form and a house of prayer on this plan, and if I mistake not, actually officiated himself; but as the novelty wore away, his pews were gradually deserted, the gentleman himself was exposed to considerable obloquy; and as scepticism has been compared to the perpetual motion, and to leaven dropped into meal, which rests not from its ferment till the whole be leavened, so, the

B b

versatility

versatility of his genius still travelling on through the land of doubt and uncertainty, at last led him to the gloomy regions of * * * * *, from which I sincerely wish him a safe and speedy return; for that he *will* return to the central point from which he originally *verged* I feel a firm conviction, as strong as it is possible to feel of any event that hath not yet taken place.

The following is part of the liturgy he formerly composed and made use of; it was thought well put together by many persons who differed from him widely in religious opinions; but I understand that the ingenious author *NOW will not hear of it.*

MINISTER.

The Lord our God is worthy of praise; from his omnipotence, which appears manifest in the creation, and from his benevolence, which is apparent in the means of happiness he has so liberally diffused through animated nature. We acknowledge him to be the only true God, whose wisdom planned, and whose power conducts the moral government of the world.

PEOPLE.

Blessed art thou, O Lord God, and worthy to be praised for ever.

MINISTER.

We adore and worship the Most High, as a Being of in-

finite duration, and immense power, neither bounded by limits, nor confined by space; as a glorious, active Principle, incomprehensibly, but evidently animating and directing every action, and every particle of matter; as a wonderful and glorious Being, in whom we live, move, and have our existence.

PEOPLE.

The Lord dwelleth not in temples made with hands; the universe is *his* habitation.

MINISTER.

He hath founded the earth by his wisdom; he raiseth up the waters, and his clouds drop down the dew; he is mighty, and his ways are past our finding out.

PEOPLE

Manifold, O Lord, are thy works; in wisdom hast thou created them all.

MINISTER.

God is merciful, and gracious; he produceth beauty and order through all the creation, the light and genial warmth of that glorious luminary the sun. A salutary revolution of the seasons, vapour, wind, rain and vegetation are the laws of nature's God; he doeth good continually; his mercies are over all his works.

PEOPLE.

Thy works glorify thee, O God, and all thy creatures praise thee.

MINISTER.

MINISTER.

Thou hast exercised a wise and gracious care over us, O Lord, from the moment that our dim speck of entity began, till we grew up and became rational beings. Thou hast supplied all our wants, and when our powers are wearied, refreshest us with balmy sleep.

PEOPLE.

O that men would praise the Lord, for his goodness.

MINISTER.

We thank thee, O Lord, for endowing us with understanding, and for enabling us to see the beauty of virtue and religion; for laying open the measures of knowledge to our view.

We thank thee, for placing us in civilized society, for giving us social affections, and a form of government, under which personal liberty, property, and a reasonable freedom of opinion are respected.

PEOPLE.

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good, and his mercy endureth for ever.

PUNNING, an infirmity to which many able men have been subject.

From this propensity his plays prove that Shakespeare was by no means free; the following instance is related in a collection

of anecdotes preserved with the Harleian manuscripts, and entitled *Merry Passages and Jests*.

William Shakespeare being at a certain time on terms of familiarity and friendship with Ben Jonson, before the latter had become jealous and envious of his rising merits, stood godfather to a child of Ben's, who demanded of him in a pleasant way what gift he would bestow, as the custom was. "I have just been thinking," replied the Warwickshire bard, "and am determined to give the boy a dozen *latten* spoons, and thou shalt *translate* them."

Swift sometimes succeeded in this species of illegitimate wit, and on hearing the following *impromptu*, said he would have given a guinea (in his opinion and at the latter part of his life a great sum) to have been author of it.

A friend of the Dean's, at that period well known and respected in the church, was caught in a heavy shower, and rode full speed and *dripping wet* into an inn-yard, where he quickly dismounted, and having a strong voice, called lustily about him.

He soon found his way to a large kitchen fire, and to a waiter who advanced towards him with a low bow, he exclaimed "Pull pull! at the same time extending his arm for the purpose of having

ing his great coat taken off; the waiter drawing back, immediately replied, "No, Sir, you must excuse me; I cannot think of flying in the face of an express act of parliament. It is felony to strip an *ASH*"—that being the clergyman's name, who was himself a notorious punster, and so delighted with what could not have been premeditated that he directly gave the utterer of it a guinea.

Swift the drawcansir, and *at-all* of his day, who spared neither man, woman, nor child, whose attacks on Delany and Sheridan were coarse, mortifying, and incessant, we are informed, on the faith of an humble friend, that on a certain occasion, receiving a note from one of these gentlemen directed to the Dean of *St. Paw-tricks*, this same Dr. Swift sat in a *brown study* for more than an hour.

Every day's experience proves that making a joke of another man and being ridiculed ourselves are two very different things.

QUACK MEDICINES.—To account for the rise and fall of these remedies in public estimation has exercised the ingenuity of many.

If any *public medicines*, as we now are taught to call them, really possessed such virtues as

their projectors first announced, how can mankind be so blind to those invaluable blessings health and comfort as to suffer them to sink into oblivion.

If, on the other hand, they have proved not only ineffectual but frequently mischievous, it is equally difficult to account for their having ever attained general approbation and repute. A strong case, *in point*, occurs in the 255th page of my third volume. In the article to which I refer, I am accused of defending the unwarrantable practice of a rash and impudent empiric, who while the cures he performed were proclaimed in every newspaper and blazoned on every post, artfully suppressed the numerous cases in which his medicines either failed or were productive of fatal effects.

Another example is also on record. Mrs. Stephens, the inventor or rather the assumer of a composition once so famous for dissolving the stone in the human bladder, and for the communication of which she received from the public purse a large pecuniary reward.

On this occasion, considerable pains were taken to ascertain its real merits, and, if possible, to prevent fraud and collusion.

By certain eminent professional men, appointed for the purpose

purpose, a patient was found who evidently laboured under the disease which the compound professed to remove; he was placed under the care of Mrs. Stephens, took her preparation in such form and quantity and for such a period as she directed, and after a certain time, he was produced as cured.

A second and a careful examination, by the gentlemen appointed, now took place, and after repeated *soundings with the staff*, as I understand, is the technical mode, no stone could be found. A report, favourable to the efficacy of the receipt, was made, and five or ten thousand pounds were paid to the fortunate proprietor.

In this instance, the word fortunate was peculiarly applicable; as, a few years after this transaction, the patient died, when permission was obtained by a professional man concerned to open the body of the deceased.

No stone, it is true, was discovered in the bladder, but by a wonderful effort of nature, which cannot, I think, be fairly attributed to the drugs taken, a large one was found in the cavity which contains the bladder and intestines, protruded in a portion of the coat and between the muscular fibres of the former.

But although the efficacy, *to a certain degree and in slight cases*, of medicines of the class recommended by Mrs. Stephens, cannot be doubted, the moment that a method of compounding it was published, it sunk in general estimation, and no more was heard of its wonderful effects.

From this and other instances, it appears THAT DEALING IN MYSTERY IS ONE OF THE GREAT PILLARS OF QUACKERY; that in this and other instances, the public opinion is influenced as the miser's horse was on the subject of oats, which he had never seen.

OMNE IGNOTUM PRO MAGNIFICO.

Addressed to an avaricious man, who starved his horses.

Bred in thy stable, in thy meadow born,
What vast ideas they must have of corn.

Another important circumstance should also be recollected by mankind; the mere preparation and dispensing of medicines, the giving them pompous names, and *compiling a long list of diseases which they* INFALLIBLY cure is an easy branch of the medical art, often within the reach of a farrier, a school-boy, a merry

a merry andrew, or an old woman.

BUT TO ACQUIRE A KNOWLEDGE OF THAT COMPLICATED HYDRAULIC MACHINE CALLED MAN, TO COMPREHEND THE MIRACULOUS PHENOMENA OF ANOTHER ELECTRICAL APPARATUS CALLED THE NERVOUS SYSTEM, INCLOSED, IT IS TRUE, WITH IT IN THE SAME CASE, BUT ACTING IN A HUNDRED INSTANCES, WHOLLY INDEPENDENTLY OF IT, OR INDEED OF ANY MECHANIC LAWS; TO KNOW AND TO FEEL FROM POSITIVE EVIDENCE THE EXISTENCE, POWER, AND INFLUENCE ON THE HUMAN BODY, OF A THINKING PRINCIPLE, OF THAT DIVINÆ PARTICULA AURÆ WHICH WE DENOMINATE AN IMMORTAL SOUL; TO DIVE, I SAY, INTO THESE MYSTERIES OF THE CREATION, AND TO DEDUCE FROM THEM RULES FOR REPLENISHING THE EXHAUSTED FOUNTAIN OF LIFE, AND ENABLING DEBILITY TO RESUME THE DROPPING REINS OF VOLITION AND PERCEPTION; THESE ARE GIFTS MORE IMMEDIATELY DERIVED FROM ALMIGHTY GOD, COMMUNICATED ONLY TO THE SELECT FEW, AND EMINENTLY DISTINGUISH THE PHYSICIAN, THE PHILOSOPHER, AND THE MAN OF SCIENCE FROM THE HERO OF A PESTLE AND MOR-

TAR, OR HIS MORE OSTENTATIOUS ASSOCIATE, SO DEXTEROUS IN MANŒUVRING THE TONGUE, THE PULSE, THE STOPWATCH, AND THE GUINEA.

The following words of a respectable periodic writer, more than fifty years ago, deserve repeating.—It is commonly mentioned, as an allowed fact, that men without parts or literary qualifications may practise physic with success, in other words, that an illiterate blockhead may be a good physician. As this is a formidable and dangerous maxim, mankind should be put on their guard against it.

They should recollect that generally speaking certain medicines are not specific antidotes for certain diseases; for, twenty persons may be ill of a fever, but in each case attended with such different symptoms that a preparation which would certainly cure one of the patients would as certainly kill another; so that the efficacy and superior power and activity of the medicine, if administered without skill, augment the danger, in the same proportion that they diminish the probability of removing the complaint.

To investigate disease, to discover its causes by its symptoms, and to apply proper remedies, not only to its accidental complications,

plications, but to the habits, age, sex, and constitution of the sick, require such skill as can be produced only by extensive knowledge, sound judgment, and critical enquiry; but these cannot be effectually exerted if the patient is not seen.

To deliberately write and publish gross nonsense, to be deficient in propriety and common honesty as well as common sense, to be ignorant of English grammar and his native tongue are proofs of insolence and stupidity, and amount to positive proofs of a man's unfitness to practise physic. To detect and expose such a character, and to guard the world against him is arresting the foe of mankind in his walk, and intercepting that arrow which flieth in the dark.

QUESTION, a singular one, and apparently on a trifling subject, but leading to important consequences.

Wrapt up in majesty divine,
Doth God regard on what I
dine? ♥

This is partly a translation of a French epigram, occasioned by a Catholic who was found eating meat on a fast day. In reply to long and loud reproaches for not making his dinner on fish, the irritated offender exclaimed,

Peut un hareng plaire à Dieu?

But the business of this article was to answer the English question, Does God regard on what we dine? The reply is yes, if what we eat leads to a violation of his commandments.

RETIREMENT, addition to an article under that or a similar title in one of my preceding volumes.

The following are the words of a deceased man of genius, driven from his country by religious persecution. It cannot be denied that he had irritated his enemies by previous aggression, and licentious sarcasm. As he approaches the spot chosen for his retreat, he addresses it in these animated lines.

O take and keep me, ever blest
domain,
Where freedom, Flora, and Pomona reign;
Take me, the world with transport I resign,
And let your peaceful solitude be mine.
Blest scenes, where freedom's all enlivening day
Pours on the cottager a genial ray.
No tyrant here in pompous tinsel drest;
No glittering emblems blazing on the breast;
No tissued ribbons to the world declare
The selfish heart that lurks beneath a star;

No

Nor wealth with haughty supercilious eyes,
The falt'ring pray'r of weeping want denies.

Here all are brothers, equal parts sustain,

Alike the heirs of pleasure and of pain.

Come, gracious freedom, to my lov'd retreat,

Come, and with friendship, share the mossy seat ;

Come, from the proud, the turbulent and great,

The craft of business, and the pomp of state.

Yet this gentleman, *like other retirers*, found as much craft in his country retirement as in the metropolis he had quitted. It is also worthy of remark, that the country he so eloquently describes as the residence of liberty and equality, and which I believe was the first to accede to and accept the offer of fraternization from the *ci-devant* French republic, is now groaning under the iron rod of Napoleon the First.

R IENZI, a native of Rome, in the early part of the fourteenth century, born of obscure parents, during the pontificate of Nicholas Bocasino, who governed the church little more than eight months, under the appellation of Benedict the Ele-

venth, and at a period when the Popes resided at Avignon.

Rienzi received an education better than the occupation of his father, a little innkeeper, could well afford, and in contemplating the illustrious examples of virtue and patriotism recorded by the authors he perused, his mind, which appears to have been endued with keen sensibility, was roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and energy.

Possessing a considerable share of natural eloquence, he became a favourite with the multitude, to whom in accidental meetings of the people he avowed and explained his democratic and republican propensities; he represented the folly and crimes of the ruling families, by whom their property was confiscated, their wives and daughters violated. He lamented that his native city, once the mistress of the world, and which had given birth to Cincinnatus and Cato, to Brutus, and to Scipio, should be degraded by despotism, by corrupt magistrates, and perverted laws.

At this unpropitious interval, his brother being assassinated, he loudly demanded justice and legal investigation; but the murderer was protected by the Calonna influence.

Disappointed and enraged, Ri-
enzi

enzi rushed through the streets with fury in his looks, loudly proclaiming the injury and injustice he had experienced, and collecting, as he passed along, the idle, the discontented, and the ill-designing.

Having reached a large square, he found his audience numerous, and ascending a scaffold which had been erected for repairing a decayed palace, he thus addressed them :—

“ Friends and fellow citizens,

“The blood of my slaughtered brother cries for vengeance, and would justify a severe retaliation; but it is your wish and mine to procure the inestimable blessings of liberty, without involving our country in bloodshed and confusion.

“ The Guardian Genius of immortal Rome has not forsaken her in these degenerate days ; and the assassin of my family appears to have taken the first step towards our political melioration.

“ The accomplishment of your wishes, the establishment of *the good old cause*, is rapidly advancing, if you only have fortitude and forbearance to exert the power you possess with spirit, perseverance, and moderation.

“ The strength of our oppressors is imaginary ; they are without union, without virtue, and

without resources. The public revenues are in fact our own, and our gracious Sovereign the Pope, who unhappily for his subjects, is not permitted to reside among us, cannot but rejoice at our expelling the wolves in sheep's cloathing from the flock and fold of St. Peter.

“ Our undertaking is without danger, the tranquil enjoyment of life and all its comforts depends on its execution ; *should* it, however, fail, contrary to your hopes and my own strong convictions, death, a glorious, an honourable death will be our portion ; a fate far more desirable than dragging on a despicable existence, with our property, our wives and our daughters subject to caprice, rapacity, and lust.

But as energy and expedition are the soul and body of every enterprize, I will with your permission instantly publish a proclamation, to call an assembly of the people; on this occasion, he who appears armed shall suffer death.

“ To prevent opposition, and ensure peace, care shall be taken that the nobility, their relatives, and every adherent directly or collaterally connected with the present corrupt and perverted government shall leave the city without delay.

" In the mean time, I bid
c c you

you heartily farewell, and earnestly intreat that each person demean himself with prudence, and recommend a similar conduct to his family and neighbours; so shall we not disgrace the cause in which we are engaged, and prove to the world that a few precious drops of Roman blood are still circulating in our veins."

He was heard with silent obedience, the multitude quietly dispersed, and wonderful to relate, within three hours from the time that Rienzi dismissed his audience, the whole of the nobility with such persons as chose to accompany them departed from the city without a murmur. As the morning approached, and before day-light appeared, such was the confidence placed in him, or so great were the expectations he had raised, not only the whole space before the Church of St. Angelo but the windows and roofs of the adjoining houses, and every place which commanded a view of the spot were covered with spectators, whose numbers it would not be easy to calculate or tell.

After a sufficient space of time had elapsed to excite hope and stimulate impatience, the doors of the church were thrown open, where Rienzi and his principal adherents had passed the night

in celebrating mass; he issued forth, presenting himself to the people, bareheaded, but clothed in armour.

At his right hand, (strange to tell,) was the Bishop of Orrieto, the papal vicar; four silken banners followed next, the bearers of them being conspicuous from their purple robes ornamented with golden embroidery, as the ensigns of authority, waved with the wind; the wondering populace beheld emblazoned on them in emblematic or allegorical figures, JUSTICE and LIBERTY, CONCORD and PEACE, delineations large as life, of St. Paul, with a drawn sword, and St. Peter, *with his keys* did not escape their observation.

A procession, accompanied with martial music, now commenced. The colours were followed by more than a hundred of citizens, zealously attached to *the good old cause*; these were succeeded by the people, in compact order, but without riot or confusion, and THE IMMENSE MACHINE moved slowly to the Capitol.

Rienzi assuming confidence from the encouragement and applause he received on every side, ascended a lofty balcony, from which he addressed the people; he congratulated them on the important victory they had

had gained over vice and usurpation, without depriving a single individual of his life. As he was proceeding to enlarge on the glorious prospect before them, the populace, in the warmth of their gratitude, or perhaps previously instructed, loudly declared RIENZI SHALL BE KING.

When their shouts had ceased, he protested that he would never assume a title which had been borne by Tarquin, by Nero, and Commodus. It was in vain that his partizans exerted all their efforts, and quoted his favourite poet, to prove (as *we might* prove under George the Third) that the blessings of liberty were never more perfectly enjoyed than under a good king. After a long, a real, or an affected struggle, he consented to be called TRIBUNE OF ROME; but under that unassuming title, appears to have exercised absolute authority, forgetting what the majority of *his subjects* probably did not know, that in the earlier and pure ages of the Roman republic, neither executive nor legislative powers were lodged in the hands of the *Tribunus plebis*, he being in fact as well as form defender of popular privileges, and a check on the consular and patrician branches of the old constitution.

But however incorrect or in-

appropriate his appellation, he fulfilled every regal duty with honesty and zeal, redressing many grievances, and amending various abuses in the courts of law, and in the collection of the public revenues. On these occasions, the benefits derived from his exertions and his general popularity enabled him to overcome the enemies *his character as a reformer created*.

But a more afflicting, a formidable evil loudly demanded suppression. The power of the Roman nobility, who converted their palaces into fortresses, and having originally seized by violence and occupied by prescription the towers, gates and bridges of the city, maintained a species of petty sovereignty in their various districts, and disciplining their domestics, vassals, and dependents, occasionally issued forth as interest or passion stimulated, and rendered the streets of the metropolis a scene of warfare and contention.

Rienzi at once, and without delay, destroyed this fruitful source of animosity and rebellion; he declared there should only be one Master in Rome, THE TRIBUNE ELECTED BY THE PEOPLE.

Awed by his predominating spirit, the proprietors of barricades and fortified posts sullenly
c c 2 relinquished

relinquished them, and saw them either dismantled or occupied by the troops of Rienzi; for, although strong in public opinion, he saw the necessity of military power to support his authority, and soon after his election, embodied and arrayed a considerable number of men, whom in the present day we should call national guards or volunteers. Of these, on any occasion of danger or alarm, twenty thousand could speedily be assembled.

Rienzi had thus exerted his power and influence in effecting the only legitimate purposes for which they ought to be exerted; in alleviating the burthens, diminishing the oppression, and augmenting the comforts of his people. He extinguished the rights of sanctuaries and privileges which had been so much abused; he declared that no shelter should be a protection for crimes; that while *he* administered the supreme authority, honest men should rejoice, but villains tremble.

But the head of the Tribune, *like other heads*, was rendered giddy, by elevation and success; he gradually lost sight of that moderation and simplicity in manners, life and conversation for which he had hitherto been distinguished, he neglected or

despised those arts which caused him first to rise; he affected the dress and language of royalty.

This Tribune of the people had seven crowns alternately placed on his head, assumed a long and pompous title, affected the aristocratic dignity of knighthood, and displayed himself on festivals and days of public audience seated on a lofty throne, with a sceptre in his hand, and cloathed in velvet or satin, weighty with ornaments of gold.

He treated the Pope, the Emperor and other sovereign princes with haughtiness, indignity and contempt; and this reformer of luxury, vice and corruption, fascinated by the delicacy or the novelty of a well covered table, degenerated into an epicure and a glutton.

His enemies beheld this change with joy, the people with regret; and when once the tide of popularity subsided, the faults of Rienzi were watched and aggravated by the scrutinizing eyes of envy and malignity: the stern severity of his justice was called cruelty, his liberality was denominated profusion and generosity at the expense of other people; and the love of fame, which in all transactions, appeared the ruling passion of his soul, was ridiculed

ridiculed and satirized as ignoble vanity, and unmanly ostentation.

The Tribune quickly perceived that he had lost the confidence of his original supporters, and that his inveterate enemies the nobles were intriguing and plotting against him. An insurrection of his opponents attacked his authority under and almost within the walls of Rome; the alarm bell was rung in vain; but the hour of enthusiasm and attachment were passed away, and after an ineffectual struggle, the once so popular and almost deified and adored was obliged to fly from Rome. Alternately, a fugitive, an exile, and at last a prisoner in a papal dungeon at Avignon, Rienzi heard of the distracted state of his native city, and the return of its tyrants with pity and grief.

After an absence of seven years, the reformer (*zelator Italiæ*) was liberated, and sent with papal and senatorial authority to restore peace and tranquility to the city from which he had been driven.

But the ardor of public spirit was cooled and repressed by adversity and experience. Cold distrust and hesitating doubt took the place of energy and unbounded confidence. His vices had augmented in the same pro-

portion that his integrity was diminished. His power and authority were resisted by a considerable number of his former adherents, aided by the profligate, the idle, and the poor, incited by the nobility, who detested Rienzi, and dreaded the restoration of *the good old cause*. At length, after a four month's difficult administration, *the Senator Rienzi* was killed in a popular tumult. Such was the life and death of this extraordinary man; who seems to have possessed talents admirably calculated for reforming abuse, and concentrating the energies of the million to one fixed and settled purpose; but, he wanted self denial to resist the temptations which surround absolute power: and although Rienzi controuled and punished the oppressors of his country with spirit and effect, he appears to have made a contemptible prince. After having attained supreme power and driven out the destroyers, had he retired to his original private station, and committed his authority to pure and able hands, if any such at that unpropitious period could be found, his name would be handed down to posterity in a much more favorable point of view. *Major privatu dum privatus, et omnium consensu capax imperii, si non imperasset.*

For

For the materials and a good part of this article, I am indebted to Muratori, to the compilation of two indefatigable Jesuits, Brumoy and Cerceau, and to Mr. Gibbon. The Memoirs by the two reverend fathers, a copy of which, now before me, and which appears to have been at a certain time the property of the English historian, are mentioned in his notes; but Muratori's author, Fortifiocca, is generally referred to, in "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

RIPERDA, a native of Groningen, towards the close of the seventeenth century, for the materials of whose singular life and adventures we are indebted to the late Dr. Campbell, and for many new facts to the ingenious rector of Bemerton.

The last writer, admitted to sources of information which few private men *can* have any access to, has, in his apology for Sir Robert Walpole, performed the task committed to his care, in a dexterous and pleasing manner.

It must be confessed that when the transactions of ministers and statesmen are to be delineated and laid before the public, a writer is placed in a situation peculiar and delicate; more par-

ticularly when those individuals, to whom he is indebted for important papers, are immediate descendants from the illustrious persons whose history he writes.

To investigate characters, and decide on measures, when party zeal, inflamed resentments, and family prejudice have not had time to cool, has been aptly compared by Horace, to treading on ashes, beneath which, unextinguished fire is concealed: In such cases an author has a difficult part to act; to avoid the bias of gratitude and private interest; to speak not only truth but the *whole* truth; to avoid exciting the malignity of powerful enemies, but at the same time to preserve unblemished his integrity and literary reputation with the public.

Riperda, the subject of my present page, inheriting from nature activity and acuteness, and uniting, to a warm imagination, a more than moderate confidence in his own abilities, applied with indefatigable industry to literature and science.

After a well-planned and well-executed education, under the superintendence of his father, who was descended from a good family in the province where he resided, the young man passed the earlier part of his life in the army,

army, in which he deserved and obtained promotion.

His military progress, added a general knowledge of the world, and agreeable manners, to his more solid acquirements; but he suffered no pursuit either of business or of pleasure to interrupt the cultivation of his mind; *his morning hours were sacred*, and while his associates in winter quarters were lost in the stupefying indolence of superfluous sleep, or in recovering from a nocturnal debauch, the more diligent Dutchman was trimming his early lamp.

He exerted himself more peculiarly in procuring information on every subject directly or remotely connected with manufactures and trade; he made himself acquainted with the population and the wants of the different powers in Europe; with the natural produce and raw materials each country yielded, and the various commodities which they were under the necessity of providing from their neighbours.

Having formed himself precisely for managing the concerns of a mercantile country; soon after the peace of Utrecht, he was appointed envoy from the United Provinces to the Court of Madrid, for the purpose of negotiating a commercial treaty with the King of Spain.

This complicated business he conducted with so much address, and turned his book knowledge, *which men of business are so apt to think lightly of*, to such good account, that he attracted the notice and procured the favor of Cardinal Alberoni, who from being a curate in the Dutchy of Parma, had by fortunate and *well-improved* incidents, gained the patronage of the Princess Ursini, and, was at the moment, Prime Minister of Spain.

At Madrid he found Mr. Doddington, the subject of an article in a former volume of this collection, who was sent on a similar business, by his master, the king of England.

The English envoy better skilled in borough arrangements than the intricacies of foreign politics, derived so much benefit from the correct official statements and the authentic documents of Riperda, that he received many warm acknowledgments from Lord Townshend at that time a cabinet minister at the court of London.

These flattering circumstances first occasioned the subject of our present article, to meditate establishing himself in Spain; he was induced to this project by recollecting that it required no very consummate abilities to pass for a deep politician at Madrid,

drid, where many foreigners had been advanced to high honours and confidential trusts, who had no other recommendation, than a good voice, a dextrous finger, a pleasing countenance, or a handsome leg.

Finding the protestant religion a considerable impediment to his advancement, he publicly abjured the faith in which he had been educated, and was eagerly admitted into the Catholic church.

This change of opinion or of profession, so favorable to his political career, does not appear, to have improved his morals; for in a pecuniary transaction Riperda was accused of imposing on Mr. Doddington; this ill-timed incident lost him Alberoni's favor, and he was soon after dismissed from the lucrative post of superintendant of a royal manufactory to which he had been appointed.

The Dutchman always repelled this degrading accusation with spirit, insisting that the money received, ten thousand pistoles, was no more than a moderate reward for the important diplomatic benefits he had conferred by advice and communication on *the infant statesman*, that being the appellation he bestowed on Mr. Doddington, alluding I apprehend, rather to

his want of experience than years; he asserted that part of the cash had been actually expended, in obtaining secret intelligence for the Englishman: Who shall decide when statesmen disagree? Sometimes in these collusions, a spark of truth, useful to honest men is struck out.

Riperda observed that on this occasion, he had acted towards *the unfledg'd envoy*, as a prudent physician would treat an illiberal and parsimonious patient, who insidiously *picked out* his opinions and advice during accidental conversations, without offering a fee, *he had paid himself*.

It is not easy now to decide on the positive criminality, or relative equity of this transaction; it must, however, be confessed, that internal evidence, deduced from the subsequent conduct of Riperda, and the left-handed, characteristic cunning of his countrymen, *who generally over-reach themselves*, tell rather against him.

But this obliquity of conduct, does not appear to have retarded his political progress; he joined the enemies of Alberoni; and, in the place from which he had been dismissed, having been kindly noticed by the royal family he still retained their favor; was frequently consulted by the principal

principal secretary Grimaldo, and, what in Spain is an object of the first importance, Riperda became a favorite with the king's confessor.

In this advantageous position, he intrigued and *caballed* against the cardinal; contributed powerfully towards his dismissal; and dazzled by the bright prospect which opened before him, confiding in superior abilities, or his personal influence with the king, he was ambitious of succeeding the *ex-minister*.

But when his appointment was proposed in council, strong representations were made against placing at the head of his majesty's administration an alien and a new convert from heresy, whose integrity was already suspected.

A further discussion was delayed by Philip's abdicating the Spanish throne; but when the royal seceder resumed his crown, Riperda was still his confidential favorite, and ingratiated himself more particularly with the queen, by promoting a marriage between Don Carlos, and an arch-duchess of the House of Austria.

On this occasion he was sent ambassador to the emperor of Germany, and during his mission to Vienna, acquired considerable popularity, as well by the unqualified warmth of his declara-

tions in favor of German connections; by the hospitality of his table, the splendour of his retinue, and the punctuality of his payments.

A new system of politics, different views, and, probably, the pecuniary *embarras* with Mr. Doddington, gradually estranged him from his former attachment to England, and he poured forth a foul stream of virulent invective against this country for hesitating to fulfil her engagements, one of which he positively insisted was an immediate and unqualified cession of the important fortress of Gibraltar.

In reply, it was acknowledged that the subject had been pressed by the Spanish minister, and a promise made to take it into consideration; but when the outrageous statesman was informed that in Great Britain the will of a sovereign, or the wishes of his minister, are impotent and ineffectual without parliamentary concurrence, he burst into passionate, vehement and unbecoming expressions; threatened that *he* would land twenty thousand men in Scotland, *send home* the elector of Hanover, and place the lawful sovereign, a legitimate descendant of king James the second on the English throne.

Having concluded with the
D d emperor

emperor a treaty, by which the king and queen of Spain were highly gratified, he hastened to Madrid, where he was received with rapturous acknowledgments; but he treated his friend Grimaldo with ungrateful coldness, and the day after his arrival, was appointed to succeed him as principal secretary of state; he transacted business at the council-board and with foreign ambassadors, thus enjoying the uncontrouled authority of Alberoni, without the name of prime minister.

But it was soon found with all his predominating address and eminent talents, that he was unfit for the high office he filled; that he was vain, turbulent, and insolent; without regularity, prudence, moderation, or consistency of conduct; in a word, that he was a character I have often had occasion to delineate and to lament in this collection; possessing great powers and splendid attainments, but wanting prudence and common sense.

The king by more frequent intercourse soon saw the deficiency of Ripperda in these indispensable requisites, and in a short time he ceased to be a favorite.

It is not improbable that the minister became giddy from the height to which he was ele-

vated; being hated by the officers of state who were obliged to attend him, and detested by the people, his situation was awkward and perilous; yet at a crowded levee he had the folly or the assurance to exclaim, "I know that the whole kingdom is irritated against me, but their malice I defy; safe under the protection of God, the blessed Virgin, and the goodness of my intentions."

The general aversion every day increasing, and Ripperda's imprudence keeping pace with his unpopularity, it was found necessary to remove him. His dismissal, according to the usual court etiquette, being called a *resignation*, and his temper smoothed by a liberal pension.

But this pacific treatment had no effect in quieting the exasperated Dutchman; his angry passions raged with unabated fury, and he vowed eternal vengeance against a country so blind to his merits.

Being possessed of secrets, which the English ministry were anxious to become acquainted with, he opened a clandestine intercourse with the English ambassador, Stanhope; his former friend Doddington having been recalled.

The curses of the people artfully

fully fomented by his enemies, were by this time not only deep but loud; he was fearful of an attack on his person, and he fled to that gentleman's house.

His intrigues with England, and other hostile designs being now discovered, he was dragged from his retreat, taken into custody, and imprisoned in the castle of Segovia.

Taking advantage of the infirmity or the neglect of his keepers, and assisted by a female domestic, *who first pitying had then loved him*, he bribed a nocturnal sentinel and by means of a rope ladder effected his escape.

With these companions, and after a long, anxious, and fatiguing journey, he reached Oporto, and embarked without delay for England, where he was received with respect and attention by the king's ministers.

But when Sir Robert Walpole had gained from the fugitive every necessary information, he was gradually neglected, and, as is the case with all betrayers of their trust, at last despised, even by those who had derived advantage from his treachery.

A man like Ripperda who had directed national councils, and been listened to by kings, who abounded in pride, and swelled with indignation, could not but

feel this degraded situation most acutely; after two years passed in the English metropolis, in unavailing impatience, passion and regret, but with undiminished hatred against every thing Spanish, he withdrew to Holland.

In that republic he found an agent from Barbary, who, being acquainted with his story, conceived that his thirst for vengeance might be made productive of important advantages to the sovereign by whom he was employed.

This person was an envoy from *that barbarian whom we condescend to call the emperor of Morocco*; he assured Ripperda, that all his efforts in *Europe* would be ineffectual, in consequence of the important changes which had recently taken place in continental politics; but that on the borders of his master's territories in Africa, he might annoy his enemies, and gratify his revenge most effectually; that he would there possess the advantage of a geographical position, in which to defeat the Spaniards would be to exterminate them, and that he would receive ample rewards from a grateful ally stimulated by the hereditary impulse of eternal hatred and national antipathy.

Ripperda heard and was convinced

vinced; revenge the most infernal but most seducing of all our crimes, quickening all his measures and smoothing every difficulty, with the two companions of his flight he sailed for Africa, and after a prosperous voyage announced his arrival and the object of his views to the emperor Muly Abdallah, who eagerly accepted his services.

The Dutchman, who like his countrymen, for a productive cargo would have trod on the cross at Japan, embraced the Mahometan faith, adopted the dress, conformed to the manners and gained the esteem of that African chief.

In less than two months, he was advanced to the post of prime minister, and shortly after appointed commander in chief of his forces, with unusual discretionary powers.

The new general animated by the spur of the occasion, lost no time in improving the army placed under his guidance, by every means in his power.

He represented to Abdallah, the inefficiency of the desultory and irregular modes of attack generally practised by the Moors, by which although at their first onset, they sometimes break down all before them, are if they fail, generally productive of

irrecoverable confusion, slaughter, and defeat.

With the emperor's permission, Riperda, for so I continue to call him, although the renegado had assumed another name; with the emperor's permission he rigidly enforced the severe maxims of European tactics, silent and prompt obedience, irresistible energy, patient and cool dexterity; which at the mouth of a cannon, the mounting a breach, or the springing of a mine, convert an otherwise unmanageable mob, into a compact magic machine various in form, but of tremendous power; a widely spread line, a hollow square, a wedge, a column or a platoon.

Thus improved and thus directed, the Barbarians attacked the Spaniards, and irrecoverably defeated them; their leader was created a bashaw, and died at Tetuan, in extreme old age, some time in the year 1737.

Such was Riperda, one of the numerous instances occurring in this book, and every day in that more important book, the world; with a strong mind and talents improved by assiduous cultivation, placed on elevated ground, and possessing a considerable share of book-learning, and no small portion of general and local information, he missed the high

high road to happiness; all his parts, and all his acquirements, did not guard him against obliquity and crooked policy, which in this as in most instances generally defeat their own purpose. He is one added to the many instances, which pointedly prove after all the contrivances of cunning and the deep stratagems of finesse, THAT HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY; THAT HER WAYS ARE WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS, AND ALL HER PATHS ARE PEACE.

SEMIRAMIS, a tragedy, translated from the French by a military man to whom I have applied the term *Cærulean* in a former volume.

I mention it in this place to prove, that there were persons in the world who agreed with me in opinion concerning the person in question, as my mode of introducing him in the late Lord Lyttleton's article, has been termed cruel and unchristian.

This dramatic performance afforded an opportunity to a satirical poet to lash the writer in that masterly but unjustifiable poem the *Diaboliad*.

Among the various candidates who offer to fill the vacant throne of hell, which forms the plan of the poem, the young peer of unhappy memory is introduced, and with him the well

known individual whom I am accused of defaming.

“ Behind him came, in regimentals drest,

The brazen gorget hanging at his breast,

Th’ officious captain, ready to obey,

Whate’er might be the business of the day.

With solemn look the conscious peer began,

Thus to address the military man;

“ Friend, cousin ———

— — — — —

— — — Together when we stray’d

Through vice’s public walk and private shade;

I found thee apt in every artful wile,

Proud to defame and eager to beguile;

When to give life to Sunday’s tedious hour,

We wish’d to make the pedant parson low’r,

To make the simple stare, the virtuous sigh,

Your tongue pour’d forth the ready blasphemy;

Whene’er I wanted falsehood to supply

The place of truth, you found the ready lie

— — — — —

— — — — —

Have

Have we not done these ills and
many more ?

Swear sir — — — —

By *Egypt's queen* th' obsequious
captain swore ;

The queen, who lur'd him to
disgrace his cloth,

And gave him bread, now serv'd
him for an oath."

This short extract with other reasons I *could* give, proves that I was not very much mistaken in my man ; so harsh a portrait in a poem at the time very generally popular, and which went through many editions, if there had not been truth and justice in the outline, would have been formally contradicted.

SHIPWRECK OF SAINT PAUL. The precise spot which was the scene of the disaster of this apostle, who was first a persecutor, and afterwards a convert to christianity, has exercised the critical powers of modern writers and geographers ; the island of Malta, lately delivered from *the fraternal embraces* of our French neighbours by the arms of England, has been considered by the majority as the island on which the ship was stranded.

But in the eighteenth century, an ingenious well written dissertation, and in Latin, worthy

of the Augustan age, was published by a learned Benedictine, a native and inhabitant of the island of Meleda, situated in the Adriatic sea, and not far from Ragusa.

In this work, the holy father insists that the place of his birth was the land on which the miraculous escapes of the christian prisoner were exhibited ; and it must be confessed that *some* of his arguments by which the hypothesis is supported, have considerable weight.

He proves that Meleda, in the age of the apostles was called Melita ; that the island of Malta, properly speaking is *not* in the Adriatic sea ; that the wind called Euroclidon, a south east not a north east wind, as it has been sometimes described, could not have driven a bark, sailing from the coast of Palestine to Italy, on the rocky shores of Malta ; and lastly that the term Barbarian, applied in the New Testament to the inhabitants of the island where St. Paul was shipwrecked, was and is perfectly applicable to the inhabitants of the coast on which Meleda is situated, but could not in any sense be properly applied to the Greeks who inhabited Malta.

This author further asserts that there are no quicksands, such as St. Paul describes, near
Malta.

Malta, but that they are frequently met with, and occasion the loss of many ships, off the southerly point of Meleda.

The apostle's being bit by a venomous serpent is another circumstance produced against the possibility of Malta being the island in question; as none exist in it; and he observes, *that the earth of this famous rock, with which it is so thinly covered, is a specific remedy for the bites of such reptiles in general.*

In Meleda, vipers of a malignant species abound, and their bite is often attended with fatal consequences.

In answer to those who insist that Malta being free from venomous reptiles was owing to the miraculous interposition of St. Paul, it may be and is observed that a miracle of such importance, had it taken place, would surely have been recorded by Saint Luke, as well as the cure of Publius, and the minute circumstance of the flag borne by the ship.

To conclude, in the words of this well-informed Benedictine, Ignatio Giorgi; those who support the commonly received opinion that Malta is the spot, must allow the Adriatic Sea to extend to that island; that a ship was driven to the south by a south-east wind; that the inhabitants

of a place inhabited by Greeks and Romans were Barbarians; and that Saint Paul was bitten by a viper in an insulated country where vipers never existed.

SIEGE OF A FORTRESS.

It has been *lamented* by a modern writer, that it costs as much to besiege a city as to found a colony; yet when we recollect the destruction and bloodshed which generally take place on such occasions, this reflection should seem to be a source of consolation, rather than regret; as heroes, whom no motives of humanity can restrain, are often deterred from persevering in their career of ambition by exhausted finances.

The business of *taking* places indeed has been rendered by the skill of engineers a matter of arithmetical calculation, and has been thought a business of such certainty and mathematical demonstration, that a paper was said to be found in the cabinet of a modern general who died a few years ago, on which was written an alphabetical list of all the strong holds in Europe, arranged in columns, similar to a military return, with spaces appropriate to each, in which the money, number of lives, and quantity of ammunition neces-

sary

sary to be sacrificed, but which would certainly succeed, were mentioned.

It was the opinion of this gentleman that there was no place, defile, or position however guarded by nature and art, which might not be *carried* by a general resolved to employ all possible means in attaining his end; who would beset a garrison so closely till their diseases or the death of his own men had produced contagion; who on being told that materials for advancing and forming lines of contra-val-lation, parapets, &c. could not be procured, on account of the rocky nature of the soil, would coolly reply, "you cannot surely want materials, with such numbers of dead bodies; use them without delay, it will save the labour of the pick-axe and the spade, and we shall have great plenty;" or finally, who sending a detachment of eight hundred men, on the forlorn hope, and being asked why he detached so many, answered that the besieged could not be tempted to spring a mine for a less number; that the mine *must* at all events be sprung, or nothing could be done; as during the noise, smoke, and confusion, he proposed an assault in a distant spot; that as to the men who were killed off, he acted upon a

certainly, having an accurate return of the number of the besieged, and he was able to *last them out*.

To such a commander, who would pile up the bodies of his slaughtered troops, till they overtopped the Rock of Gibraltar, or choak the Rhine with their mutilated corpses, till he had made it fordable, what is impossible?

On the subject of sieges, it would be an useful object of investigation to enumerate the various substances which in case of famine or scarcity would afford a temporary support to animal life.

The prejudices of persons who have never tasted it are strong against the use of the flesh of horses as an article of diet; but experience has proved it to be salutary and nutritious: nor is there any reason for doubting whether dogs, cats, rats, mice, and particularly snails come under a similar description.

In case of a total deprivation of the usual means of subsistence, starving might be effectually prevented by large earth-worms, cleaned and scoured in moss; by beetles, scarabæi, locusts, and by frogs, which however revolting to a republican stomach, made an excellent ragout under the *ancien regime*; by leather, purified by water
from

from the ingredients of the tanner and the currier; by horn, ivory, and bones; by pasteboard, paper, *papier machée*, glue, candles, oil, and soap deprived by an easy process of its caustic alkaly, and by quills; by the bark of trees, by nuts of almost every kind, by acorns, *mast*, and by the roots of a variety of vegetables, particularly those of beet, comfrey, and marsh mallows.

But under so awful a visitation, not only what, but *how much* would keep a human creature alive becomes an object of considerable importance.

In several parts of this collection, I have ventured to think, that many persons, who consider themselves as moderate eaters, generally speaking, feed too freely. And although a diet rigidly abstemious and extremely attenuated would not be favourable to laborious exertion, I am of opinion that in a situation where the lives of a number of persons depended on making their store of provision endure as long as possible, where to keep alive rather than to feast and carouse was the object, the human body might subsist on the sixteenth part of what we consume in the ordinary meals of peace and plenty. An instance strongly corroborating this assertion oc-

curs in the article CHRISTIAN, who with his mutinous associates took possession of a king's ship commanded by Captain Bligh. On this occasion, but for the prudent system of restraint and self-denial recommended by that officer, he and his associates must have perished.

SKELTON, JOHN, a satirical poet, of considerable abilities, and Rector of Dysse, in Norfolk, in the reign of King Henry the Eighth, to whom he had been tutor, and was afterwards *orator*, or rather poet laureat.

Possessing quick discernment, keen wit, and genuine humour, which, as is the nature of all humour, was sometimes gross, and sometimes inelegant,—forgetting that *principibus placuisse viris* was the maxim which conducted Horace so comfortably through life, and that panegyric was in fact the staple commodity of his office, Skelton lashed without mercy the errors and corruptions of the Church of Rome, the vices of the monks, and the indolence of the clergy.

His writings, as generally happens with personal satire, were quickly purchased and eagerly perused by the very persons who were afterwards the most forward to vilify, traduce, and persecute the man who composed them.

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Having

Having created many enemies, he was cautioned not to persist in a course so dangerous; but stimulated by the headstrong spirit of untameable vivacity, which hurries so many of us into folly and embarrassment, he persevered in laughing at, and as one of his contemporaries figuratively expresses it, biting persons of all ranks.

Cardinal Wolsey, who had often enjoyed the company and conversation of Skelton, so long as he *made a joke of others*, could not bear to be ridiculed *himself*.

This haughty ecclesiastic was at length offended, by a convivial song, written by the poet, in which the amorous propensities of the Cardinal were humourously but not malignantly displayed.

This raillery the ambitious prelate (who thought that wealth and elevation should have protected his vices) could not forgive. Skelton was suspended from his clerical functions, and would have been otherwise punished, but he fled from the vengeance of Wolsey, and took refuge in the sanctuary of Westminster.

In this place, he was hospitably entertained by John Islip, the worthy and respectable abbot, who inculcating the Christian lessons of charity and candour, taught our fugitive poet

the necessity of moderation, forbearance, and discretion; but in this as in most instances Skelton did not become a convert to Islip's salutary doctrines till he had paid the penalties of imprudence.

He lived many years, and died in this species of imprisonment, in 1529, a useful example for writers of his description. One circumstance took place, which probably alleviated in some degree his regret; he had the satisfaction of seeing the power and influence of his inveterate enemy decline, and the favourite minister banished to the North.

Skelton's attacks on *men and things* were answered by Alexander Barclay, vicar of Baddow, in Essex, and editor of "*THE SHIP OF FOOLS*;" a work with wooden cuts, famous in its day, and now in great estimation with collectors, translated by Barclay, from the *NAVIS NARRAGONIÆ* of Sebastian Brant, an inhabitant of Strasburgh, towards the close of the fifteenth century.

Pope, who with all his excellencies could never forgive any thing like enmity or disrespect towards the Catholic Church, censures the subject of my present article for a want of delicacy and decorum.

This common method of abusing a man for one supposed fault

fault when he has incurred our resentment by some other proceeding, this reprehension is remarkable in Pope, who was highly culpable in this respect himself.

Had the Norfolk rector been living, he might have told our great English poet and with truth, that there were numerous passages in *his* works not only grossly indecent, but rendered still more dangerous by harmonious language, poetic imagery, voluptuous wishes, and luxuriant descriptions.

Although abused by Pope, Skelton was patronised by the literary Earl of Northumberland; he enjoyed the friendship and deserved the approbation of Erasmus, who calls him *Britannicarum artium lumen*.

“ ELYNOR RUMMING, the famous Ale-wife of England,” one of his productions, passed through several editions; the title page exhibits a portrait of that ancient matron, holding in her hand a pot of ale; an article which she is said to have sold in large quantities, and of excellent quality.

Skelton also wrote an interlude, or as performances of that kind were then called a *morality*, called “ THE NICROMANSIR,” which, as the title expresses, (London, 1504,) was

played before King Henry the Seventh, and other *estatys*, at Woodstoke, on a Palm Sunday.

There was also another morality of Skelton’s in the collection of the late excellent David Garrick, called “ A Story in Verse of the sudden Death of King Edward the Fourth, in the Midst of his Prosperity :” though written by Skelton, it is printed in a compilation much read in those days, and called “ A MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES,” being a series of historical poetry, relating the acts of unfortunate Englishmen, commencing with the fall of Robert Trésilian, Chief Justice of England, and ending with George Plantagenet, third son of the Duke of York, published in 1559 by William Baldwin, *a west countryman born*.

Lilly the grammarian was a fierce antagonist against Skelton; in the controversy between them, he took occasion to tell the satirical poet, “ that he lost the merit of his wit by its *biting*, that his laughter was opprobrious and scornful, his jokes bitter, sharp, and reflecting.”

To the schoolmaster, Skelton might have replied in the words of poor Foot, the mimic, and printed in his article: “ *By that reproof which offends no man, no man was ever amended.*”

STERNHOLD, THOMAS, a Hampshire man *born*, who finished his education at Oxford.

From the University he repaired to London, and attended the court of King Henry the Eighth, by whom he was appointed Groom of the Robes, and afterwards remembered in his will; he continued in the same office under King Edward the Sixth, but being a man of sound morals and a correct taste, was scandalized at the obscene songs made use of by his contemporaries and associates. To remedy this evil, and being esteemed for a pleasant vein of poetry, he turned into English metre fifty-one of David's Psalms, to which he procured popular and agreeable notes to be set, hoping thereby to entice the gay sparks of the town from their lewd and mischievous sonnets. It is to be lamented, that in this laudable effort he did not altogether succeed.

Sternhold's method of proceeding was imitated by a modern enthusiast, Mr. Whitfield, who seeing with regret that the lower classes were often attracted by the ribaldry sung in the streets, in consequence of its being recommended by the animation of well adapted airs, borrowed them of the ballad-singers, and set many sacred songs,

hymns, and psalms to popular melodies, observing at the same time, and in his way, "*The Devil shall not have all the good tunes.*" By these means he enticed many wanderers to the tabernacle, and considerably forwarded the progress of Methodism. Sternhold's associate and contemporary in laying the foundation of religious psalmody was John Hopkins, called by Bale *poetarum Britanniae sui temporis non infimus*.

William Whittingham, Dean of Durham, and Thomas Norton, a busy Calvinist, also lent their aid in this *version*, called by a late writer, a *per version* of the Psalms of David.

The poetical effusions of the King of Israel are said to have experienced better treatment from Clement Marot, Page to Francis the First, King of France, from Beza, and from Buchanan, the poet, of Scotland; yet the parody of that psalm, by Sternhold, in which are the following words:—

"And on the wings of mighty winds,

"Came flying all abroad,"

is said to have been praised and *envied* by Pope.

The performances of Sternhold and Hopkins, as sung by the parish clerk of a church which Lord Rochester accidentally attended, could

could not escape the profane mirth of that witty but licentious peer.

Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms

When they translated David's Psalms,

To make the heart full glad;

But had it been poor David's fate

To hear thee sing and them translate,

It must have made him mad.

STOMACH AND HEAD.—

Sedentary men, invalids, and others often find it difficult to observe a salutary medium in their attention to these important parts of the animal œconomy, these main springs of human life.

While hearty meals and generous living promote good fellowship, and replenish exhausted nature, a fullness of blood frequently takes place *afterwards*, inconsistent with ease and comfort, and often productive of serious mischief to that minute and delicate system called the brain, concerning which we have so much to learn.

On the other hand, a diet vegetable, low, vapid, and unsubstantial, long persisted in, will be followed by debility, flatulency, ill digestion, and a train of symptoms to which the term hypochondriacal has been given.

These and other difficulties

have probably been encountered by the readers of this article, frequently by the man who compiles it; but as every one is *said* to be a fool or a physician at forty, and as it is not certain which of these denominations is applicable to the editor, he ventures on the faith of a popular London practitioner to recommend to general attention a few positions, established by 30 years observation on his own constitution; their not being *new* cannot in any point of view diminish their importance.

All *sudden* and great changes in diet, cloathing, exercise, and confirmed habits, whether of body or mind, are injurious.

Contrary to general opinion, as well as to individual feeling, the head is found to resist the evils of fullness if followed with constant exercise, and a moist skin, much longer and with less inconvenience than the stomach can recover from the nauseating and debilitating effects of a violent saline purge, or the inanition consequent on a long course of spoon meat, and a thin, attenuating diet.

There is an intimate and inseparable connection between the passions of the mind and the digestive organs. Any violent impression on the *sensorium*, in consequence of inordinate indulgence, whether of anger, of love, of

or intemperance, will be inevitably followed by a proportionate weakness of that system of vessels *or of cords* which has been robbed of its share of tone.

A certain quantity of nervous energy seems to be measured out to every man, which is distributed by almighty wisdom in fair portions to every branch of the human body.

But should one part consume, (if I may be allowed the term) if one part consumes more than its allotted share of *this ætherial fire*, some other limb must be and is deprived of a proportionate quantity; of course its functions in the human machine must be and are in the same degree interrupted and disturbed: and this injury generally speaking is most felt by the digestive organs, and repaired with the greatest difficulty. The zealous devotees to Bacchus and to Venus, also persons who allow themselves in an habitual and unjustifiable indulgence of the angry and malignant passions to the utmost pitch of their bent, will do well to recollect and apply this invariable law of the animal œconomy, or they will pay a severe penalty.

As exercise is the parent of health, and acts more particularly on the stomach and lungs, he is a wise man who though

above the pressure of want places within his reach a constant source of manual labor, which he may commence at pleasure, and lay down when he chooses.

To answer the purpose of salutary incitement, the occupation I recommend must be directly or collaterally connected with profit, utility, convenience, or delight; it must be of a kind that requires a combination of actual toil, considerable difficulty, and moderate skill.

The sports of the field seem to offer a fertile and unexceptionable fund of stimulating amusement and exhilarating exercise; but to pursue or to enjoy them *in perfection* generally requires a strength of nerve and a flow of animal spirits seldom possessed or attainable by invalids; they sometimes lead to riot and excess, and it is not *every* valetudinarian who can afford to keep a hunter, or carries a qualification in his pocket.

The *gestation* of a carriage or a horse, the *taking* a ride or an airing for the mere purpose of health, although a most invaluable blessing, has been found not sufficient to rouse to salutary energy a mind languid with long application, or a body reduced by vicious excess.

These desirable objects seem to be all comprehended in agriculture,

culture, now so usefully and honourably patronised and practised by our nobility and gentry ; but I have known the wished for purposes defeated in consequence of angry passions being called forth by the irritating impositions of the subordinate instruments employed. THE GENTLEMAN WHO CHOOSES TO FARM HIS OWN LAND MUST EXPECT AND QUIETLY SUBMIT TO A CERTAIN PORTION OF FRAUD, OR LET HIM NOT TAKE THE PLOUGH IN HAND.

It is, I believe, generally agreed, that we all eat and perhaps drink too much ; I therefore propose to every man, who finds it difficult to sit down to a well covered table without indulging too freely, I propose to such persons, more particularly to those subject to a fulness of the vessels of the head, with short necks, and whose digestion is a laborious process, I earnestly recommend to such persons on the faith of experience and good effect *a fast or ban yan day once a week* ; I mean an abstinence on the whole of that day from wine, spirits, fermented liquors, and animal food.

By this occasional but wholesome self-denial, the mental as well as corporal functions will be greatly improved, and the *hardship* will be trifling when

we recollect what a variety of materials the vegetable world affords to a skilful artist, particularly during the summer months, when abstemiousness in diet is more particularly necessary.

I well remember once *dropping in*, after a long summer's ride, at the house of a gentleman, the untimely death and funeral of whose son is mentioned in some part of this compilation ; the page and article I cannot now call to my recollection.

Complaining of the excessive heat, the family acknowledged they had felt the same, and informed me that they had all agreed excepting the young man whose fate I then foresaw and afterwards lamented to make a vegetable dinner ; after a momentary hesitation, I agreed, fared luxuriously, and had a composed and refreshing night's rest, which *for certain reasons* had not been my good fortune for a week before. This is a circumstance which full feeders ought not to forget, that restless nights and disturbed sleep are the constant effect of eating too much.

I cannot help mentioning the dinner of my school-fellow, who had been persuaded but in vain to take family fare. Observing that it was a broiling day in July, his repast commenced with a *tolerable* quantity of rich gravy soup ;

soup; this was followed by a plate not ill covered with fish; beet-steaks, accompanied with a bitter lamentation *that he had no oyster sauce* succeeded, and received ample justice from his knife and fork, with intermingled draughts of spruce beer.

The cork of this boisterous and unmanageable fluid he insisted should be drawn at his elbow, (*or it would not be worth drinking,*) to the detriment of the cloaths of the company, the carpet, and the cieling of the eating room, which received a considerable share of the froth. He concluded with a large quantity of pudding and pastry, which to humour the vegetable dinner appeared in various delicious forms on the board.

After the cloth was removed, and the servants had retired, recollecting that the fruit tarts he had been eating would spoil his relish for port, he rung the bell violently, and ordered A DEVIL, but was bribed not to eat it by a piece of Parmesan, and a promise that his mother and sister would immediately accompany him to the kennel, to visit a litter of puppies, born the day before: both ladies *kept* their words.

But it is time to finish an article, which may perhaps be censured as *ill-timed* and *ill-placed*

in a collection like this; but as closely connected with the health and happiness of man, it surely becomes a legitimate object of discussion: I therefore conclude with a prescription written more than twenty-five years ago, by Dr. Fothergill, for the editor, upon the principle of not losing one drop of that immortal man, and as it was for a violent headache closely connected with a stomach complaint, both evidently produced by imprudently eating and drinking too much, and accompanied with two contradictory feelings, excessive fullness of the vessels, an unmaning debility and relaxation of the whole frame.

Take of prepared calomel ten grains, golden sulphur of antimony two scruples, Rufus's pill one drachm; to be made into 20 pills. Two pills to be taken every night discretionally.

This medicine operating as a mild purgative, *without lowering*, worked a cure, after a variety of applications and *other* physicians had been tried in vain.

In the short visit I made as a patient in Harpur-street, for he could not afford time for long conversations, water-drinking was mentioned. On this subject, the good doctor observed, "THOSE WHO ARE ABLE AND

WILLING

WILLING TO DRINK WATER, AND
WATER ONLY, SHOULD VALUE
THE PRIVILEGE."

A medical gentleman whose
stomach and head were seldom
free from pain and distension,
found so much relief from chew-
ing rhubarb that he celebrated
its praises in the following verses:

For many nights I've prov'd the
fate

And various changes of a state;
One moment calm like April
morn,

The next with wars intestine torn.

My stomach, urg'd by armed
force,

Seem'd lab'ring like the Trojan
horse.

I rise in pain, and call for aid;
A legion comes; but sore afraid.

In general JALLAP I've no hope,
He's quick, 'tis true, but runs
like Cope.

PICRA is staunch, but then he's
slow,

And flags like Wade intrench'd
in snow.

SENA, if uncorrected, goes,
And wounds his friends as well
as foes.

RHUBARB all hail, I've chosen
you,

T' attack and rout the rebel
crew:

Whene'er *he* comes all foes must
yield,

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They own his power and quit
the field.

Noblest of roots all hail again,
Thou sov'reign cure of all my
pain;

But for thy helping, my abode
Wou'd now be in the land of
Nod.

I quit the present subject,
which some readers may think
preposterous and absurd, in a
work like this, with one obser-
vation on the subject of spiri-
tuous liquors.

To pain, fulness, and uneasi-
ness of the stomach, literary and
of course sedentary persons are
of all men most subject; to re-
move oppression, stimulate lan-
guor, and rouse their energies,
ardent spirits are often made use
of, and, producing temporary re-
lief, are considered by many as
sovereign remedies.

But I have felt by experience
that their use long persevered in
diminishes tone and producing
relaxation, ultimately provokes
a return of the maladies they
were designed to relieve.

In every instance I recom-
mend, the moment that certain
unmanning something I cannot
describe comes on, which al-
ways accompanies affections of
the stomach, instantly drop the
pen, and quit the book-room,
mount Rozinante, or a thick
pair

pair of travelling shoes, and without delay, or suffering wind and weather to interfere, invigorate the frame by air and exercise out of doors.

If custom or necessity seem to make it necessary to take something, instead of spirits, let the cordial be solid nutriment, *well armed* with spice, and as a principal ingredient, I recommend ginger, or that more preferable English spice, mustard.

I have felt more comfort and relief from a *Welsh rabbit*, smothered with mustard, pepper and salt, and succeeded by a ride than from all the apothecary or *liqueur-case* could supply.

**SUBJECTS OF CONTRO-
VERSY.**—These have been occasionally mentioned in this collection; a curious one presents itself to the editor, tired and dusty with turning over a cargo of massy folios. WAS LUTHER'S WIFE HANDSOME? No orthodox Catholic at a certain time could possibly allow any share of beauty to a woman who pleased the gross taste of an odious Heretic.

A great deal was said and written on the subject; I have somewhere seen a print of the lady, who appears to have passed that irresistible period with females

which has been described as *just between the woman and the child*. Like several German ladies I know, the wife of this reformer appears to have been *an arm-full of joy*.

This important subject gave rise to a curious book "*De Catharina Conjuge Lutheri Dissertatio*." 4to. Hamburgh, 1698.

Another subject once agitated the republic of letters. *Uter dignior sit, doctor utriusque juris, aut eques auratus*. Which was the highest degree of honour, a doctor of laws or a knight? For I apprehend the words *eques auratus* at that period did not mean exactly that species of title which modern latinity has given them.

The pen, the press, and the pulpit were earnestly engaged in the question, till the Emperor Sigismund by a solemn public edict decided in favour of the learned doctors; observing that in half an hour, he could create a hundred knights; but to qualify a man for taking the degree of a doctor of law was the laborious effort of the best years of a student's life.

SURVEYORS OF ROADS,
S a class of men to whom whatever they may *themselves* imagine a highly important trust is

is committed, and accompanied with a large share of responsibility.

In and near great cities and wealthy commercial towns, vigilant magistrates, and a well-regulated police, rouse the subjects of my present article to a sense of their duty; but in two parts of this kingdom, not here to be named, their negligence is in the highest degree culpable, and often fatal.

The editor of this compilation was a melancholy eye-witness of the father of a family thrown from his horse, and carried home lifeless to a pregnant wife. This accident was evidently, and by the confession of the parties concerned, produced by a careless and shameful custom of throwing out loose stones and other substances, on the road, at the time of preparing manure, which it is common in many parts of the kingdom to lay up in heaps by the way-side; a filthy custom; and in narrow lanes, where carriages meet, or what is worse, where women on horseback meet carts and waggons, highly dangerous and troublesome. This, and a train of other evils, might be prevented by land proprietors when they grant new leases, could they but persuade themselves occasionally to see their own estates and speak to their tenants.

Many places, equally convenient for dunghills, might be found without rendering our paths unsafe and offensive; tenants should be bound by specific covenants, not to do it on pain of forfeiting their lease; and if, at any future time, an amendment should be thought necessary in our highway laws, a clause might be introduced, subjecting farmers who offended, in this respect, to a payment of ten pounds; the labourer actually employed, though ordered by his master, should be whipped at the cart's tail; the whip should also be exercised, subject to the discretion of a magistrate, on the backs of those drivers who ride in their carts and waggons without a rein. The present law, in this respect, being ineffectual, I have reason to think that those who laugh at a pecuniary fine, which is generally mitigated, would dread the smart and shame of a public whipping.

It is neither reasonable nor right that our lives and limbs should be every day endangered by drunkenness and indolence, or to save a farmer and his horses half a dozen days labour in a year.

SWADLIN, THOMAS, a native of Worcestershire, and a student of St. John's College,

lege, Oxford, who being a warm partizan and violent writer in favour of the royalists, was imprisoned, and underwent great difficulties during the usurpation.

Having been eminently serviceable as a contriver and decypherer of secret confidential letters to Queen Henrietta, after the restoration of King Charles the Second he was presented by Dr. Juxon, Archbishop of Canterbury, to the vicarage of St. James, in Dover, and the neighbouring rectory of Houghham; but finding the income of both not adequate to his support, for, united, they scarcely produced him fourscore pounds a year, he became melancholy and dejected with so poor a return for his past services, but afterwards recovered his health and spirits, on being further rewarded with preferment at Stamford, in Lincolnshire.

Swadlin was a ready writer; and while his associates were opposing the parliamentary forces with sword and gun, he directed against them his artillery from the press, as a diurnal writer.

He also engaged warmly in the popish controversy, and was thought to have completely over-set the reasoning and arguments of Cardinal Bellamire; his other writings were either political or on practical divinity. He was,

as may be naturally expected, a zealous supporter of the rites of the Church of England, and wrote in a manner somewhat eccentric on the marriage ceremony. To his volume of Anniversary Sermons, the texts of many of which are whimsically selected, the following Dedication is prefixed:

“To the King’s Most Excellent Majesty, Charles the Second.

“Great Sir,

“That Your Majesty may vouchsafe to give these Anniversaries a gracious reception; that you may be blest with a long life, a quiet reign, faithful counsellors, a pious clergy, valiant soldiers, and a loyal people; that you may be preserved from presbyterians and independents, is the petition of Your Majesty’s faithful subject,

“THOMAS SWADLIN.”

He died in 1669, desiring the following words to be placed over his grave:—*Hic vixit temporibus quibus Carolum primum Britannicæ regem farino morte trucidarunt rebelles.* Of the word *farino* I do not clearly see the meaning.

TAVERNER, RICHARD, a native of Brisley, in Norfolk, in the beginning of the sixteenth century; first a student of *Strond-Inn*, which stood on the

the ground now occupied by Somerset House, and afterwards of the Inner Temple.

His learning and diligence recommended him to the notice and patronage of Thomas Cromwell, then a court-favourite, and Principal Secretary of State to King Henry the Eighth; by the interest of his patron, Taverner was appointed one of the clerks of the Signet.

From this place he was dismissed at the accession of Queen Mary, in consequence of his avowed propensities to the doctrines of Luther; and during the greater part of that bloody reign, he lived retired at his seat called Norbiton Hall, in the county of Surry.

When Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne, Taverner hastened to court, where he was graciously received, and addressed Her Majesty in a long Latin speech, occasionally ornamented with Greek.

It ought to have been previously observed, that, in 1552, the subject of our present article, though a layman, had obtained from King Edward the Sixth a special licence, written and subscribed by the Monarch himself, by which he was authorized to preach in any part of His Majesty's dominions. The cause for granting so uncommon a privilege

being at the same time mentioned, "because of the lamentable scarcity and laxity of ministers in preaching God's unadulterated word," a great number of the clergy still adhering to the errors of the church of Rome; so that many of the royal chaplains were sent *to ride circuit*, for the purpose of diffusing the necessary information in different parts of the kingdom.

When Taverner preached at court, he appeared with a round black velvet cap on his head, a damask gown, and his neck ornamented with a golden chain.

But I return to the auspicious reign of Queen Elizabeth, who employed him in many confidential offices; he was elected a member of parliament, and is accused by the controversial writers, at that period, of sharing largely in the general plunder and demolition of religious houses in Oxfordshire, of which county he was High Sheriff in 1569.

It was remarked, as a notable singularity, that while he exercised this civil office, he preached at St. Mary's church with a sword by his side, and his customary decoration of a gold chain suspended on his shoulders; the reluctance with which the clergy in general preached against popery, the necessity of enlightening the public mind, and Taverner, besides,

sides, possessing a considerable portion of protestant zeal, being a Master of Arts, were probably considered as sufficient reasons for justifying the novelty of a man thus ascending a pulpit, with the appendages of a layman, and without episcopal ordination.

In his conduct and conversation, Taverner somewhat resembled the modern Methodists; he walked the streets, followed by crowds of old and young, whom as place, opportunity, or inclination served, he would turn round and harangue, "in apt phrase, but with somewhat of a certain quaintness in conceit."

The children he would at times examine and catechize on Christian doctrines and scriptural history, then not generally known, more particularly on points in which the disputed matters between the two churches, and the corruptions of Rome, were involved; to those who answered pertinently, and appeared to have received benefit from his former instructions, he distributed little gifts of money, fruit, wearing apparel, and little books containing extracts from the scriptures, with explanatory comments.

These publications, in times when the treasures of everlasting life were locked up from common eyes, in an unknown tongue,

excited the vengeance of his enemies, and both printer and author were committed to prison, "from whence he was speedily rescued from the malice of those *Romanists*, by His Majesty's more especial favour."

The following part of a sermon, preached at St. Mary's, before the University, by Taverner, is peculiar; and if the editor is not very much mistaken, he has heard it repeated, almost word for word, by some modern pupil of Whitfield, Wesley, or Hill:—

"I am, at length, after a tedious and perilous journey, arrived at St. Mary's Mount, and have secured a place in the rocky stage where I now stand; but I did not forget to lay in a stock of comfortable good things for you and myself.

"I have brought you some fine biscuits, baked in the oven of charity; they were carefully preserved for the chickens of the church, the sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation."

Such was the language, so unbefitting the place and occasion, of a gentleman of property and family, high in office, and warmly and loudly praised by the learned congregation.

The *rocky stage* of which the preacher spoke was the pulpit of St.

St. Mary's, which was then wholly of stone, curiously carved, and placed against a pillar on the south side of the body of the church.

This venerable piece of antiquity was thought prejudicial to the health, or uncomfortable to the feelings of those who used it, an effect not improbable, but easily remedied by an *internal* casing of wood.

Its removal produced long discussion and considerable altercation: the antiquaries of the old school exclaimed against its destruction as a sacrilegious violation of architectural unison and good taste; but the pulpit demolishers, feeling that they had a majority on their side, it was ultimately taken down in 1654, by order of Dr. John Owen, at that time Vice Chancellor, and its place supplied by one of wood, set on the same pedestal.

TERMAGANT WIFE, one of the advantages of, exemplified in the case of Palæologus, the second of that name, Emperor of Constantinople.

This monarch having long laboured under a painful disease, for which his physicians had prescribed various remedies in vain, his family and the court were waiting the issue with anxiety, when a female, somewhat

advanced in years, demanded a private audience of the Empress, and informed Her Majesty, in a few words, that she was too gentle in her treatment and mode of behaviour towards her husband; that nothing was so likely to restore him to health as a little matrimonial discipline, duly and regularly administered; in short, that if Her Majesty wished to preserve so valuable life, it must be her business to vex and irritate the Emperor by every means in her power.

The imperial matron replied, that she was very far from being deficient in so essential and indispensable a part of nuptial duty, but, like a good wife, she frankly confessed that, in administering this domestic medicine, she had somewhat relaxed her discipline since her husband's illness, lest it might exasperate his complaint. Of this the *privy* counsellor assured her there was no danger. Her Majesty followed the advice of this kind neighbour, and dispensed with liberality this remedy, which, from the earliest ages of the world, has been so generally used.

Whether, on all occasions, it has been attended with such manifest and immediate advantage, is not certain; but, in the case before us, the irritation produced by the well-meant efforts of the

Empress,

Empress, brought on a copious perspiration, which, producing a salutary crisis, completely restored the royal patient, and he lived to a good old age.

If the narrative here given may be relied on, and it is told by a contemporary historian, it will help to reconcile us to, and explain an apparently contradictory paradox, which certain reasoners sometimes *sport*, that a husband may be killed with kindness, and a wife break her heart from want of contradiction.

THINKING ALIKE. Instances sometimes occur where this coincidence of idea presents itself without a possibility of the author's having read, or heard of the thoughts of his predecessor.

The following resemblance between the lines of a late writer, and the Lady's Looking-glass, written by Matthew Prior, cannot be considered as coming under this description.

I shall first recite the more recent performance, because the lines are confessedly well written, and, in my opinion, would have been faultless, but for their want, their *unacknowledged* want, of originality.

When clouds that angel face de-
form,
Anxious I view the rising storm;

When lightnings flash from that
dark eye,
And tell the gath'ring tempest
nigh;

I curse the sex, and bid adieu
To female friendship, love, and
you.

But when soft passions rule that
breast,

And *gentle tones*, to me address;
When cloudless smiles around
you play,

'Tis then with me love's holiday;
I bless the hour when first I
knew

Dear female friendship, love, and
you.

The words of Prior.

Celia and I, the other day,
Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the
sea:

The setting sun adorn'd the
coast;

His beams oblique, his fierceness
lost.

In Celia, like the pleasant scene,
All was enchanting, soft, serene.

Rapid the change; the wind
grew high,

And heavy clouds obscur'd the
sky.

The lightnings flash, the thun-
ders roar,

And waves tremendous lash the
shore.

Struck with the horror of the
sight,

Poor frighten'd Celia takes her
flight.

“ Look

“ Look back, my fair one, look,”
 said I,
 “ Thyself in this wild scene
 descry ;
 When thou art in good humour
 drest,
 And gentle reason rules thy
 breast,
 The sun upon the calmest sea
 Appears not half so bright as
 thee.
 But when vain doubt and ground-
 less fear,
 Do that dear foolish bosom tear ;
 When pouting lips, and wat’ry
 eye,
 Tell me the rising storm is nigh,
 ’Tis then thou art yon angry
 main,
 Deform’d by winds and dash’d
 by rain ;
 And the poor sailor that must try
 Its fury, labours less than I.
 Shipwreck’d, in vain to land I
 make,
 While fate and love both drive
 me back :
 WRETCHED WHEN FROM THEE,
 VEX’D WHEN NIGH,
 I WITH THEE OR WITHOUT THEE
 DIE.”

I cannot quit this elegant trifle
 without remarking the contradic-
 tory praise, and, in my opinion,
 the unfounded censure, of a late
 respectable critic, pronounced
 on the poetry of Prior.

After acknowledging his lan-
 guage to be familiar, smooth,

easy, sprightly, and apparently
 without care, he condemns his
 effusions of gallantry as wholly
 void of tenderness, nature, and
 passion ; as exhibiting the cold-
 ness of Cowley without his wit ;
 the dulness of a versifier, re-
 solved, at all events, to write
 something, and striving to be
 amorous by dint of study.

HENRY AND EMMA, so gene-
 rally read, and, with a few ex-
 ceptions, so universally admired,
 the same writer condemns as
 dull and tedious, and *the compo-
 sition of one who does not talk
 like a man of this world.*

Did the learned writer consi-
 der Emma’s being fond of a bad
 man, as a proof of Prior’s ig-
 norance of the world ? Is such an
 incident, or is it not supported
 by every day’s experience, in si-
 milar cases ? Besides, Henry
 might have been a fugitive, driven
 from his home by political perse-
 cution, without exhibiting any
 actual depravity of morals, or de-
 viating from individual integrity.

“ Whenever Prior succeeds,
 it is by effort, struggle, and toil ;
 his phrases, though generally ori-
 ginal, are sometimes harsh : he
 has neither elegance nor ease.”

The little composition I have
 copied, written by this compa-
 nion of Swift, this friend of Bo-
 lingbroke and Harley, is confes-
 sedly an amorous effusion, and

ought to have been excepted from the heavy censure of our acute, and, in general, justly-deciding critic. I appeal to my readers, whether it is not, in every respect, the reverse of Dr. Johnson's description.

I conclude with a word on "*the wisdom of Prior as a statesman.*" If by wisdom our great moralist meant, in this instance, a prompt and submissive obedience to those who employed him, Prior indeed was wise.

But as an ambassador, highly and confidentially employed in making peace with France, when her power might and ought to have been eternally and irrecoverably crushed, I consider Prior either short-sighted as a politician, or agreeing to measures derogatory to the glory and interest of his country, from a fear of being dismissed from a lucrative post; in either case; Dr. Johnson's praise is misapplied.

When made acquainted with the articles of the treaty, he afterwards negotiated. Had he told the Lord Treasurer, that the business he employed him in was neither creditable to himself nor honourable to his country, dismissal would, in all probability, have followed; yet, although deprived of dignity and emolument, Prior might have retired to his college fellowship with a reputa-

tion which no diplomatic envoy ever enjoyed, and for which he might have been envied by kings.

TOBACCO, an Indian plant, called by the original natives of the American continent *petun*, and used by them, previously to its introduction into Europe, as a procurer of sleep, of intoxication, and of a species of madness, by which they were enabled, as they imagined, to foretell future events, and to decide on the good or ill success of a battle before they attacked their enemies. At so early a period had that strange compound, man, resolved to deprive himself of reason, God's best gift, before he undertook the most awful and important actions.

These good, bad, or imaginary effects, were produced by burning the leaves, over which the person, who wished for supernatural intelligence, holding his head, inhaled the ascending smoke.

The dexterous tobacconist of civilized Europe, *catching* the idea, and improving on it, dries the leaves by a scientific and elaborate process, which provides employment for thousands; it is then placed in a *pipe*, set on fire, and the vapour conveyed, through a well-manufactured tube, to the operator's mouth,
from

from which he discharges volumes of smoke.

Concerning this singular, and to the man who first practised and first beheld it, this perilous and surprising operation, an anecdote is related of a domestic of Sir Walter Raleigh's, which I shall presently relate.

The smoker, in the mean time, engaged in a placid, sedentary, and with proper accompaniments and fit posture, a somewhat dignified magisterial occupation, forgets his cares, lulls his mind into a calm oblivion of all his cares, and communicates a new relish to the liquor he drinks. Not satisfied with this transitory enjoyment of a favourite vegetable, others make it the permanent and unsavoury companion of their palate, which he who first essayed must have possessed the firmness of a stoic, and the stomach of an ostrich or a horse.

A third class of these multipliers of pleasure, more refined, and *fancying* themselves more cleanly, replenish the most prominent part of their face with *pinches* of this peculiar plant, after it has undergone another long and tedious process, and been reduced to an impalpable powder. To these, and other useful and medical purposes, do we apply this plant, so wonder-

ful in every point of view, whether considered as an instrument of commerce, a colonial produce, or a productive source of national revenue, of general and individual labour. Under the title *snuff*, in one of my former volumes, part of the laughable mock-heroic poem of a modern writer has been given, clothed, as indeed it required, in its original Latin.

In the article Sheridan, part of that ingenious senator's speech, in one of the numerous debates on Mr. Pitt's tobacco bill, is introduced: it set the house in a roar of uncontrolable laughter; but in spite of wit, humour, and misrepresentation, the act passed, and made an addition of one hundred thousand pounds a year to the public revenue, which, in this branch of it, had been grossly and notoriously injured.

Previously to this salutary enactment, so violently opposed, and against which the editor, like a blockhead, and misled by misrepresentation, joined in full cry, the excise laws had been perpetually evaded, and the King's officers, almost in every instance, imposed on or defied.

Much has been said and written against tobacco, on the score of uncleanness, and its pernicious effects on the teeth, the stomach, complexion, and gene-

ral health; that, as a producer of thirst, it encourages a habit of drinking in the lower classes of society, particularly unfortunate, and generally leading to idleness, vice, and rags.

The use of it has also been called unnatural, because the various *arts* of smoking, chewing, and snuff-taking, are always attended with considerable pain and difficulty at their first commencement, and, by some, can never be attained.

The following exaggerated picture of a smoker and chewer has been given by a modern writer.

“ His tongue is foul, his breath pestilently offensive, his smell and taste gone for ever; his face is carbuncled, his habit *cachectic*, his liver dry, and appetite decayed; the women loath him; for his mouth like an ill-tapped ale barrel is perpetually dribbling; so that she whom he kisses must taste him.”

King James the First is *said* to have been violently prejudiced and to have written against what he called a *filthy Indian weed*; and Stowe imitating the court language, terms it “ a stinking production, used to God’s dishonour; concerning which, at its first introduction, all men wondered what it meant.” But if we may believe a modern poet, his majesty altered his opinion,

at the suggestion of one of his secretaries of state.

Cecil did plainly make appear
It brought ten thousand pounds
a year.

This assertion of the man of verse I doubt at so early a period after its introduction into England, which was only a few years before, by the seamen of Sir Francis Drake.

But the general use of tobacco in this kingdom was established by Sir Walter Raleigh; who has been called the king of smokers. On this subject, the following anecdote of a domestic of that meritorious but unfortunate knight has been fabricated.

Before smoking became general, Sir Walter occasionally enjoyed a pipe in his closet; but on a certain occasion, having ordered a servant to bring a jug of ale, he inadvertently forgot to lay the pipe aside, when the serving-man entered, who terrified at seeing smoke issue as he thought from the mouth, nose, and eyes of his master, in the agitation of terror, and scarcely knowing what he did, threw the liquor in his face, and ran furiously down stairs, crying fire as he went, and observing to his fellow servants, “ Sir Walter has studied till his brains are on fire; for I saw the smoke coming out of his nose and mouth.”

The

The French deduce their first possession of this commodity to Monsieur Nicot; from whom its Latin name *nicotiana* is derived; they further add, that he was a merchant of the island of Tobago, where this large rank plant thrives luxuriantly: and thus they account for its English name.

The following prohibitory injunction occurs in the will of Peter Campbell, a gentleman of Derbyshire, dated October the 20th, 1616.

“Now for all such of my household goods, at Darley, whereof an inventory must be taken, by my executor, my will is, that my son Roger shall have them, on this express condition, that if at any time hereafter he shall be found *taking of tobacco*, sufficient proof thereof being made to the satisfaction of my executor, Roger shall forfeit the said goods, and they shall on such forfeiture become the property of and be equally divided between his brothers and sisters.”

But in spite of the opposition of prejudice, the ties of interest, the calls of health, and its inconsistency with decorous manners and a correct taste, the use of this extraordinary Indian vegetable is general in all ages, ranks and sexes, not only on the con-

tinents and in the islands of Europe, but in Turkey, Russia, Siberia, Tartary, China, Japan, Hindostan, Persia, Africa and America. The Chinese, apparently determined in every instance to perplex or set at defiance European chronology, that singular people *insist* that the smoking and chewing of tobacco has been common in that vast empire for more than six hundred years.

But although its general and indiscriminate use has been condemned by medical men, particularly in thin, hectic, irritable and feverish habits, “considerable advantage is said to have been derived from it in corpulent, phlegmatic, gross habits, in persons of *pendulous* forms, great eaters and foul feeders, and in asthmatic affections originating from *infarctions* of the lungs; in nervous pains of the head, and in certain tooth-aches, where the miserable patient has had half his teeth drawn, without effect, snuff-taking has produced wonderful relief.”

With respect to the last mentioned custom, persons who have long adopted it will do well to be cautious in desisting from its use abruptly, as some have imprudently done, and have by this means produced irrecoverable blindness.

Few

Few themes have inspired poets more than the subject of our present article. The following lines appear to be written by a warm admirer.

A smoker's address to his pipe.

Tube I love thee as my life;
By thee I mean to choose a wife.
Thy spotless colour let me find
In her skin, her thoughts and mind.

Let her have a shape as fine
And a breath as sweet as thine.
May she when her lips I kiss
Burn like thee with mutual bliss.

When to study I incline,
Let her aid be such as thine;
Such as thine her pleasing pow'rs,
To soothe my anxious waking hours.

Let her live to give delight;
Ever warm and ever bright.
May her deeds whene'er she dies
Mount like incense to the skies.

By another author, on the same subject.

Pleasing amusement, calm delight,
With thee, companion of the night,
Life gently steals away;

Thou soother of my pensive hours,
Whilst time's remorseless tooth

devours
This mould'ring mortal clay.

Thou steady friend of social cheer,

To me thou ever shalt be dear,
Luxurious regale!

How pleasantly the minutes pass
When with my bottle, friend
and glass,

Clean pipes and Taunton ale.

O how enchanting to the soul
Are the gay fumes that crown
the bowl,

And stimulate to fun,
While laughter, song and harmless joke

Sport in the clouds of mingled smoke,

With repartee and pun.

TRAVELLING IN A PARLOUR.

The preface of a modern *tourist* begins with the following words:—

“A love of action is one of the most powerful principles in the human breast, and operates more or less upon us all. Those who by old age or disease are prevented from gratifying it in its full extent still delight in hearing related the dangers and exploits of others.

“The laziest of mortals and most idle of men must not be without his *pastime*, he regularly calls for and expects some real or artificial object to excite frivolous exertion, and employ sedentary

dentary activity : without such resources, leisure would be painful, and idleness fatiguing.

“ We thus fluctuate between a desire for motion and a love of rest ; and although curiosity prompts us to visit unknown countries, laziness deters us from undertaking long voyages. In such a state of the mind, books of travels enable us to take a middle course, at once to gratify our love of novelty and indulge our indolence. With such helps, we may be said to travel in our parlours, and to ride post in an easy chair.”

TREES, an important part of the property of country gentlemen, to which a considerable degree of attention has for many years been paid, but not more than it deserves ; for after a man has been *stripped* by assessors and attornies, by Oxford tradesmen, men-milliners and mortgagées, how often have the wounds of a lacerated rent roll been repaired by a salutary draft from the timber-merchant.

But the design of my present article is to call the attention of land proprietors more immediately to avenues, plantations, and *clumps*.

When the trees of which they are formed have arrived at maturity, they should without de-

lay be cut down and replaced : thus would hope and expectation, so essential to human happiness, be kept alive, and independently of a handsome sum of money produced, the business by affording salutary occupation to the owner, would prevent many a ruinous expedition to Newmarket, the gaming-house, Bath, or St. James's-street.

How often has the editor of this article passed by thousands of noble trees, fit for carrying our floating thunders against the faithless Gaul, but for the sake of breaking an *hard* outline or completing a picturesque view, mouldering in decay, while the owner forgetful of the treasure he possessed, and pressed for money, was in the hands of money-lenders and marauders. Trees which have furnished their different masters with shade and shelter for two hundred years have performed *that part* of their duty, and as they can at any time put ten thousand pounds into the pocket of their present owner, it is as great a sin to suffer them to decay unused as it would be to cut an oak plant.

If they could speak, I am convinced their words would be to the following effect : “ Sir, we have stood still long enough, and as every body *else* seems in motion, permit us to alter *our* position.

position. While all the world is in arms, let us as true natives of the English soil repair without delay to the dock-yards of our gracious Sovereign, and after due preparation, we will plunge at the word of command into the ocean, and teach these French bravoes better manners."

A well known and well authenticated anecdote is related of a gentleman with several marriageable daughters, and who though possessing a good estate, was at a loss for ready money to give them portions.

Having consulted a neighbouring attorney, a few days after, he called, and they walked into the park, to discuss certain difficulties, which stood in their way, on the subject of raising money. During the conversation, they paused under one of the venerable oaks which surrounded the place.

It is not easy to pass by a fine woman or a handsome tree without feeling and sometimes expressing our admiration. "A noble oak" involuntarily escaped the lawyer's lips. "Yes," replied his client, "and they tell me I have a thousand such in different parts of my grounds." A sudden thought presented itself that they might be applied to the purpose of producing money.

"Do you know what a tree like this is worth," said the solicitor. "I cannot even guess" was the reply.

Knowing something of the mensuration of solids, he borrowed the gentleman's handkerchief, which he tied corner-wise to his own, took the circumference of the oak, and guessing the height, said "I undervalue it at twenty-five pounds."

To shorten my story, the proprietor of the mansion valued his trees, but loved his daughters better. The saw and the axe went to work. Thirty thousand pounds were soon realized. The young ladies had husbands of their own choosing; and the gentleman afterwards confessed, that in cutting down, thinning, planting, arranging, and *getting his daughters married* was the occupation of some of the pleasantest years of his life. To add to his satisfaction, a celebrated layer-out of ground declared that so far from doing an injury, his *place* was considerably improved.

UNPROFITIOUS SUBJECTS for authors.

My readers need not *now* be told that an ode is extant written in praise of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and that a cool defence of it was published by the
abbé

abbe Caveyrac. The humanity of the Spaniards in South America has also been insisted on by the abbe Nuix. 12mo. Venice, 1781.

At the moment I write; a gentleman is living who has elaborately defended the conduct of Cain, and apologized for the treachery of Judas Iscariot.

Only a few years have passed since a serious and pompous biographical panegyric was composed, soon after the death of the subject of it, who during the whole of his life set at defiance the laws of God and man.

This is attempting a man's life with a vengeance; and if not at the instigation of the Devil, at the call of some malignant dæmon not less inimical to the peace and purity of mankind.

UNQUALIFIED PRAISE.

A good wife and an excellent mother, who sometimes reads this collection, and who expects in men the same correct conjugal fidelity which is so eminently exemplified in her own life, this worthy woman accuses the editor of having bestowed on Peter the Great, Czar of Moscovy and Emperor of Russia a large and *unqualified* portion of panegyric, in different parts of the present work, although he is recorded in history as a gross violator of his duty, both as a hus-

band and as a father, in his harsh and unjustifiable treatment of his first wife, the Empress Eudoxia Fœderowna, and her children.

For this and *other* reasons, I give a short article to this unfortunate and imprudent Princess; previously observing that when I called Peter "*the Great*" in a former volume, I added the following words, "*in spite of all his faults*;" for it cannot be denied, however culpable his private life, that he was the father of his country, and the founder of the glory of the Russian empire.

Soon after ascending the throne, he resolved to marry, and ordered it to be publicly proclaimed through his extensive dominions that he would share his bed and crown with the most beautiful, deserving, and accomplished woman in his empire.

A day was fixed, the 19th of June, 1689, when such as chose to be candidates at this singular election, were to assemble in a large saloon of the palace at Moscow.

On this occasion, more than three hundred ladies were collected, when Eudoxia Fœderowna, the daughter of a private gentleman of Novogorod, and in the nineteenth year of her age, won the imperial prize.

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On being informed of her good fortune, the future Empress expressed her gratitude to the Czar for his condescension, and her surprize at his preference, when so many ladies in every respect her superiors filled the palace.

Such humility and good sense was equalled only by her beauty; but all was not sufficient to retain the affection and regulate the inordinate appetites of the youthful Monarch.

The marriage of Eudoxia was celebrated with considerable magnificence; but in less than three years, Peter was violently smitten with the charms of Ann Moensen, a woman of loose manners, and the daughter of a citizen of Moscow, whose favours he easily procured. The moment this illicit attachment was discovered by Eudoxia, her jealousy and indignation got the better of her good sense, and procuring information of the place of meeting, she flew in the rage of neglected beauty to a house in the suburbs, which her husband had provided for his mistress. Having surprised the guilty pair, the Empress attacked Peter in gross language, reproached him bitterly for his hypocrisy and broken vows, as well as his bad taste, pointing at the same time in a sarcastic way at the object of his present passion;

who though very young, was full formed, rather coarse, and masculine in her person and manners, but possessed two qualities in women so frequently irresistible, youth and novelty.

The affections of Peter, which by gentle arts might have been regained, were estranged by such violence; it was in vain that he endeavoured to arrest the torrent of abuse and virulence poured forth on this trying occasion by Eudoxia, whom he could scarcely prevent from offering personal indignity to her rival.

Seizing the Empress somewhat rudely and roughly in his arms, he dragged her out of the room; for the angry passions in his own breast when roused were ungovernably ferocious. He then called loudly for his favourite Lefort, and ordered him to conduct the mad woman, for so he called her, with a party of soldiers to Saltusky.

This was a solitary monastery, in a desolate situation, at a considerable distance from Moscow, where being obliged to take the veil as a member of a religious society, but being in fact a close prisoner, she passed the remainder of her melancholy life.

The cruelty of Peter, who never forgave his wife, was extended to her descendants; for the

the unfortunate Empress had borne him two sons.

Thus Eudoxia, whose birth, beauty and talents procured and qualified her for a throne, was without legal process degraded, expelled from her family and imprisoned for life; while in less than two years, for the triumph of Ann Moensen was of short duration, in less than two years, Peter was fascinated by the daughter of a Slavonian peasant, educated by charity, the wife and it is said the virgin widow of a Swedish serjeant, a prisoner and in fact the slave and property of Menzikoff, who had succeeded Lefort as the Czar's favourite.

Having excited desire, by her personal attractions, she became his mistress; but the extraordinary powers of her mind soon laid the foundation of a more lasting attachment.

The fair Slavonian, whose husband had been killed on the day of their marriage, at the storming of Marienbourg, by the Russians, became the wife of Peter, secured his affections during the remainder of his life, and became Empress, under the name of Catharine the First; a name familiar to most readers.

The conduct of Peter towards his first Empress was in the highest degree culpable, and cannot be defended; but the beha-

viour of his royal consort was faulty and injudicious. Eudoxia, who was far from deficient in good sense, ought to have recollected that **AN INCONSTANT HUSBAND WAS NEVER YET RECLAIMED BY REPROACH AND VIOLENCE.**

It is I confess a severe and humiliating lesson to preach gentleness and forbearance to those who have already been grossly and deeply injured; but no other method will succeed: other means *have been* and every day *are* resorted to, but they only exasperate and augment the evil.

On these unfortunate occasions, wives should endeavour to recall wandering affection, as a member of the Church of England mentioned in this collection advises his brethren to reclaim their congregations from Methodists and sectaries; they should try to excel their rival *in their own arts*. Not to be too scrupulously watchful in arraighing conjugal indiscretion, and to redouble the efforts of kindness, attention and obedience, though a painful task, is the only probable mode of calling back a husband worth having. There is no medium; if good temper and gentleness of manners are once lost, the loves and graces instantly fly away.

VALENTINE GREAT-
RAKES, a native of Ire-
land, in the early part of the
17th century, and clerk of the
peace for the county of Cork,
during the reign of Cromwell.

Having been dismissed at
the restoration, he retired to
a small farm he inherited from
his father, at Affane, in the
county of Waterford; in this
sequestered spot, which was the
place of his birth, exchanging an
active life and animating objects
for solitude and books, he be-
came melancholy, and devoted
himself to the mysteries of reli-
gious contemplation.

After six years seclusion from
the business and the amusements
of human life, in a moment as
he said of inspiration, but as his
enemies asserted of crafty finesse
and political *leger-de-main*, he
felt a strong persuasion that he
possessed the gift of curing many
obstinate, dangerous and painful
diseases, without the help of in-
ternal medicines.

His first attempts proving suc-
cessful, gradually established and
diffused his reputation, the coun-
try people repaired to his house
in crowds, and his time and at-
tention were fully occupied in
removing their complaints and
visiting the wealthier classes of
society, who required his assist-
ance in different parts of Ireland.

But his fame was not confined
to that kingdom. Several emi-
nent and noble persons earnestly
requested his presence in Eng-
land, and on his arrival in Lon-
don, King Charles the Second
sent for him several times, to en-
quire concerning his method of
cure, had many long conversa-
tions with him, and being pleased
with his manners, and deport-
ment, made him an honourable
present. Greatrakes was also
patronized by the Honourable
Robert Boyle, Dr. Whichcote,
and Dr. Patrick. Cudworth,
author of the *Intellectual System*,
and Mr. Flamstead, the astro-
nomer, were his patients.

With these gentlemen he con-
versed unreservedly on the sub-
ject of his *gift of healing*. No
medicines as I have before ob-
served were given internally, or
externally applied.

The only means he employed
were gentle friction with the
palm of his hand (which is said
to have been remarkably white
and soft,) and prayer.

He succeeded in a great num-
ber of cases, and differed in one
respect from the common *run* of
irregular medical practitioners;
he was diffident, modest and un-
assuming, and owned without
scruple that he was himself no
more able to account for his suc-
cess than others, but from super-
natural

natural interposition. After practising several years with profit and repute, *he candidly confessed that his gift was departed.* We are not now able to determine whether independence had cooled his zeal. Perhaps some circumstance with which we are unacquainted or the caprice of public opinion had diminished the faith of his patients.

A modern writer has compared the manual applications of Greatrakes to *the flourishes* of animal magnetism; which a few years since excited considerable attention at Paris, and afterwards in the English metropolis.

Although much more was made and said on this subject than was really true, one of the principles on which the theory depends, nervous susceptibility, as producing important effects on the animal œconomy, cannot be denied: this also must have been powerfully assisted by the strong faith, the implicit confidence and enthusiastic zeal of its ardent votaries.

With such powerful aid have not *prepared toads*, powder of post or of human scull, has not the touch of a dead man's hand hanging from a gallows actually wrought wonderful cures?

In a case where a desperate wound had been inflicted, did not Sir Kenelm Digby disbelieve

the patient's death, when told that *the weapon* had been rubbed with his sympathetic powder?

As to the susceptibility of the nervous system, many of my readers must recollect in the puerile ecstacy of their early sports, the powerful and often the distressing effect of being threatened to be tickled, accompanied by a correspondent motion of the hand, often without being touched.

This and much more we are willing to allow; but what must be the feelings of a parent and where was the integrity of a friend who in a putrid fever could be prevailed on to delay means incontestibly useful, and to send for an operator, at eighty miles distance, to an only, a much loved child, expiring under a disease which the unhappy father was convinced, *alas, when it was too late*, might have been conquered by the timely exhibition of Peruvian bark, and half a dozen bottles of port wine!!

Pompous words, mysterious motions, wonderful tales, and shaded rooms may help to lighten the burthensome leisure of languid amateurs and feeble valetudinarians; but to rely on doubtful means in cases where a few hours delay is irrecoverably fatal, and where the instruments for restoring health are long established,

lished, certain and precisely pointed out. To hold out a broken reed for sinking nature to rest against, when a strong pillar of support is within our reach **IS COMMITTING MURDER.**

VIRGIL was not author of the *Æneis*, Horace of the Odes ascribed to him; and to descend somewhat in the literary scale, Garth did not write his *own* Dispensary. These and other singular assertions have at various times been seriously made and elaborately defended by modern critics.

One of the arguments produced for the purpose of depriving the Mantuan bard of so important a part of his poetic fame, is, that a sufficient space of time did not occur between the finishing the *Georgics*, evidently first written, and Virgil's death.

This was five years, a space of time surely long enough for a leisure man properly qualified to compose the poem in question.

The second argument adduced is, that in the *Georgics*, *the true Virgil* supposed the Trojans to have been conducted into Italy by Tithonus, instead of *Æneas*, who is their leader in the *fabricated* poem; thirdly, that in the former, the metempsychosis or translation of souls, as taught by

Pythagoras, is rejected, but supported in the sixth book of the *Æneis*.

Fourthly, that the critics' great literary oracle PLINY is wholly silent on the subject of any epic poem written by Virgil, but often quotes the *Eclogues* and *Georgics*.

This assailer of the authenticity of a composition which has descended to us through a long vista of more than fifteen hundred years, and which to a mind endued with any portion of classical taste bears internal evidence of the Augustan age, this *clear-work* critic will not allow any weight to the joint evidence of Ovid, Juvenal, Statius, Martial and Tacitus; *all* of whose supposed works he insists are the creation of modern artists.

In a word, he asserts that its numerous faults, without any other evidence, prove it to be wholly unworthy of Virgil. The space of time occupied by the action of the poem, a whole year, is excessive beyond the duration of any of the great ancient epics; the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* occupying only forty days; the anachronism in Dido's story; the versification unequal; unmeaning and often inapplicable epithets; *pious Æneas* for instance debauching and then basely deserting the woman who had so hospitably

pitably sheltered him and his companions; solecisms, Gallicisms and Italicisms without end, and absurd comparisons; such are the charges alledged against Virgil, by a writer whose literary acrimony was sharpened and made the collateral instrument of religious rancour.

The literary frauds so rashly produced and so confidently supported, if we give any credit to the accuser, were contrived and carried on by *Severus Archontius*, a learned impostor of the twelfth century, whose existence has been frequently doubted.

Should any rational enquirer demand what purpose could be answered by imposing on the world fabricated productions of prophane writers, the reply is, that ancient learning and ecclesiastical antiquities (I mean of the pure primitive ages of Christianity) were found to be great obstructors of Popery and traditional imposture.

It was therefore thought important to shake the credit of fathers, councils, ancient historians; but to prevent any suspicion of any particular enmity against ecclesiastic writers only, it was artfully resolved first to disgrace profane writers, and when a triumph was obtained over polite literature, to proceed in a similar way with other

branches, and finally to substitute their own base dogmas for the pure sterling of the primitive Church.

VOTIVE SHIELD; in a former volume, I have recorded an instance in which a silver one was dragged by a fisherman from the bottom of the Rhone.

In the early part of the 18th century, another precious relict of antiquity and of a similar species was dislodged from the earth by a farmer of Dauphiny, in breaking up a waste, which had never been cultivated.

Having frequently been admonished by the proprietor to pay particular attention to subterraneous articles, the rustic immediately carried what he had found to his landlord.

This gentleman, after a little examination, saw the value of what was brought from his farm, and giving the man a receipt for half a year's rent, dismissed him, with strict injunctions of secrecy. The tenant promised and *kept his word*, thinking himself richly paid for what he called a *rusty old iron dish*.

The possessor of this treasure acting like the possessors of other treasures, locked it up in his strong box, where it remained more than twenty years, when,
in

in consequence of his death, the box being unlocked, his heirs found the shield carefully cleaned, and accompanied with a written document, containing an account of the manner in which it was discovered, and his opinion concerning it.

It was well preserved, twenty-seven inches in diameter, and weighed more than twenty pounds; but the ornamental parts were neither so well executed nor so highly finished, nor the figures *in relief* so numerous as those on the shield which had been so long in the bed of the Rhone. A lion was seen reposing under a palm tree, with the lacerated limbs of wild boars, wolves and other animals lying scattered around him.

A learned man to whom I am indebted for a considerable portion of the present article has taken great pains to prove that this ancient votive relict was offered by Hannibal when he conducted a Carthaginian army into Italy: this opinion he supports by the collateral evidence of medals, on which the lion and the palm tree are exhibited as national symbols of Carthage; and by similar devices, on a votive shield of one hundred and thirty-eight pounds weight, found among the spoils of Asdrubal, deposited af-

ter his defeat in the Capitol, and accurately described by an ancient writer.

We may further observe that THE CARTHAGINIAN LION was a common appellation bestowed on Hannibal, and that it had been the frequent boast of his father Hamilcar, during the childhood of his son, that he was nourishing a lion, who would hereafter destroy the Roman wolves; alluding either to the fabulous origin or the sanguinary hostility of the foes of Carthage.

Should the conjecture of this respectable writer prove well founded, the circumstances I relate are not a little singular; that the production of an African artist and a piece of Spanish plate, the one wrought for a victorious Carthaginian conqueror, and another for the destroyer of Carthage, should both be buried, one in earth, and the other under water, in a remote province of Gaul; and that at the end of more than two thousand years, they should be fortunately recovered, in a state of excellent preservation, and both be placed in the same collection. The subject of my little narrative being considered as interesting, genuine and curious, it was purchased and placed in the cabinet of the KING of France: whether it

it exists among the *opima spolia* of THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON I am not qualified to say.

WE WERE DELIGHT-
ED! a characteristic and animated passage in the dispatch of a gallant English Admiral, who sent home four French men of war at the moment this volume was preparing for the press.

Indeed the whole of Sir Richard Strachan's dispatch which conveyed intelligence of his victory to the Admiralty is as an English seaman's language ought to be, strongly marked with unextinguishable courage; to meet with an enemy, whatever the superiority, his first object; to take, burn, sink or destroy him, *at all risques*, his unconquerable resolution. To this may be added the modest, unassuming language of real worth, so different from French gasconade, and that spirit of pious gratitude, the sailor's best companion.

WHISTON, WILLIAM, a native of Leicestershire, a staunch Unitarian, and mathematical professor at Cambridge. In this post, he had succeeded Sir Isaac Newton, and filled the chair with credit and ability; but failing in religious orthodoxy, he was prosecuted,

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and after many friendly attempts to prevail on him to conform to the established religion of his country, was ultimately dismissed.

"I have been called by my adversaries capricious and whimsical" observes the subject of this article, "but I defy any one to prove that I ever preached any doctrine that was not warranted by Scripture. If I have at any time been capricious or fantastical, it was never against my conscience and from interested motives. If my conduct or appearance has ever laid me open to this accusation, it must have originated from a tendency to nervous diseases, to which from my youth I was always subject.

"For this class of complaints, medical men informed me, I was indebted to my unceasing application to study; but while under the roof of my worthy and excellent father, he preserved me in a great measure by rousing me early and obliging me to walk four or five miles on a frosty morning, before I sat down to my books.

"I remember particularly being greatly alarmed with a fear that I should lose my eye-sight; as after reading a little, my eyes became dazzled and discharged a thin, acrimonious water; my seeing was also considerably im-

paired.

paired. After consulting professional men, they recommended a relaxation from study, and applied blisters behind my ears, but without effect. Blindness with all its horrors now presented itself to my imagination, and I sunk into the lowest state of nervous melancholy.

"In this miserable condition, I fortunately recollected a circumstance mentioned by Mr. Robert Boyle, of a person who had nearly lost his sight from reading by a glaring light and in a study newly white-washed, on which the sun shone strongly the greater part of the day.

"He was advised to hang his book-room with green, and his eyes soon became better; pursuing the same plan, I experienced similar benefit.

"At this time, mathematics took up eight hours of my day, but sick of the fictitious hypothesis of De Cartes, then all in vogue, I plunged at once into NEWTON'S PRINCIPIA, but was roused from my literary dream, the happiest period of my life, by the complaints of my poor mother, who was now left a widow, with an income not equal to the support of herself and family.

"I was persuaded to take orders, by Bishop Moor, Archbishop Tillotson and Dr. Lloyd,

Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry." Besides these prelates, he was favourably noticed by Mr. Locke, and associated with Dr. Hoadley, Bishop of Bangor and afterwards of Winchester. With such helps and a small share of prudence and common sense, he might have *got on* in the church; but religious scruples gradually arose in his mind, and he adopted an unrestrained mode of censuring public men and public measures, which created him many enemies, and deprived him of several of his friends.

To Dr. Hoadley he once observed "You have now received eight hundred pounds a year, for keeping *primitive Christianity* out of England; this too for a period of six years, without having set foot in or seen your diocese; a scandalous and indecent example, more injurious to the cause of religion than the attacks of its most bitter enemies." If a man thought himself obliged by Christian sincerity to address such language to his old associates, we may guess in what style he would address his professed adversaries. It is scarcely necessary to add that all friendship ceased between Whiston and the Bishop of Bangor.

When Dr. Hoadley was afterwards advanced to the see of Winchester, his *old friend* did not

not forget him. "In direct contradiction of the laws of Christ, you left your first church, and though now advanced to a more lucrative bishopric, during a good part of the year, you abandon the duties of your ecclesiastic office, to become a political member of our civil constitution.

"Though a very old man, and in express contradiction to the letter of the holy Scriptures, you have married a second time, a young woman. These notorious practices together with your injudicious and unlearned Treatise on the Lord's Supper will hand you down in no very favourable light to posterity."

"You have no doubt heard" says the worthy Bishop, in a letter to a female correspondent, "you have heard of Mr. Whiston's bitterness against me; many of his assertions are idle, all malignant, and many false. The whole of his conduct may be expressed in the words pious *tittle-tattle*. He is a mixture of illiberal censoriousness, fanatic pride and immoral zeal; encouraging himself as many wiser and better men do in actions which they condemn as inexcusable in others. I have since had a spiritual, satirical and recriminating conversation with him; he was

all humility, thankfulness and profession."

This rude attack on the hero of the Bangorian controversy, whom we have generally been taught to consider as the great assertor of civil and religious liberty, did not diminish the outcry Whiston had already raised by his paradoxes and his *prophecies* concerning the destruction of Rome and Antichrist, in which he was mistaken.

He had also been an enthusiastic admirer of Archbishop Potter, but became suddenly exasperated against him, for suffering the Bishops to kneel before him when they received his blessing, at a meeting held for propagating the Gospel. He afterwards criticised, and somewhat roughly, the forms of prayer published by his Grace, as mean and unedifying. These attacks the Primate bore and answered with moderation, imputing them to an old man's dotage.

Whiston was the favourite scholar of Sir Isaac Newton, and his theory of the earth is praised and recommended by Mr. Locke. He was a learned and an honest man, but wanted judgment; his zeal o'er-informed its tenement, and he knew little of the world. To these circumstances may be ascribed much of his unaccom-

modating spirit, even in non-essentials, and many of the difficulties he encountered.

Whiston and his friend Ditton, who wrote on the longitude, could not escape the filthy muse of Swift; he wrote on them some of the nastiest lines in the English language, which I hope the good taste of future editors will suppress.

WHY DON'T YOU MARRY? a question repeatedly asked of a middle-aged man, who occasionally peruses my volumes, and whose celibacy originates rather from position and circumstance than from want of inclination. One of his reasons for continuing single my readers will agree is important; he has fixed his affections on a lady who unfortunately loves another.

On a late occasion, *and at a christening*, being hard pressed on the usual subject, with a room full of mothers and daughters fit for mothers, he assumed more courage than he generally exhibits, and in reply to the question which stands at the head of this article, sported in a cheerful and humorous way the following song. Whether the tune and the words were his own or the work of a *near neighbour* was not known; he called it

THE BACHELOR'S APOLOGY.

Each fool and each sage who of gallantry treats
Says that love is like life, full of bitters and sweets.
The matrons may blame, and the virgins may titter;
Let me have but *some* sweet, I won't mind the bitter.

That wedlock's a pill one and all they cry out,
Of digestion so hard they make a great rout;
On the subject abundance of ink has been spilt.
I'll swallow the pill, *if 'tis properly* gilt.

Again, too, some cry that marriage is hanging,
That who slips on the noose deserves a good banging.
To this I most humbly will venture to speak.
Let me choose my own gallows,
I'll venture my neck.

It is scarcely necessary to add that in such a place and at such a time this *vocal effusion* was received with rapturous applause.

The following are supposed to come from the same pen.

THE MAIDEN'S WISH.

May the man the Gods design
To win this flutt'ring heart of mine
Have

Have no strange whims, no foolish
fancies;
No book-worm deep in old ro-
mances;

No sage be he to seek a star;
I wish him not to look so far,
To read his fate in yonder skies,
But find it rather in these eyes.

May *all* his thoughts in me
combine

Who means to *keep* this heart
of mine.

ON A NOTORIOUS COQUETTE,
OUTRAGEOUSLY VIRTUOUS.

Boast not ladies of your virtue;
Keep it quiet, 'twill not hurt
you;

But if some poor girl is un-
done,

Spare your railing, don't abuse
her;

Are all quite faultless who accuse
her,

In the trying scenes of London?

"Horrid creature," cries Miss
Clacket,

Making in the box a racket;

"Heaven defend me from the
vermin!"

Swell'd last August in her scant-
ling,

She says dropsy, we say bant-
ling.

Doctor Midnight shall determine.

FAIR PROBABILITY.

A Hint to Women.

The choice of a husband a part-
ner for life

Is no trifle indeed let me say.

If your days shall be happy or
embitter'd with strife

Is the stake which in wedlock
- you lay.

Let fair probability brighten the
scene,

Nor rush headlong with ruin be-
fore ye.

The vile debauchee ne'er can
happiness mean,

Fraud and ruin have long been
his glory.

The man who himself underva-
lues so much

As to scorn each decorum of
life,

Nor prudence can bind, nor con-
science can touch,

To value the peace of a wife.

THE STOCK-JOBBER,

A new Song.

O the pleasure of stock-jobbing;
'Tis a lawful way of robbing.

Foes abuse and friends may rally.
What delight in roaring, fight-

ing,

Cheating, biting,

In the purlieus of *THE ALLEY*?

You

You may hunt if you please
 Among fields and green trees ;
 But *here* without bridle or sad-
 dling,
 You may chace bull and bear ;
 But then have a care
 They don't lame you and send
 you home waddling

THE UNSUCCESSFUL POET.

I courted the Muses and *thought*
 they were kind ;
 But 'twas a delusion I verily find.
 Whilst I thought I was cropping
 the shrubs of Parnass,
 My verses were nought, and I
 look'd like an ass.

I design'd to have *sipp'd* at the
 fountain of Pindar,
 But here too the Muses stepp'd
 in and did hinder :
 And since I'm deny'd to taste of
 such cheer,
 I'll comfort my heart with some
 Dorchester beer.

I attempted to ride on Pegasus'
 back,
 But the rascal kick'd up, and I
 fell with a smack.
 Well, since 'tis refused on HIGH-
 FLYER to go,
 I'll trot my bay nag in fam'd
Rotten Row.

And since the nine virgins are
 deaf to my sighing,
 My spirits all flagging and my
 genius *a* dying,

A jug of October shall give me
 fresh fury,
 And I'll seek a *tenth* muse in
 the lobbies of Drury.

WINDHAM, THE RIGHT
 HONOURABLE WILLIAM,
 part of his speech in a debate
 on the motion of Mr. Lascelles,
 for voting public honours to Mr.
 Pitt, our late Chancellor of the
 Exchequer.

" The question submitted to
 our consideration is peculiarly
 difficult and embarrassing. If
 we differ in opinion with the ho-
 nourable gentleman and with-
 hold the honours he proposes,
 under an impression that they
 have not been fairly earned, we
 shall be called penurious and illi-
 beral, we shall be accused of che-
 rishing old animosities and re-
 sentments, which in this, as in
 every other instance they ought
 to be, are I verily believe by all
 parties for ever buried in the
 grave.

" If dazzled by the splendid
 talents of the deceased Right Ho-
 nourable Gentleman, by his un-
 compromising firmness, his sin-
 gular disinterestedness and unspot-
 ted integrity, stimulated by such
 feelings, we hurry to a precipitate
 vote, and fancy ourselves just
 when in fact we are only gene-
 rous, we shall incur the blame of
 scattering with a prodigal and
 unmeting

unmeeting hand the wealth and honours of our country, and fail in that salutary impression which we wish to make on posterity.

“A vote like the present is of the highest magnitude and consideration; it is the last meed a people can bestow. The country is called on to uphold the pall of a great character, to strew his bier with honours, and raise a monument to his name: but before we agree to such a proceeding, we must have positive proof that the services performed were really important, and not of a speculative kind; successful measures, palpably evident to our senses at a single glance, and such as every man can calculate and value.

“The sum total of national retribution is not to be paid without a careful examination of the account. We must not draw upon posterity for fame and honour with the same facility as we give a cheque on our bankers.

“Something has been hinted at, on the subject of party differences and former animosities; I thank God, I have none. We have also been told that the point in question is a matter of feeling and sentiment; I protest against such doctrines. I never can consent to refine and fritter away my duty into a passion. I would correct judgment by benevolence,

but never suffer benevolence to direct my judgment.

“Some surprize has been shewn at the language I hold; because I acted with the late Minister, and sat in the same cabinet with him: this is true; but we were very often of different opinions.

“If the present vote passes in the affirmative, we are establishing a dangerous precedent; that because a man has served his country as Prime Minister, for twenty years, with all the dignities, emoluments and patronage attached to that office, he is to receive the highest national distinctions.

“To my mind, he who serves it *half* the time, without a finger in the public purse, or the smallest beam of royal favour, who obstinate in his integrity, fights the battles of his country with no compensation but the approbation of his own conscience, is the man a nation should reward and applaud.

“The noble father of the deceased Minister has been produced as a precedent. To contrast the services of the son with those of his parent would be unpleasant, and at the present moment ill-timed. But I *could* give you a precedent of services fully equal to those of Lord Chatham, but for which honours like

like the present were not voted, although he saved the country from that yawning gulph, that deep abyss of Hell, the French Revolution. The saviour of his country on this occasion was my worthy and ever estimable friend, the late Edmund Burke.

“ Should I be asked to point out and specify precisely the services for which the honours now demanded are due, we have a striking example before our eyes, THE GLORIOUS VICTORY OF TRAFALGAR. Of the value of such services no one can entertain a doubt; they come home at once to the bosoms of us all; the peasant and the Prince alike feel and acknowledge them, and the heart of every man throbs with grateful anxiety to take a share in rewarding them; they speak to the head as well as heart, and require no long speeches to explain and point them out.

“ It is on such occasions that we ought to open the grand reserve of national honours; the strong box of the country should be touched for these alone; but if we squander its precious contents, *here, there and every where*, we impair and shall ultimately exhaust, we shall cheapen and at last render them of no account.

“ If we pay an ever-to-be-lamented Admiral, who destroyed

an enemy's fleet and sacrificed his life for the country, if we pay a hero like him in the same coin as we pay a Minister, for services *of a very doubtful nature*, and whose effects have not yet reached us, we rob Lord Nelson of half the honours which have been paid him.

“ Perhaps I shall be told that I wish to withhold these honours from the memory of Mr. Pitt because he was unsuccessful. This is not wholly true; yet surely I may be allowed to observe that he was not great *because* he was unfortunate.

“ Indeed, generally speaking, success is no bad criterion of our having used the best means to deserve it. I agree that to be fortunate is not always to be virtuous; yet *sapiens dominabitur astris*; it is the character and principal feature of wisdom to convert to its own purposes such materials as accident supplies, and to deduce support and assistance even from the caprices and crosses of fortune.

“ Good luck as it is commonly called is little more than another word for good sense; it is wisdom providing against untoward events.

“ Let us suppose that our great naval hero Lord Nelson had been defeated at Trafalgar; the public would undoubtedly have sympathized

sympathized with him; we should none of us have doubted his personal courage or his professional skill; but I believe no one would have thought of voting him public honours. Indeed, we should have thought it necessary to enquire and determine whether he *deserved* better fortune, before we *excused* that which had proved so bad.

"If, therefore, I do not presume misconduct, from ill fortune, which I do not, I may fairly be allowed to say, that it has no legitimate claim to extraordinary honours and rewards.

"I will not attempt to diminish the merits of our deceased statesman as a provident financier; though it might be observed that he who had so much augmented, probably felt it his duty to provide means for diminishing our national debt.

"It was said of a celebrated Roman Emperor, that he found Rome built of brick, but left it at his death a city of marble. These words of an ancient historian have been applied by an honourable Member to Mr. Pitt, with respect to the public funds, but I would propose a translation of them not exactly so liberal, "he found the treasury abounding in gold, and left in it nothing but paper." On this subject, I could

say more, but it is not my wish to irritate and inflame.

"I will trespass no longer on the patience of the house, and shall conclude with observing, that I think the obligations we owe to those dauntless heroes now employed in the more splendid and dangerous services of their country, and our regard to our own fame and to posterity, require us to resist the motion now made by the honourable gentleman."

My readers need not be told that the majority differed in opinion with Mr. Windham.

Had the editor of this collection been present at the debate, and sat as a Member of the House of Commons, he fears he should have voted with the minority, on the urgent and undeniable plea, that in our present circumstances and bleeding as we are at every pore, all expences, except those absolutely essential to defence and existence should be avoided.

In answer to the arguments which operated on many, and were deduced from the deranged circumstances and debts of Mr. Pitt, it may be observed that the national purse ought not to be opened on such occasions. EVERY MAN WHO KNOWS HIS INCOME, HOWEVER HIGH HIS RANK OR SPLENDID HIS ENDOW-
K k MENTS.

MENTS, SHOULD PROPORTION HIS MODE OF LIVING TO IT.

To pay the creditors of those, who follow an opposite conduct, is holding forth honour and reward to thoughtlessness and imprudence.

ZARINE, a Queen of the Scythians, who reigned over that warlike people nearly seven hundred years before the birth of Christ, and at a period when their conquests extended over the greater part of Asia.

To beauty and good sense Zarine added the political sagacity of a statesman, the military qualifications of a hero, and the unsullied chastity of a saint.

Soon after the death of her father, the young Queen was engaged in a war with the Medians, which demanded a strenuous exertion of all the powers she possessed, mental, corporal and moral.

The forces of her enemy the King of Media were commanded by Stryanges, his favourite General, to whom, as a reward for past services, he had given one of his daughters in marriage.

Skill, courage and courtesy were eminently displayed in a campaign conducted by a princess so highly endowed, and a General who was considered not only as a master in the art of

war, but as the handsomest and most accomplished man of the age in which he lived.

The troops of Zarine being inferior in number to the Medes, it was her wish to avoid engaging till an expected reinforcement arrived; but the superior address of her adversary forced her to a disadvantageous battle, in which, after a long and well-fought day, Zarine was defeated, and in a personal rencounter with Stryanges himself, actually thrown from her horse.

In falling, the helmet and plume which covered her head and confined her hair dropping off, discovered to the conqueror a face which it was not safe to look at, and luxuriant auburn locks, which reaching to her waist sported with the wind.

The situation it must be confessed was interesting and critical. Instantly dismounting, he raised Zarine from the ground, and after affording every help and consolation in his power to his lovely captive, he was himself enslaved.

Detesting the idea of taking violent possession of her person, which the laws of war and the custom of that country would have justified, he accompanied the Queen to her capital, placed her on the throne she had forfeited, and endeavoured to inspire her

her with that passion he felt so powerfully himself. But though Stryanges forgot his duty as a father and a husband, and Zarine was strongly affected by the manly person, fine countenance, and gentle manners of her conqueror, this excellent woman did not lose sight of nor shrink from the trying and difficult part *she* had to act.

“ Could I prevail on myself,” said the Queen, during one of the conversations in which the Median General was pressing to be heard, “ could I prevail on myself to yield to that bewitching softness which I feel myself alas! too much inclined to indulge, your triumph would be short and unsatisfactory; the resentment of that amiable princess who is the partner of your bed and the vengeance of her incensed father, your royal master, would bring down speedy and inevitable ruin on your head; the glory you have already acquired would also be tarnished, and Stryanges the good, the brave, and the all-accomplished, whose praise is the universal theme, would be proclaimed to present and future generations as a violator of his plighted faith, a traitor to his King and country.

“ Ah, Sir, let us meet no more. I am sensible that to

you I owe my honour, my life, and my kingdom; but I tremble when I reflect on the calamities, to which a departure from the imperious law of duty will expose you.

“ We must meet indeed no more. The weakness of human resolution and the struggles in my breast between gratitude and honour, in every interview with my conqueror and benefactor, who has treated me not only with generosity, but scrupulous delicacy and dignified decorum, point out the propriety of this resolution, so absolutely necessary for *your* preservation, and *my* peace.

“ Your honour and welfare shall be no longer endangered. Had there indeed been no impediment, I do not scruple confessing, that in a cottage or on a throne, my conqueror alone, of all the world, should have possession of my hand and heart; but to enjoy them at the expence of purity and peace is a penalty we must not pay.

“ Let us now separate, and confirm the salutary resolution we have taken,” continued Zarine, wishing to persuade herself that Stryanges agreed with her in opinion. “ To dissolve an attachment like ours will require time and fortitude: but that Power, which for wise purposes
 k k 2
 planted

planted strong passions in our bosoms, has given us reason and capacity to resist them, when indulgence would lead to misery and degradation.

“ Again, farewell. Be assured, that you have not a kinder or more grateful friend than the captive you so generously rescued from death and disgrace, and that the proof now given is the most painful effort of her life.

“ Persevere in your glorious career of virtue and glory. May Heaven shower down its choicest blessings on your head.”

With these words Zarine retired, and passed the night in solitude and silence, supported by soothing reflections on the triumph she had gained; a conquest, when we consider the trying situation in which she was placed, which Cæsar and Alexander might have looked on with envy; a victory which *they* could not achieve. This admirable woman had overcome an enemy to which the Macedonian and the Dictator were inglorious slaves.

Torn by contending passions, disappointed in his fondest hopes, and feeling that Zarine's arguments were unanswerable, Stranges was conducted to his palace, but considering life as insufferable without the object of his wishes, in the fury of licentious passion, or the insanity of

guilty despair, he planted a dagger in his heart.

This short but affecting narrative may be condemned as an effusion of fiction and romance, but it is authenticated as firmly, and as unequivocally supported as any historical fact, by a chain of direct and collateral evidence, which has been accurately examined and minutely detailed by a modern critic, of deep learning, remarkable for the scrupulousness of his belief and a constitutional tendency to suspicion and doubt.

ZINGIS, the inhuman conqueror of China, and called, according to the hypothesis of certain divines, *the Scourge of God*.

The conduct of this barbarian, who wasted by fire and sword almost a third part of the habitable world, is known to most general readers. My reason for mentioning so bloodthirsty a tyrant in this place is to notice the singularity of a modern writer, who calls Zingis an unitarian, affects to speak gravely of his political institutions, and coolly compares *the religious opinions* of a savage, who boasted that he had destroyed four millions of men, women and children, with the pure theology and conciliating philosophy of the amiable Locke.

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